



Library of Old Authors.



HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

Translated according to the Greek.

By Geo: Chapman

*At non si quis detraherit fœvida Turon
Post optum dubium venore reddet Honor.*



THE ODYSSEYS OF HOMER

TRANSLATED ACCORDING TO THE GREEK,

BY GEORGE CHAPMAN.

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY THE

REV. RICHARD HOOPER, M.A.,

VICAR OF UPTON AND ASTON UPTHORPE, BERKS.

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TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, M.P.
FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY,
AND
CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER,
WHO
TO CONSUMMATE STATESMANSHIP
UNITES
THE MOST EXQUISITE SCHOLARSHIP,
THIS NEW EDITION OF
THE FIRST ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF THE ODYSSEY
IS DEDICATED,
WITH SINCERE ADMIRATION AND RESPECT
FOR HIS SPLENDID TALENTS,
BY
THE EDITOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.



THE former impression of these volumes, consisting of a thousand copies, has long been numbered amongst scarce books; and there has been a constant demand for their republication. It is gratifying to think that there is existing among us such a taste for sterling poetry. In acceding to my excellent publisher's request to superintend a new edition, I have carefully revised the text, and believe it to be as accurate as possible. Since the former publication there have been many translations of the *Odyssey*, but one of which only appears to be worthy of notice, namely that in the Spenserian stanza, by the late lamented Mr. Philip Stanhope Worsley. The illustrious statesman to whom this new edition is dedicated must be held responsible for this sudden outburst of zeal for Homeric translation, as his admirable "*Studies on Homer*" turned the public attention to the old bard. I have no doubt, however, that he has been sufficiently punished by innumerable presentation copies. I could have wished to have added a few more notes illustrative of Chapman's language, but I trust, on the republication (if called for) of the fifth volume of the *Translations*, to give a Glossarial Index to the whole.

R. H.

Upton Vicarage, Berks,
August 21, 1873.



INTRODUCTION.*

THE Editor of the present volumes has the gratification of being the first to restore to light a noble work which has been lying dormant for nearly two centuries and a half. Chapman's *Odyssey*, originally published in folio, 1614-16, either from the limited number of the impression, or the more than ordinary ravages of time, has become so rare as to be inaccessible to the general reader, and comparatively unknown to the more curious student of old English literature. Though issued in a separate form, it is now seldom found except in conjunction with the *Iliad*; and the price of the united volume, besides its scarcity, places it beyond the reach of all but a few whose libraries are stored with the more precious treasures of our language. Of the *Iliad*, portions and the whole, we have seen there were at least four impressions published during the author's life-time, besides Dr. Cooke Taylor's 2 vols. 8vo. 1843, and yet it is by no means a common book, and perfect and clean copies of Chapman's own editions are desirable volumes.

* Originally written 1857.

Of the *Odyssey*, however, the present is the only edition besides that superintended by the author himself. Great care has, therefore, been taken in rendering the text as accurate as possible, by reading it with the original Greek, amending the extremely faulty punctuation, judiciously, it is hoped, modernizing the orthography, and adding a few notes illustrative of Chapman's language. The reader has, therefore, now an opportunity of examining for himself the value of this fine old book.

Coleridge, in his letter to Wordsworth (cited in our Preface to the *Iliad*) thought Chapman's version of the *Odyssey* finer than his *Iliad*; but then it must be remembered he also generally preferred the *Odyssey* in the original. "He told us," says Mr. Payne Collier, "that he liked the *Odyssey*, as a mere story, better than the *Iliad*; the *Odyssey* was the oldest and the finest romance that has ever been written."* The same authority informs us that he preferred the ordinary ten-syllable heroic measure to the longer fourteen-syllable line employed by Chapman in his translation of the *Iliad*, and wished that he had always used it, as "it would have been more readable, and might have saved us from Pope." "Chapman had failed," added Coleridge, "where he had not succeeded, by endeavouring to write English as Homer had written Greek; Chapman's was Greekified English, —it did not want vigour or variety, but smoothness and facility. Detached passages could not be improved; they were Homer writing English." Opinions, however, will differ as to Chapman's metre in the *Odyssey*. The

* Coleridge's *Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton*, by J. Payne Collier, Esq. p. xxxi.

late Dr. Maginn, whose Homeric Ballads have caught the true spirit of the old bard, says : “ I am sorry that Chapman, *whose version must be considered the most Homeric ever attempted in our language*, did not apply to the Odyssey the fourteen-syllable verse, which had succeeded so well in the Iliad. There appears to me greater opportunity for its flowing use in the more discursive poem ; and Chapman had by no means the same command of the ten-syllable distich.” There is some truth in this ; and perhaps many readers will share in Dr. Maginn’s disappointment. Chapman, however, probably yielded to the objections made against the length of his lines, to which he alludes in his Introductory Poem to the Iliad. But it is surely a mistake to say he had not command over the ordinary heroic couplet ! He has certainly not the epigrammatic smoothness of Pope and his school, but his verse has great vigour and terseness. It should be borne in mind that his Odyssey is the first, and only, considerable specimen of a poem of this measure in the Elizabethan age, and as such claims our interest and attention. “ It is like the heroic measure only in its rhyme and its number of syllables. In all other respects, in the hands of Chapman, it has the freedom of blank verse. And in reading it, as well as the Iliad, the reader must not depend for aid too much on the melody of the verse.”* Again, let it be remembered that “ Chapman did not perform his task, as Pope was in the habit of doing, by small portions at a time, which were, each in order, burnished up to the highest polish by unremitting care and labour ; but, drinking in deep draughts of his author at a time,

* Retrospective Review, vol. III. p. 184.

he became over-informed with his subject, and then breathed his spirit forth again with the enthusiasm of an original creator."* And if this be true of the liberties he takes with his original in expanding and contracting the text as suited his vein, it is not less true of his versification. He paid little regard to the polishing of his work ; nay, perhaps, too little. He poured forth his sentiments, as the poetic phrenzy seized him, and consequently, if we be disappointed at not finding the rich melody of a Dryden, we cannot but be struck with his unwonted freshness and freedom. When once the ear has become habituated to the rhythm, there is a dramatic power about Chapman's *Odyssey* that has never been attained by any subsequent translator. It may be said, that this was not required in a simple ballad-poem like the *Odyssey* ; but it is surely far preferable to the diluted weakness passing under Pope's name, or Cowper's abrupt lines. Gilbert Wakefield has said that the "bee of Twickenham" sipped the honey from the flowers of Chapman's garden ; but a close examination will show that this was merely another phrase for simple plagiarism. Pope was indebted to Chapman for more than he was willing to acknowledge. But enthusiastic as we may be in Chapman's cause, it must not be disguised that in the present version he has too frequently wandered from his original, and not seldom curtailed passages. It was not, however, intended in the present editions to point out these passages, the object being merely to give the best possible text, and in such a form as to be accessible at a convenient price. The Editor still hopes that sufficient encouragement may be given,

* *Retrospective Review*, vol. iii p. 173.

so that at some future period a more enlarged and splendid impression may be put forth. In the meanwhile the unlearned reader may rest assured that, besides the intrinsic beauty of the poems, he has far more of Homer in these noble versions than in any other translation extant. If the University of Oxford has wisely determined that greater attention should be paid by her sons to the study of Homer, for the many reasons so ably set forth by Mr. Gladstone, it is not, perhaps, too much to hope that a similar influence may be exercised over the minds of the less-educated by the aid of the labours of good old GEORGE CHAPMAN. They will not only find Homer here, but they will read him in the language of the contemporary and friend of Shakespeare. They will read him as Shakespeare himself probably read him; and their minds will be carried back to that period of our literature which at once excites our admiration and astonishment, and when, they will not fail to remember, our present venerable and cherished translation of THE BIBLE was called into existence.*

As it is possible that these volumes may fall into the hands of some who do not possess our edition of Chapman's Iliad, it has been thought advisable to append a concise life of the author.

* Of course I do not mean that the Bible was translated at this time. Much of the language is that of former times and translations, but the standard was now fixed.

FEW are the details of which the biographer can avail himself in the life of George Chapman. That Hertfordshire can boast the honour of his birth, and that in that county he translated at least the earlier portion of his Homer, we gather from one of his own writings. In a small poem entitled "*Euthymie Raptus, or the Teares of Peace*," 4to, 1609, he introduces himself in a reverie, when the Shade of Homer appears, and in reply to the poet's enquiry:—

"What may I reckon thee,
Whose heav'nly look shewes not, nor voice sounds, man?
'I am,' sayd he, 'that spirit Elysian
That in thy native ayre, and on the Hill
Next Hitchin's left hand, did thy bosome fill
With such a floode of soule that thou wert faine
(With acclamations of her rapture then)
To vent it to the echoes of the vale;
When meditating of me, a sweet gale
Brought me upon thee; and thou didst inherit
My true sense (for the time then) in my spirit,
And I invisible went prompting thee
To those fayre greenes where thou didst English me.'"

His contemporary and friend, William Browne, in his "*Britannia's Pastorals*" (Book I. Song 5), also styles him

"The learned shepherd of fair *Hitching Hill*."

The date of his birth we fix by inference in 1559, from the inscription round the portrait attached to the title of the Complete Homer, "*Georgius Chapmanus Homeri Metaphrastes .Æta. LVII. M.DC.XVI.*" The Oxford antiquary, Antony Wood, gives the date as 1557, but the evidence of the portrait published in the poet's lifetime, and probably under his own immediate eye, is the better. Besides, Wood was ignorant of Chapman's

birthplace, and conjectures him to have been of a family seated at Stone Castle in Kent. The Parish Registers of Hitchin unfortunately only commence with the year 1562, so we cannot arrive at any facts relative to his parentage. There are, however, several entries relating to the families of John and Thomas Chapman, who were possibly the poet's brothers. In 1593, Aug. 5, was baptized George, the son of John Chapman; and from Easter, 1603, to Easter, 1605, the same John Chapman was one of the churchwardens, and has signed the Parish Registers in a bold and scholarly hand. Amongst the Additional MSS. in the British Museum (No. 16,273) is a "Survey of the King's timber and woods in Hertfordshire and Essex in 1608," and under the "Maner de Hutchin" (Hitchin) is "*Upon the Copyhold of Thomas Chapman, in Longe Close 27 Saplings £4. In Beerton Closes 260 Elmes £18, Firewood £35.*" This Thomas Chapman was probably a man of respectability and substance, for in the Harleian MSS., No. 781, p. 28, is a petition to Prince Charles from Thomas Chapman, in 1619, for the bailiwick of Hitchin, which he formerly held under the Exchequer Seal, but of which the Earl of Salisbury had deprived him. On November 30 of the same year the claim was referred to the Commissioners of the Revenue of the Prince of Wales. The relationship, however, to the poet is mere conjecture, as we have no positive proof of any facts connected with his family. I have carefully examined the various Heraldic Visitations of Hertfordshire and the County Histories, but have been unable to discover any traces of him. I have been informed, however, that there is still a family of the name of Chapman

resident at Hitchin, claiming collateral descent from that of the poet. Nothing is known of his youth, or where he was educated.

"In 1574, or thereabouts," says Antony Wood, "he, being well-grounded in school-learning, was sent to the University, but whether first to this of Oxon, or that of Cambridge, is to me unknown. Sure I am that he spent some time in Oxon, where he was observed to be most excellent in the Latin and Greek tongues, but not in logic and philosophy, and therefore I presume that that was the reason why he took no degree here." Warton also says (from the information of Mr. Wise, Radcliffe's Librarian, and Keeper of the Archives at Oxford) "that he passed two years at Trinity College, with a contempt of philosophy, but in a close attention to the Greek and Roman Classics." The present Keeper of the Archives,* however, has been unable to discover Chapman's name. It is probable from the date of his birth (1559) that he would have been matriculated before the year 1581, when subscription to the Articles began. Before that date the Matriculation Register is very incomplete. Mr. Wise's communication to Warton seems merely a repetition of Wood's information, with the addition of the name of the college (Trinity) of which Chapman is supposed to have been a member. But even this point cannot be ascertained. The records of admissions to Trinity, at the time Chapman would have entered, are either lost or destroyed. We must be content then with Antony Wood's assurance "that he spent some time in Oxon." Researches as to his

* Rev. John Griffiths, now Warden of Wadham.

residence or admission at Cambridge would probably be equally fruitless, as he is not mentioned in the excellent "*Athene Cantabrigienses*" of the Messrs. Cooper. At the same time it may not be improbable that he received some portion of his education there, as it was not an unusual custom for young men to study at both Universities, and the vicinity of Hitchin to Cambridge might countenance the supposition. One part of Antony Wood's statement seems worthy of examination. He observes that Chapman at Oxford was "most excellent in the Latin and Greek tongues, but not in logic or philosophy." It appears to me that in many of his writings he was eminently of a philosophical turn of mind, and he speaks in his Preface to the *Iliad* of his friendship with Thomas Harriot and Robert Hews, two of the most remarkable mathematicians of the day, the prisoners of Henry, Earl of Northumberland, who, with Walter Warner, kept him company in the Tower, and were called his "magi." Harriot, whose name is well-known to mathematicians, was a native of Oxford, and there probably Chapman became acquainted with him. "*The Shield of Achilles*," taken from the xviiith Book of the *Iliad*, and published in 1598, concludes with a poetical address, "To my admired & soule-loved friend, mayster of all essentiall and true knowledge, M. HARRIOTS." It may also be mentioned that in a small 4to. tract of thirty-two leaves published in 1596, entitled, "*A relation of the Second Voyage to Guiana, perjourneled and written in the yeare 1596. By Lawrence Keymis, Gent.*" is an English poem in blank verse, "*De Guianæ Carmen Epicum*, by G. C." George Steevens, writing to Bishop Percy (Nichols'

"Literary Illustrations," vol. vii. p. 121) assigned this to Chapman, and it bears evidence of his style. It is interesting as an early specimen of blank verse. In the same volume is a short Latin poem, "*Ad Thomam Harriotum Matheseos et universæ philosophiæ peritissimum*, by L. K." Harriot accompanied Sir Walter Raleigh in his voyage to America. In Maty's Review (vol. ix. p. 394) is an account of the discovery of a large amount of Harriot's correspondence at Petworth, the seat of the Earl of Egremont, to whom it had descended from the Earl of Northumberland. I think I have read somewhere that Lord Egremont presented the correspondence to the British Museum. Though these papers were chiefly mathematical, it is not improbable that some notice of Chapman may be found in them. That Chapman certainly was fond of philosophy seems sufficiently indicated by one of his earliest publications (1595), "*Ovid's Banquet of Sense a Coronet for his Mistresse Philosophie &c. &c.*," and also by the title of his "*Petrarch's Seven Penitentiall Psalms, paraphrastically translated: with other philosophical poems, &c. &c.*" (12mo. 1612). In the inscription, too, on his tomb, as given by Wood and Le Neve, he is described as "*Philosophus verus (etsi Christianus poeta) plusquam celebris.*"

Quitting the University without a degree, he afterwards settled, says Wood, in the metropolis, and associated with Shakespeare, Spenser, Marlowe, Daniel, and other celebrated persons of the day. Though he undoubtedly knew Marlowe, it is not very probable that they were very intimate, as their dispositions and characters were very dissimilar. Chapman, in the midst

of a dissolute age, seems always, by the universal testimony of his contemporaries, to have maintained a character for uprightness, respectability, and piety. Upon his arrival in London he appears to have been taken under the patronage of Sir Thomas Walsingham. There arises, however, the question, did Chapman resort to the metropolis immediately on leaving Oxford? I am sorry to disturb the faith that is usually placed in the gossip of old Anthony Wood. My investigations have led me to conclude that much of his information is unreliable. That his work is of immense value to the literary student is unquestionable, but too much credence must not be given to many of his anecdotes. Chapman would have left Oxford, according to Wood's date, in 1576; the true date would be 1578. His first acknowledged publication is in 1594. Sixteen years must have elapsed, then, before he appeared in public. This seems too long a time for a man of Chapman's energy to have been silent amidst the wits of London. Mr. Singer conjectures that he appeared as a writer anonymously, although we have no clue to his earlier performances. A very ingenious suggestion has been lately made, which appears plausible. In 1867 was published at Leipzig, "*George Chapman's Tragedy of Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany, edited with an Introduction and Notes by Karl Elze.*" I have not yet seen this work, but the extracts from it which I have met with show that Herr Elze has taken great pains to investigate Chapman's writings. "Alphonsus" was originally published in 1654, twenty years after the poet's death. Herr Elze observes that the writer displays an intimate knowledge of the German language

(much of the dialogue being in German) and German manners, and he conjectures that Chapman must have travelled to some of the German Courts. Chapman was undoubtedly a learned man for his age, and seems to have been well acquainted with modern languages, as he mentions the French and Italian translations of Homer. Though the fact cannot now be ascertained, it appears probable that he acquired this knowledge in Continental travel. It is possible that he might have picked up his knowledge from books, or from associating with members of foreign legations at the English Court; for he is said to have had some small appointment at Court, though I have been unable to verify the fact. If Chapman proceeded to the Continent on quitting the University, it would account for the long interval before his appearance as an author. The only reason I have to doubt the circumstance is that the old poet, who certainly did not hide his light under a bushel, would have mentioned it in some of his self-laudations. He is very particular in wishing us to appreciate his scholarship, and that it was derived from original sources, and I think he would hardly have left us in ignorance of such an important era of his life as a tour or sojourn on the Continent, where he would have acquired his knowledge of modern languages. But whether Chapman did travel or not, it appears that he spent much time occasionally at Hitchin, as he informs us that he there translated Homer. With the year 1594 his career of authorship begins. In that year he published two fine poems: "*The Shadow of Night: containing two poetical Hymnes, devised by G.^o C. Gent.*," 4to., and dedicated to his "deare and most worthy friend Master

Mathew Roydon." They have been reprinted by Mr. Singer in his edition of "Chapman's Hymns of Homer" (Chiswick, 1818). In 1595 appeared "*Ovid's Banquet of Sence, a Coronet for his Mistresse Philosophie, and his amorous Zodiacke: with a translation of a Latine Copie (sc. of verses) written by a fryer, Anno Dom. 1400,*" 4to. This was also dedicated to Matthew Roydon, with commendatory verses by Richard Stapilton, Thomas Williams, and I. D. of the Middle Temple. It was reprinted in 1639, 12mo., without the dedication and verses. John Davis of Hereford has an epigram "To the right-well-deserving Mr Mathew Roydon." Of Richard Stapilton I should like to know more, as Chapman at the conclusion of his Preface to the Iliad says: "Nor can I forget here (but with all hearty gratitude remember) my most ancient, learned, and right noble friend, M. Richard Stapilton, first most desertful mover in the frame of our Homer. For which (and much other most ingenious and utterly undeserved desert) God make me amply his requiter; and be his honourable family's speedy and full restorer." At first this would seem as if Stapilton had translated Homer before Chapman; but this is not true. The only version that had appeared previous to Chapman's was that of "Ten Books of the Iliad" translated from the French metrical version of Salel by Arthur Hall, and published in 1581. I presume Chapman's allusion is to some support or patronage given by Stapilton to encourage the poet in his undertaking. In Burke's "Peerage and Baronetage," under the article "Stapleton, Bart.," I find "Richard Stapleton, who obtained in 1566, from Queen Elizabeth, an exemplification of a

grant from King John to Sir John Stapleton, Knt., of some confiscated lands." This is probably Chapman's friend, and we can thus understand the wish that "God would be his honourable family's speedy and *full* restorer." In 1595 Chapman began his dramatic career, if indeed he had not written and exhibited plays previous to this date which have not come down to us. It will, perhaps, be most convenient to treat his dramas apart from his other numerous writings. Though one of the earliest Elizabethan playwrights, he cannot be placed in the foremost rank. He obtained great popularity in his day, and perhaps too little attention has been paid to him. Charles Lamb, in his well-known "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets," first published in 1808, says: "The selections which I have made from this poet are sufficient to give an idea of that full and heightened style which Webster makes characteristic of Chapman. Of all the English play-writers, Chapman perhaps approaches nearest to Shakespeare in the descriptive and didactic, in passages which are less purely dramatic. Dramatic imitation was not his talent. He could not go out of himself, as Shakespeare could shift at pleasure, to inform and animate other existences; but in himself he had an eye to perceive and a soul to embrace all forms." The reader who would wish to examine an able and thorough criticism on Chapman's plays will find such in the fourth and fifth volumes of the "Retrospective Review," and I have given many details of them at some length, in my Introduction to the Iliad. Mr. John Pearson, the bookseller, of York Street, Covent Garden, has during the present year (1873) given them to the

public in three prettily-printed volumes. Mr. Pearson, however, has printed *verbatim* from the original 4tos., and reproduced with marvellous fidelity all the faults, misprints, and inaccuracies, and thus rendered to all but antiquaries his edition useless. My friend the late Rev. Alexander Dyce within the last twelve months of his life wrote to me, announcing his intention of thoroughly editing them; but he was called away before his project could be executed, and thus we have lost an edition which would have doubtless been worthy of the fame of that most learned of Elizabethan scholars, and done justice to the author's text.

Referring, then, the reader to my Introduction to the Iliad, and the Retrospective Review, I shall merely here set down a list of the poet's numerous dramas.

- (1). *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, a comedy, first exhibited Feb. 12, 1595, and continued to be acted till April, 1597, when it was withdrawn, and published in the following year, 1598. It was revived in 1601.
- (2). *An Humorous Day's Mirth*, a comedy; published in 1599.
- (3). *Eastward Ho!* a comedy; written in conjunction with Ben Jonson and Marston; published in 1605.
- (4). *All Fools*, a comedy; from Terence's *Heautontimoroumenos*; published in 1605.
- (5). *Monsieur d'Olive*, a comedy, one of his best; published 1606.
- (6). *The Gentleman Usher*, a comedy; published 1606.

- (7). *Bussy d'Ambois*, a tragedy ; published 1607.
- (8). *The Conspiracy and Tragedy of Charles Duke of Byron*, a tragedy acted in two plays ; the best of his tragedies ; published 1608.
- (9). *May Day*, a comedy ; published 1611.
- (10). *The Widow's Tears*, a comedy ; published 1612.
- (11). *The Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois*, a tragedy ; published 1613.
- (12). *A Masque of the Inns of Court* ; published 1614.
- (13). *Two Wise Men, and all the rest Fools*, a comedy, or, as the title expresses it, "A Conical Moral, censuring the Follies of this Age." It is questionable whether this is by Chapman.
- (14). *Cæsar and Pompey, a Roman Tragedy* ; published 1631. This is said to have been printed in 1607, but I think this is a mistake. *

This was the last work published by Chapman. After his death appeared :

- (15). *The Tragedy of Chabot, Admiral of France*, written in conjunction with Shirley ; published 1639.
- (16). *The Ball*, a comedy, also written conjointly with Shirley ; published 1639.
- (17). *Revenge for Honour*, a tragedy ; published 1654.
- (18). *Tragedy of Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany* ; published 1654.

Besides these published dramas, Dr. Bliss mentions five plays in MS. which were in the library of the late Richard Heber, viz.

- (19). *The Fountain of New Fashions*, 1598.
- (20). *The Will of a Woman*, 1598.
- (21). *The Fatal Love*, a tragedy. *

(22). *Tragedy of a Yorkshire Gentleman.*

(23). *The Second Maiden's Tragedy.* This was published as No. I. of "*The Old English Drama*," London, 1825.

In addition to this long list there are indications in Henslowe's Diary (Shakespeare Society) of other dramas, the names of which are lost, with the exception of a tragedy of "*Benjamin's Plot*." Mr. Charles Knight, in his editions of Shakespeare, thinks that the parts in the drama of "*The Two Noble Kinsmen*," in which Shakespeare is asserted to have assisted Fletcher, are more probably by Chapman than the great poet. The reader may possibly like to see the following criticism before we dismiss this portion of the poet's writings. "Chapman's dramas, although works of much significance in the history of our old literature, are not the most valuable of his works. They are among the many productions of his time which were written by men tempted, through the fashion of the day, into a walk of composition for which they were but indifferently qualified. In comedy, which had been formed into a native school more completely than tragedy, Chapman adapts himself readily, and not without success, to the teaching of his juniors, especially Jonson and Fletcher; while he gives to the tone of his works not unfrequently an elevation of thought and a fulness of descriptive imagery which make some amends for the pervading stiffness of his portraiture of character and the forced and artificial turn of his incidents. In his tragic dramas he is, in point of plan and form, a semi-classic. He attempts at once to gratify the taste of his age and nation for the direct and vivid representation of dramatic horror

and to maintain that tone of didactic reflection which Seneca had taught him, and to which his cast of mind made him naturally prone." *

Active, however, as Chapman was as a writer for the stage, his literary efforts were by no means confined to that field. His greatest fame will always rest on his Homer, the various portions of which we will consider by and by. In 1600† he found time to continue and publish "*Marlowe's Hero and Leander*," a poem of great beauty. It has been supposed that Marlowe had, at some time or other, expressed a wish that Chapman should continue this work. This he did, and divided the work into its present form of sestiyads. On the publication of "*Eastward Ho!*" in 1605, he was thrown into prison with his colleagues Jonson and Marston, at the instigation of Sir John Murray, for a supposed reflection on the Scotch. On their release, Jonson's mother, at an entertainment which he gave, showed him a packet of poison which she had designed to have mixed with his wine, if a report that the prisoners were to have had their noses and ears slit had proved true. "To show that she was no churl," adds the story, "she designed to have first drunk it herself." Chapman seems to have undergone a second imprisonment with Jonson, and to have been released by the intervention of the Earl of Salisbury, who probably knew him as a Hertfordshire man. In 1609 appeared a small 4to., "*Euthymic Raptus; or the Teares of Peace, with interlocutions*," a poem dedicated to Prince Henry.

* English Cyclopædia.

† I believe an edition has been found of the date of 1598 or 9. It has been very frequently reprinted. See my Introduction to the *Iliad*, p. xxxii.

This work is interesting, as informing us of the birth-place of the poet, and the spot where he translated Homer.

In 1612, he published "*Petrarch's Seven Penitentiall Psalms, paraphrastically translated : with other philosophical poems, and a Hymne to Christ upon the Crosse,*" a small 12mo. dedicated to Sir Edward Philips,* Master of the Rolls. This is a singularly rare volume, and an exquisite copy is in the Bodleian Library.

In November, 1612, Henry Prince of Wales died, and in him, to whom he had dedicated his *Iliad*, Chapman lost his best patron. He deeply lamented the young prince, and published on the occasion "*An Epicede, or Funerall Song,*" 4to., dedicated to Mr. Henry Jones. It is a beautiful poem, and has been reprinted at the Lee Priory Press, 4to., 1818. In the early part of 1613 he wrote the poetry for the masque performed at Whitehall by the societies of Lincoln's Inn and the Middle Temple, in honour of the nuptials of the Princess Elizabeth and the Palgrave. His friend Inigo Jones designed the machinery. The magnificence displayed by these learned societies may be estimated from the fact that, according to Dugdale, the expenses incurred amounted to the then enormous sum of £1,086 8s. 11*d.* Ben Jonson told Drummond that, "Next himself (*i.e.* Jonson) only Fletcher and Chapman could make a mask." Chapman published the masque in 1614 (4to.), and dedicated it to Sir Edward Philips, Master of the Rolls, from whose house the masquers proceeded to Whitehall. At the close of the volume is an epithalamium. Mr. Payne Collier possesses

* The name is now spelt Phelips.

a copy with Chapman's autograph corrections. It has been reprinted in Nichols' "*Progresses of King James I.*," and in Mr. Pearson's edition of Chapman's plays. In 1614 also appeared "*Andromeda Liberata, or the Nuptials of Perseus and Andromeda*," a poem with a long dedicatory epistle to Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, and Frances, his Countess. According to Wood, "This being not rightly understood, and carped at by many, came out soon after a pamphlet written in prose and poetry, entitled, '*A free and offenceless justification of a late published and most maliciously misinterpreted Poem*,' &c., London, 1614, 4to., in two sheets, penned, I presume, by Chapman." It may be readily supposed that a dedication to two such persons would be cavilled at. According to Mr. Payne Collier, Somerset had himself conceived that "*Andromeda Liberata*" was a covert attack upon himself, and from this notion Chapman was anxious to relieve himself. It does not appear when Carr had become Chapman's patron, but in the early part of this year (1614) appeared the first "*Twelve Books of the Odyssey*," dedicated to him. It is to be feared Chapman was suffering under the pressure of poverty at this period, for in this Dedication he says:—

"Twelve labours of your Thespian Hercules
I now present your Lordship; *do but please*
To lend life means, till th' other twelve receive
Equal achievement."

In this same year (1614) also appeared "*Eugenia; or True Nobilitie's Trance, For the memorable death of the thrice noble and religious William Lord Russel, &c. Divided into foure vigils of the night*," 4to., pp. 44, not numbered. (See Brydges' "*Restituta*," vol. ii. p. 57.) Lord Russell had died, August 9th, 1613.

In 1616 he published his "*Translation of Musæus*." He informs us in the Preface that it is a different work from the continuation of Marlowe's poem. This extremely rare volume, not two inches long and scarcely one broad, is fully described by Dr. Bliss in vol. ii. col. 9 of his admirable edition of Wood's "*Athenæ Oxonienses*." The only known copy is in the Bodleian. I have reprinted it in the fifth volume of the present edition of Chapman's Translations. "*The Georgics of Hesiod, translated elaborately out of the Greek*," appeared in a thin 4to., London, 1618. This volume is so rare that Warton was not aware of its existence. It is amusing to see how pertinaciously he refused to believe that it had been printed, although he discovered its entry in the Stationers' Registers ("*Hist. English Poetry*," iii. 360, ed. 1840). Elton, who, from his own noble version of Hesiod, was a competent judge, pronounces it "close, vigorous, and elegant." (Habington's "*Castara*," p. 155, ed. Elton, Bristol, 1812.) It has commendatory verses by Ben Jonson and Drayton, and is dedicated to Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor, who had been a student of Gray's Inn, which gave Chapman the opportunity of punning: "All judgments of this season (savouring anything the truth) preferring to the wisdom of all other nations these most wise, learned, and circularly-spoken Grecians; according to that of the poet,

GRAIUS INGENIUM, GRAIUS DEDIT ORE ROTUNDO

MUSA LOQVI.

And why may not this Romane eulogie of the Graians extend in praisefull intention (by waie of prophetick

poesie) to *Graies-Inne* wits and orators?" In the same Dedication is an allusion to Lord Bacon's "Advancement of Learning." From the extreme rarity of Chapman's Hesiod, its price is usually very great.* It will be found, however, reprinted in our fifth volume above-mentioned, with a facsimile of the original title. In 1622, we have a small poem, "*Pro Vere Autumni Lachrymæ*," to the memory of Sir Horatio Vere. In 1629 appeared, "*A justification of a strange Action of Nero in burying with a solemne Funerall one of the cast hayres of his Mistress Poppæa; also a just reproofe of a Roman Smell-feast, being the fifth Satyre of Juvenall*," 4to. The version of Juvenal is spirited and good, and is included in our above-cited fifth volume.

We have only now to refer to the various editions of his Homer. Though Chapman claims the merit of being the first who gave an original and complete version of Homer, he had been anticipated in the honour of introducing him to the English reader. We have elsewhere shown that Arthur Hall, M.P. for Grantham, had translated Ten Books of the Iliad from the French of Salel, and published them in 1581. With this exception, Chapman is the first of our nation who has ventured upon translating the Father of Poetry. His first essay was the publication, in 1598, of "*Seaven Bookes of the Iliades of Homere, Prince of Poetes, &c., printed by John Windet, and are to be sold at the signe of the Crosse-Keyes neare Paules Wharffe*." These are not the first seven books continuously, but the first and second, and then the seventh to the eleventh,

* Mr. Corser's copy, a very fine one, sold in 1871 for, I think, £26.

inclusive. In explaining this circumstance, Chapman denies that Homer set the books together, but they were collected into an entire poem at a subsequent period. "In the next edition," he adds "when they come out by the dozen, I will reserve the ancient and common received forme." The volume is dedicated to Lord Essex, who is described as "the most honoured now living instance of the Achilleian virtues." These books are written in the fourteen-syllable measure. The copy of them in the British Museum has the autograph, "*Sum Ben Jonsonii.*"

Later in the same year he published "*Achilles' Shield, translated as the other seven Bookes of Homer, out of his Eighteenth booke of Iliades. By George Chapman, Gent.*" This is also printed by Windet, and also dedicated to Lord Essex, "the most honoured Earle Marshall." It is in the ordinary ten-syllable metre. The Epistle Dedicatory is well worth reading, and the Preface "To the Understander" commences, "You are not every-body : to you (as to one of my very few friends) I may be bold to utter my mind." He alludes to his already published "Seven Books." "My Epistle Dedicatory before my Seven Books is accounted dark and too much laboured." He declares, "That it could only be dark to ranke riders or readers, that have no more soules than burbolts." As for the labour, "I protest two mornings both ended it, and the Reader's Epistle." This is a very interesting Preface, and in it Chapman shows his thorough enthusiasm for Homer. He also alludes to the new words and epithets with which he has enriched our language from Homer.

These two volumes rarely occur for sale.

Warton is in error in saying that *Fifteen Books* were printed about the year 1600 in a thin folio ; an error in which he has been followed by every subsequent writer. We have seen that Chapman had mentioned, in his Preface to the Seven Books of 1598, that his next issue should be of *Twelve Books*, and consequently in 1609 there appeared a small thin folio, the title of which is : "*Homer, Prince of Poets, translated according to the Greeke in Twelve Books of his Iliads, by George Chapman. At London, printed for Samuel Matcham.*" This work is printed in italic type, and has (in a smaller size) the engraved title by William Hole, which was used in an enlarged form for the subsequent editions of the "Complete Iliad," and the "Whole Works," and a facsimile of which accompanies our present edition of the Iliad. It contains the Epistle Dedicatory to Prince Henry, the Poem to the Reader, and the Sonnet to Queen Anne. The version is the same (with little or no alteration) as that of the edition of 1598, with the addition of the Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, and Twelfth Books. The volume is closed with fourteen Sonnets. The date may be pretty accurately inferred from the following facts. In the Stationers' Register is the entry of "*Seven Bookes of Homer's Iliades, translated into English by George Chapman, to Samuel Matcham, by assignment from M^r Windet, November, 14, 1608.*" Here we find the assignment of the copyright of the Seven Books from Windet to Matcham to enable the latter to publish the Twelve. Now one of the Sonnets is addressed to the Earl of Salisbury, who is styled Lord Treasurer, which office was conferred on him on May 4, 1609. The volume, therefore, was probably published a little later in that year. This small folio

is also a rare book. Mr. Payne Collier possesses an interesting copy with Chapman's autograph : "*For Love to the true Love of Virtue in y^e worthy Knighte, and his constant friende, Sr Henrye Crofts: Geo. Chapman gives this as testimonie of his true inclination wth this most affectionate inscription.*"

The Complete version of the Iliad appeared without date, "*printed for Nathaniell Butter,*" but from an entry in the Stationers' Books, and internal evidence, it must have been published in 1611, or early in 1612. The entry in the Stationers' Registers is, "*Nath^l Butter, April 8, 1611. A booke called Homer's Iliades in English, containing 24 Bookes.*" Chapman tells us, in the Commentary on the First Book, that he had entirely rewritten the two first Books, but had left the v^{nth}, vi^{nth}, ixth, and xth untouched. I do not find much correction, except a few verbal alterations, in the others. He mentions that he had translated the last twelve in less than fifteen weeks, and considers these the best portion of his work. To this edition he added the Prose Preface to the Reader, and the Commentaries on various Books, to obviate the accusation that had been made against him that he did not translate direct from the Greek, but through the medium of the Latin. These Commentaries do not tend to raise the estimate of his scholarship;* yet I think it evident from his version that he really did understand and thoroughly feel the Greek. Three of the Sonnets (those to the Lady Arabella, who had fallen into disgrace in 1609, to the Lord Wotton, and to Lord Arundel) were withdrawn, and five newly added. The volume (though not mentioned in the title) was printed

* I discover that all his interpretations are from Scapula.

by Richard Field, upon a fine paper, with good clear type and very antiquated orthography. I have styled it the *first folio* in my edition of the *Iliad*. The fine engraved title by William Hole was the same as that of the folio of 1609 on an enlarged scale.

In 1614 appeared the "*First Twelve Books of the Odyssey*," with a dedication to Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset. It is a thin folio. In the Douce Collection is a copy with Chapman's autograph: "*For my right worthie Knighte, my exceeding noble friende, Sir Henry Fanshawe. A pore Homericall new yeare's gift.*" At the end of the Twelfth Book is "Finis duodecimi Hom. Odys. Opus novem dierum. Σὲν Θεῶν." I can hardly imagine that Chapman meant by this that he had translated the Twelve Books in *nine days*; which would be incredible, and, as Coleridge observes (in a MS. note to his copy mentioned below), would "indeed be a nine days' wonder;" but probably he meant to indicate the time he took in translating the last book. In the Douce copy he has run his pen through the words, as he had probably been joked about them. The remaining Twelve Books were finished in the same year, and published probably in 1615, as the entry in the Stationers' Register is, "*November 2: 1614, Twenty-four Bookes of Homer's Odiasses by George Chapman to Nathaniell Butter.*" When the last twelve books were printed they were united to the previous twelve, a blank page being inserted between them, and the pagination was continued to give the volume the appearance of being printed at one and the same time. There is an observable difference, however, which we have preserved in our edition; the con-

clusions to the first twelve books are in Latin, while those of the latter part of the volume are in English. I presume the complete volume of the Odyssey appeared in a separate form, although I have never met with a copy which was not united with the Iliad, to form "*The Whole Works of Homer, &c.*" I have met with two or three copies of the First Twelve Books,—that in the Douce Collection for instance. The engraved title to the Odyssey, reproduced in our edition, is very rare. To some copies a printed title is given, which is not of usual occurrence.

In 1616 the Iliad and Odyssey were united in one volume. The title-page by Hole, which had previously served for the edition of the Iliad, was altered to "*The Whole Works of Homer, &c.,*" as accompanies our edition of the Iliad. To the back of the title was affixed the fine portrait of Chapman, and another engraved plate was added "To the immortall memorye of Henrye Prince of Wales, &c." To the title of some copies the portrait of Chapman is not affixed, and such titles are rarer than the others. In some copies of the "*Whole Works,*" the Iliad is found of an evidently later impression. The paper is thin and poor, the type is bleared and inelegant, and the orthography somewhat modernized; it is, moreover, disfigured by many misprints, and, judging from the general appearance of the volume, it is considerably later in date than 1616.* I have never yet met with a copy which was separate

*A writer in the "*Gentleman's Magazine,*" vol. lvii. p. 300, states, I know not upon what authority, that "*Chapman's Homer was likewise published in 1620.*" He does not mention what portion of Homer; probably it was the folio of the "*Hymns,*" which came out a little later.

from the *Odyssey*. This impression differs in many places from the first complete *Iliad*. I have called it in our edition of the *Iliad* the *second folio*. I hazard the conjecture that it may have been printed to bind up with the surplus copies of the *Odyssey*, as the *Iliad* had been in circulation for the five preceding years.

Dr. Cooke Taylor printed from this copy, but he seems to have been ignorant of its worthlessness in comparison with the *first folio* of 1611. He simply says he had adopted the "third edition" (what he means I do not know) "in which were many valuable corrections." The two folios have been most accurately collated, and the chief variations noted, by me, and the value of this "third" edition can thus be properly estimated. I must apologize for using the terms *first* and *second folios*, which may appear pedantic, but I could not well apply the word *Edition*, as I refer solely to the *complete* version, there having been two previous editions of *portions* of the *Iliad*. The folios may easily be distinguished from their general appearance, and from the vignettes or headings to the books, those of Richard Field's (or the best copy) being cornucopiæ of flowers, &c., while the inferior copy has a sort of Gothic ornament. The Grenville copy, in the British Museum, is the *second folio*, while that in the General Library is of the *first* impression. In different copies of the best impression (Richard Field's) there are minute differences, arising probably from corrections being made as the press was kept standing (as is well known to have been the case with early-printed books). I do not think there was a new edition printed by Field for the complete volume of the "*Whole Works*," but that

the remaining copies of the Iliad of 1611 were bound up with the Odyssey of 1614-15 with a new and general title; and that at some subsequent period (I should think *far later*) the *second* folio was printed to bind with copies of the Odyssey when the *first* folio was exhausted. In the Heber Catalogue, part iv. lot 1445 was a copy of the Iliad. It had belonged to George Steevens, and was bought at Heber's sale by the late Mr. Rodd. Park, in a note to vol. iii. of Warton's History of English Poetry, p. 358 (ed. 1840) says that "Chapman's own copy of his translation of Homer, *corrected by him throughout for a future edition*, was purchased for five shillings from the shop of Edwards by Mr. Steevens, and at the sale of his books in 1800 was transferred to the invaluable library of Mr. Heber." This is not correct. I have traced the volume, and it is now in the magnificent library of Mr. Holford, of Dorchester House, Park Lane. It is a fine volume of the Iliad of 1611, in red morocco of the period. At the back of the title is in Chapman's autograph, "*In witness of his best love so borne to his best deserving friende Mr. Henrye Jones: George Chapman gives him theise fruits of his best labors, and desires love betwixt us as long-lived as Homer.*" The corrections are merely three or four in the Preface and one in the text, which I have specified in my Introduction to the Iliad. I subsequently bought a similar copy (though not in morocco), and Mr. Aldis Wright informs me that there is one in the Library of Trinity College Cambridge, with the same corrections. My friend the late Rev. John Mitford possessed Pope's copy of

Chapman's Iliad. It was a most interesting volume, having Pope's autograph, "*Ex libris Alexandri Popei, Pret. 3s.*," and marked in the margins by him. On Pope's death it passed to Bishop Warburton, who gave it to Thomas Warton. The last time I saw it was in the shop of the late Mr. Joseph Lilly, who had marked it at £16 16s. Mr. Lilly also showed me a copy of the "Whole Works—Iliad, Odyssey, and Hymns"—which Coleridge had sent to Wordsworth (see Introduction to Iliad); it was full of Coleridge's MS. notes.

Having completed the Iliad and Odyssey, Chapman was determined to translate every possible or probable portion of Homer. Hence he published "*The Crowne of all Homer's Workes, Batrachomyomachia; or, the Battaille of Frogs and Mice. His Hymnes and Epigrams. Translated according to the Originall, by George Chapman. London: Printed by John Bill, his Maiesties Printer.*" This very rare volume is a thin folio; it has an exquisitely engraved title by William Pass, which is very spirited, and called forth Coleridge's admiration. The date of this folio is assigned by my friend the late Mr. S. W. Singer to about the year 1624 by comparing it with other books by Bill, and it could hardly have been earlier. I once saw a beautiful copy at the shop of Messrs. Boone of Bond Street (now retired from business) which had the following autograph inscription by Chapman:—"In love and honour of y^e Righte virtuous and worthie Gent: Mr. Henry Reynolds, and to crowne all his deservings with eternall memorie, Geo. Chapman formes this Crowne & conclusion of all the Homericall meritts wth his accomplit Improvement; advising

that if at first sighte he seeme darcke or too fierie, He will yet holde him fast (like Proteus) till he appere in his proper similitude, and he will then shewe himselfe

“——*vatem egregium, cui non sit publica vena,
Qui nihil expositum soleat deducere; nec qui
Communis feriat carmen triviale monet.*” *

Chapman had made with his pen an alteration in his portrait as possessing too much beard, and one or two verbal alterations in the text. I have reprinted this folio with Chapman's Hesiod, Musæus and Juvenal in a fifth volume, and given a facsimile of the beautiful engraved title by Pass. I may mention that there is a magnificent large copy in the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth, though not on Large Paper, as I mentioned in my former Introduction.

I have thus detailed all Chapman's writings. There are some few poems in “*Poetical Essays on the Turtle and Phoenix*,” published with others on the same subject by Shakespeare, Jonson, and Marston, at the end of Chester's “*Love's Martyr, or Rosalind's Complaint*,” 4to., 1601; a volume of great rarity.

Those who would wish to see many criticisms on the merits of Chapman's Homer I must refer to my Introduction to the Iliad. To the remarks there cited may be added the following† (the writer is speaking of the Iliad): “The republication of this fine old poem is a judicious tribute to the improved taste of our time in poetical literature. * * * For vigour of fancy, for a loose kind of faithfulness to the spirit of the original, for constant strength and frequent felicity of diction, the

* Juvenal, Sat. vii. 53.

† English Cyclopædia, art. Chapman.

work is one of the finest poems which our language possesses."

The *Odyssey*, even in the original, is less known than the *Iliad* to general readers, though I must confess that I share Coleridge's preference for it. In an able article on my editions of Chapman's Homer in the "Times" (December 29, 1865) the writer observes, "The '*Odyssey*' is an unknown book to many. Let those who know it not, *read it in Chapman's verse*. They will find it a beautiful story rendered with grace and vigour into English which is not too antique to have lost its quaintness, and in a verse which, if it is not as neat and musical as Pope's, has far more of the life and power of the Homeric original." And again, "Whether the '*Odyssey*' be more beautiful than the '*Iliad*' or not may be a question, but there can be none that Chapman's '*Odyssey*' far exceeds his '*Iliad*.' The style is smoother, and the metre more manageable than the fourteen-syllable lines he used in the '*Iliad*.'"

"At length," said old Antony Wood, "this most eminent and reverend poet, having lived 77 years* in this vain and transitory world, made his last exit in the Parish of St. Giles' in the Fields, near London, on the twelfth day of May, in sixteen hundred and thirty-four, and was buried in the yard on the south side of the Church of St. Giles. Soon after was a monument erected over his grave, built after the way of the old Romans, by the care and charge of his most beloved friend Inigo Jones; whereon is engraven, "*Georgius Chapmanus, poeta Homericus, Philosophus verus (etsi*

*Chapman would have only been seventy-five by the date of his birth on his portrait, but Wood places that date two years earlier.

Christianus Poeta) plusquam celebris, &c." Le Neve also gives us the inscription "D. O. M. Here lyes George Chapman, a Christian Philosopher and Homericall Poet; he liv'd 77 yeeres, and died y^e 12 of May 1634, for whose worth and memory to posterity, Inigo Jones, Architect to the King, for antient friendship made this." Le Neve's information was from Peter Le Neve's (Norroy's) MSS. This monument, which escaped the destruction of the old church, is still standing; but the present inscription, which was recut on an inserted slab some few years ago, does not tally with that of Wood and Le Neve. I had hoped to have at least discovered the register of the poet's burial, but in this I was disappointed, as the Burial Register of St. Giles's between the years 1610 and 1637 was stolen some few years since. Habington, who published his "Castara" in the year of Chapman's death, has the following lines (p. 155, ed. Elton):

"'Tis true that Chapman's reverend ashes must
Lye rudely mingled with the vulgar dust,
'Cause carefull heyers the wealthy only have,
To build a glorious trouble o're the grave.
Yet doe I not despaire some one may be
So seriously devout to poesie,
As to translate his reliques, and find roome
In the warme church to build him up a tombe,
Since Spenser hath a stone," &c.

Habington's pious wish, I am sure, will find an echo in many a breast. The great translator of Homer at least deserves a record in the aisles of Westminster, as his respectable character forms a happy contrast to many less deserving recipients of that honour.

For his learning and for his literary eminence Chapman was held in great esteem by all his contemporaries;

nor was his personal character held in less respect. Antony Wood describes him as "a person of most reverend aspect, religious and temperate, qualities rarely meeting in a poet." Oldys, in his MS. notes on Lambaine's "Dramatic Poets" (British Museum), says: "Indeed his head was a poetical treasury, magazine, or chronicle, of whatsoever was memorable amongst the poets of the time, which made him latterly much resorted to by young gentlemen of good taste and occupation. But he was choice of his company, shy of loose, shallow, and sordid associates, and preserved in his own conduct the true dignity of poetry, which he compared to the flower of the sun, that disdains to open its leaves to the eye of a smoking taper.' Ben Jonson declared to Drummond that "he loved Chapman;" and Michael Drayton has some lines which we must quote:*

"Others againe here liv'd in my dayes
That have of us deserved no lesse praise
For their translations, than the daintiest wit
That on Parnassus thinks he hugh'st doth sit,
And for a chaire may 'mongst the Muses call,
As the most curious maker of them all;
As *Reverent Chapman*, who hath brought to us
Musæus, *Homer*, and *Hesiodus*
Out of the Greeke; and by his skill hath rear'd
Them to that height, and to our tongue endear'd,
That were those Poets at this day alive,
To see their bookes thus with us to survive,
They would think, having neglected them so long,
They had bin written in the *English* tongue."

But there is no need of further eulogy. Chapman, I fear, suffered from the poet's fate of poverty, though he numbered amongst his friends and patrons Henry

* "Elegie to my most dearely-loved friend Henry Reynolds Esquire, of *Poets and Poesie*." (ed. 1627.)

Prince of Wales, Carr Earl of Somerset, Sir Thomas Walsingham, Sir Edward Philips, Inigo Jones, and others. His goodness of heart and gratitude are shown in the steadiness of his adherence to the fallen fortunes of Somerset. He had dedicated his *Odyssey* to the Earl when the favourite was still basking in the sunshine of his declining career, and when that sun was set in sad obscurity the old poet did not forget his former friend. The *Hymns* and *Batrachomyomachia* are dedicated to him in a noble strain. We may lament the unworthiness of the subject of his panegyric, but we must admire the kindness of the once-befriended bard.

Of the incidents of his personal life we have no record. What he was, where he lived, whether he was married, are all unknown to us. We are only made cognizant of the fact that he died and was buried in the parish of St. Giles, "near London," then, probably, a pleasant hamlet in the fields. I caused enquiries to be made at Montacute, in Somersetshire, the ancient seat of the Phelps family, and built by Sir Edward Philips, Master of the Rolls, and the poet's patron; but though there is a vast amount of valuable State Papers of the time of James I. amongst the family archives, there is no trace of George Chapman. The old folio of the *Homer* (probably a presentation copy) was missing from its accustomed shelf!

In bidding you farewell, reader, "if," in purchasing these volumes (to use Chapman's own words), "you be quicke and acceptive," I trust they will induce you to also purchase the other three, containing the *Iliad* and *Hymns*, and thus add to your library a storehouse of

poetry of almost magic beauty, the acquisition of which you will never regret. In the perusal, too, remember, I pray you, the estimable character of good and grand old GEORGE.





HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.





TO THE MOST WORTHILY HONOURED, MY
SINGULAR GOOD LORD, ROBERT,

EARL OF SOMERSET,

LORD CHAMBERLAIN, ETC.*



HAVE adventured, right noble Earl, out of my utmost and ever-vowed service to your virtues, to entitle their merits to the patronage of HOMER's English life, whose

* The story of ROBERT CARR, Earl of Somerset, is too well known to all who are familiar with the life and times of James 1st. He was a Scotsman by birth, the son of Carr of Fernihurst, so often mentioned in the letters of Mary Queen of Scots. He had been a royal page before the accession of James to the throne of England, and, having spent some years in France, was re-introduced at Court in 1606. The circumstances of this re-introduction are too familiar to need repetition. His rise was rapid. He was knighted on Christmas-eve, 1607; created Lord Carr of Bransprath, and Viscount Rochester, 1610, and made Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, shortly after, Knight of the Garter; and in 1614 created Earl of Somerset, and Lord Chamberlain of the Household. His connection with the infamous Countess of Essex, and their trial for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, their condemnation, imprisonment, and subsequent pardon and release from the Tower in 1621 are matters of history. The Countess died in obscurity in 1632, and the Earl survived till July, 1645; both having lived to see their former passion for each other change to the bitterest hatred. Their only daughter, Anne, married William, afterwards the first Duke of Bedford.

wished natural life the great Macedon would have protected as the spirit of his empire,

That he to his unmeasur'd mighty acts
Might add a fame as vast ; and their extracts,
In fires as bright and endless as the stars,
His breast might breathe and thunder out his wars.
But that great monarch's love of fame and praise
Receives an envious cloud in our foul days ;
For since our great ones ceased themselves to do
Deeds worth their praise, they hold it folly too
To feed their praise in others. But what can,
Of all the gifts that are, be giv'n to man
More precious than Eternity and Glory,
Singing their praises in unsilenc'd story ?
Which no black day, no nation, nor no age,
No change of time or fortune, force nor rage,
Shall ever rase ? All which the monarch knew,
Where HOMER liv'd entitled, would ensue :

Cujus de qurgite vivo

*Combibit arcanos vatam omnis turba furores, &c.**

From whose deep fount of life the thirsty rout
Of Thespian prophets have lien sucking out
Their sacred rages. And as th' influent stone
Of Father Jove's great and laborious son †
Lifts high the heavy iron, and far implies
The wide orbs that the needle rectifies,
In virtuous guide of ev'ry sea-driv'n course,
To all aspiring his one boundless force ;
So from one HOMER all the holy fire
That ever did the hidden heat inspire
In each true Muse came clearly sparkling down,

* Ex Angeli Politiani Ambrâ, 12.

† Hercules.

And must for him compose one flaming crown.

He, at Jove's table set, fills out to us
Cups that repair age sad and ruinous,
And gives it built of an eternal stand
With his all-sinewy Odyssean hand,
Shifts time and fate, puts death in life's free state,
And life doth into ages propagate.
He doth in men the Gods' affects inflame,
His fuel Virtue blown by Praise and Fame ;
And, with the high soul's first impression driv'n,
Breaks through rude chaos, earth, the seas, and heav'n.
The nerves of all things hid in nature lie
Naked before him ; all their harmony
Tun'd to his accents, that in beasts breathe minds.
What fowls, what floods, what earth, what air, what
winds,
What fires ethereal, what the Gods conclude
In all their counsels, his Muse makes indued
With varied voices that ev'n rocks have mov'd.
And yet for all this, naked Virtue lov'd,
Honours without her he as abject prizes,
And foolish Fame, deriv'd from thence, despises.
When from the vulgar taking glorious bound
Up to the mountain where the Muse is crown'd,
He sits and laughs to see the jaded rabble
Toil to his hard heights, t' all access unable, &c.*

And that your Lordship may in his face take view of
his mind, the first words of his Iliads is *μῆνιν*, *wrath* ;
the first word of his Odysseys, *ἄνδρα*, *man* : contracting
in either word his each work's proposition. In one
predominant perturbation ; in the other *overruling wis-*
dom. In one the body's fervour and fashion of outward
* Thus far Angel. Politianus, for the most part, translated.

xlvi *THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.*

fortitude to all possible height of heroical action ; in the other the mind's inward, constant, and unconquered empire, unbroken, unaltered, with any most insolent and tyrannous infliction. To many most sovereign praises is this poem entitled ; but to that grace, in chief, which sets on the crown both of poets and orators ; τὸ τὰ μικρὰ μεγάλως, καὶ τὰ κοινὰ καλῶς : that is, *Parva magnè dicere ; pervulgata novè ; jejuna plenè. -To speak things little greatly ; things common rarely ; things barren and empty fruitfully and fully.* The return of a man into his country is his whole scope and object ; which in itself, your Lordship may well say, is jejune and fruitless enough, affording nothing feastful, nothing magnificent. And yet even this doth the divine inspiration render vast, illustrious, and of miraculous composure. And for this, my Lord, is this poem preferred to his *Iliads* ; for therein much magnificence, both of person and action, gives great aid to his industry ; but in this are these helps exceeding sparing, or nothing ; and yet is the structure so elaborate and pompous that the poor plain ground-work, considered together, may seem the naturally rich womb to it, and produce it needfully. Much wondered at, therefore, is the censure of Dionysius Longinus, (a man otherwise affirmed grave and of elegant judgment,) comparing Homer in his *Iliads* to the Sun rising, in his *Odysseys* to his descent or setting, or to the ocean robbed of his æsture, many tributary floods and rivers of excellent ornament withheld from their observance. When this his work so far exceeds the ocean, with all his court and concourse, that all his sea is only a serviceable stream to it. Nor can it be compared to any one power to be named in nature, being

an entirely well-sorted and digested confluence of all ; where the most solid and grave is made as nimble and fluent as the most airy and fiery, the nimble and fluent as firm and well-bounded as the most grave and solid. And, taking all together, of so tender impression, and of such command to the voice of the Muse, that they knock heaven with her breath, and discover their foundations as low as hell. Nor is this all-comprising Poesy fantastic or mere fictive ; but the most material and doctrinal illations of truth, both for all manly information of manners in the young, all prescription of justice, and even Christian piety, in the most grave and high governed. To illustrate both which, in both kinds, with all height of expression, the Poet creates both a body and a soul in them. Wherein, if the body (being the letter or history) seems fictive, and beyond possibility to bring into act, the sense then and allegory, which is the soul, is to be sought, which intends a more eminent expresse of Virtue for her loveliness, and of Vice for her ugliness, in their several effects ; going beyond the life than any art within life can possibly delineate. Why then is fiction to this end so hateful to our true ignorants ? Or why should a poor chronicler of a Lord Mayor's naked truth (that peradventure will last his year) include more worth with our modern wizards than Homer for his naked Ulysses clad in eternal fiction ? But this proser Dionysius, and the rest of these grave and reputatively learned—that dare undertake for their gravities the headstrong censure of all things, and challenge the understanding of these toys in their childhoods ; when even these childish vanities retain deep and most necessary learning enough in them to make them children in their ages, and teach them

while they live—are not in these absolute divine infusions allowed either voice or relish: for, *Qui Poeticas ad fores accedit, &c.* (says the divine philosopher) he that knocks at the gates of the Muses, *sine Musarum furore*, is neither to be admitted entry, nor a touch at their thresholds; his opinion of entry ridiculous, and his presumption impious. Nor must Poets themselves (might I a little insist on these contempts, not tempting too far your Lordship's Ulyssean patience) presume to these doors without the truly genuine and peculiar induction. There being in Poesy a twofold rapture,—or alienation of soul, as the above-said teacher terms it,—one *insania*, a disease of the mind, and a mere madness, by which the infected is thrust beneath all the degrees of humanity: *et ex homine, brutum quodammodò redditur*:—(for which poor Poesy, in this diseased and impostorous age, is so barbarously vilified;)—the other is, *divinus furor**, by which the sound and divinely healthful *suprà hominis naturam erigitur, et in Deum transit*. One a perfection directly infused from God; the other an infection obliquely and degenerately proceeding from man. Of the divine fury, my Lord, your Homer hath ever been both first and last instance; being pronounced absolutely, τὸν σοφώτατον, καὶ τὸν θεϊκότατον ποιητήν, “THE MOST WISE AND MOST DIVINE POET.” Against whom whosoever shall open his profane mouth may worthily receive answer with this of his divine defender—Empedocles, Heraclitus, Protagoras, Epicharmus, &c. being of Homer's part—τίς οὖν, &c.; who against such an army, and the general HOMER, dares attempt the assault, but he must be reputed ridiculous? And yet against this host, and this invincible commander, shall we have every *besogne** and fool a

* *Besogne*—Italian *besognio*, a beggar.

leader. The common herd, I assure myself, ready to receive it on their horns. Their infected leaders,

Such men as sideling ride the anbling Muse,
Whose saddle is as frequent as the stews.
Whose raptures are in ev'ry pageant seen,
In ev'ry wassail-rhyme and dancing-green ;
When he that writes by any beam of truth
Must dive as deep as he, past shallow youth.
Truth dwells in gulfs, whose deeps hide shades so rich
That Night sits muffled there in clouds of pitch,
More dark than Nature made her, and requires,
To clear her tough mists, heav'n's great fire of fires,
To whom the sun itself is but a beam.
For sick souls then—but rapt in foolish dream—
To wrastle with these heav'n-strong mysteries,
What madness is it ? when their light serves eyes
That are not worldly in their least aspect,
But truly pure, and aim at heav'n direct.
Yet these none like but what the brazen head
Blatters abroad, no sooner born but dead.

Holding, then, in eternal contempt, my Lord, those short-lived bubbles, eternize your virtue and judgment with the Grecian monarch ; esteeming not as the least of your new-year's presents,

HOMER, three thousand years dead, now reviv'd,
Ev'n from that dull death that in life he liv'd ;
When none conceited him, none understood
That so much life in so much death as blood
Conveys about it could mix. But when death
Drunk up the bloody mist that human breath
Pour'd round about him—poverty and spite
Thick'ning the hapless vapour—then truth's light

Glimmer'd about his poem ; the pinch'd soul
 (Amidst the mysteries it did enrol)
 Brake pow'rfully abroad. And as we see
 The sun all-hid in clouds, at length got free,
 Through some forc'd covert, over all the ways,
 Near and beneath him, shoots his vented rays
 Far off, and sticks them in some little glade,
 All woods, fields, rivers, left besides in shade ;
 So your Apollo, from that world of light
 Clos'd in his poem's body, shot to sight
 Some few forc'd beams, which near him were not seen,
 (As in his life or country) Fate and spleen
 Clouding their radiance ; which when Death had clear'd,
 To far-off regions his free beams appear'd ;
 In which all stood and wonder'd, striving which
 His birth and rapture should in right enrich.

Twelve labours of your Thespian Hercules
 I now present your Lordship ; do but please
 To lend life means till th' other twelve receive
 Equal achievement ; and let Death then reave
 My life now lost in our patrician loves,
 That knock heads with the herd ; in whom there moves
 One blood, one soul, both drown'd in one set height
 Of stupid envy and mere popular spite.
 Whose loves with no good did my least vein fill ;
 And from their hates I fear as little ill.
 Their bounties nourish not when most they feed,
 But, where there is no merit or no need, .
 Rain into rivers still, and are such show'rs
 As bubbles spring and overflow the flow'rs.
 Their worst parts and worst men their best suborns,
 Like winter cows whose milk runs to their horns.

And as litigious clients' books of law
 Cost infinitely ; taste of all the awe
 Bench'd in our kingdom's policy, piety, state ;
 Earn all their deep explorings ; satiate
 All sorts there thrust together by the heart
 With thirst of wisdom spent on either part ;
 Horrid examples made of Life and Death
 From their fine stuff wov'n ; yet when once the breath
 Of sentence leaves them, all their worth is drawn
 As dry as dust, and wears like cobweb lawn :
 So these men set a price upon their worth,
 That no man gives but those that trot it forth
 Though Need's foul ways, feed Humours with all cost
 Though Judgment starves in them ; rout, State engrost
 (At all tobacco-benches, solemn tables,
 Where all that cross their envies are their fables)
 In their rank faction ; shame and death approv'd
 Fit penance for their opposites ; none lov'd
 But those that rub them ; not a reason heard
 That doth not soothe and glorify their preferr'd
 Bitter opinions. When, would Truth resume
 The cause to his hands, all would fly in fume
 Before his sentence ; since the innocent mind
 Just God makes good, to Whom their worst is wind.
 For, that I freely all my thoughts express,
 My conscience is my thousand witnesses ;
 And to this stay my constant comforts vow,
 . *You for the world I have, or God for you.*



CERTAIN ANCIENT GREEK EPIGRAMS
TRANSLATED.

ALL stars are drunk-up by the fiery sun,
And in so much a flame lies shrunk the moon.
HOMER's all-liv'd name all names leaves in death,
Whose splendour only Muses' bosoms breathe.

ANOTHER.

Heav'n's fires shall first fall darken'd from his sphere,
Grave Night the light weed of the Day shall wear,
Fresh streams shall chase the sea, tough ploughs shall tear
Her fishy bottoms, men in long date dead
Shall rise and live, before Oblivion shed
Those still-green leaves that crown great HOMER's head.

ANOTHER.

The Mæonides doth only write,
And to him dictates the great God of Light.

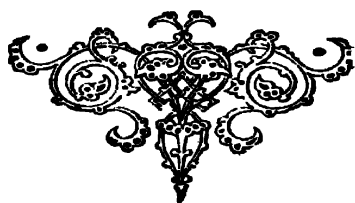
ANOTHER.

Sev'n kingdoms strove in which should swell the womb
That bore great HOMER, whom Fame freed from tomb;
Argos, Chios, Pylos, Smyrna, Colophone,
The learn'd Athenian, and Ulyssean throne.

ANOTHER.

Art thou of Chios? No. Of Salamine?
As little. Was the Smyranean country thine?
Nor so. Which then? Was Cuma's? Colophone?
Nor one, nor other. Art thou, then, of none
That fame proclaims thee? None. Thy reason call.
If I confess of one I anger all.





ADDENDA ET CORRIGENDA.

To the numerous testimonies in favour of Chapman's Homer may be added the following. Speaking of the predecessors and contemporaries of Shakespeare, the elder Disraeli, in his charming "*Amenities of Literature*" (vol. iii. p. 33, ed. 1841) says: "Among these poets stood He, in whose fire the Greek of Homer burned clear in his Homeric English. Chapman often caught the ideas of Homer, and went on writing Homerically; at once the translator and the original." In a note Mr. Disraeli adds—"When Pope translated Homer, Chapman's version lay open before him. The same circumstance, as I have witnessed, occurred with the last translator—Mr. Sotheby."

A note or two may be added to our text.

Book x. 569, a feast *secret*. Though this is the reading of the folio, *select* would appear the right word. The epithet is not in the original.

Book xxii., 24, *high-born*. So in folio, but probably *high-borne* would be the proper spelling. It is not in the original.

Book xxii. 251. Gainst these *odd* mischiefs—*odd*, unequalled, peerless. In this sense of peerless, without an equal, it occurs in Arthur Hall's rare translation of the Iliad (1581). In the preface he says, "I cried out envying Virgil's prosperitie, who gathered of Homer, that he had fallen into the *oddest* man's hands that England ever bred." And in the Vith Book, at the parting of Hector and Andromache:

- "The servants al do sobbe and howle with shrill and heavy cryes,
Beweeping Hector thus they say: on this *odde* knyghte alaske!
We never shall set eyes again, this day will be his wracke."

Book xxii. 388, *breezes*—a name for the gad-fly.

The extreme accuracy of the printers has rendered my task of correction comparatively a light one. The "faults escaped," I am happy to say, are not only very few, but of

the most trivial kind, such probably as only the most critical eye would detect. The reader, therefore, is requested to correct with the pen the following :—

Book II. Arg. 3, dele comma before and after *taken* ; 471, dele comma after *fleet*. III. 7, dele comma after *I*. IV. 627, put comma after *me* ; 1070, dele comma after *sleep*. VI. Put CHAPMAN to note on line 3. VII. 141, dele comma after *motion* ; 196, dele comma after *view*. VIII. note on 289, read *others*'. x. 202, dele comma after *way*. xv. Arg. dele comma after *Isle* ; 154, read *house-keeping* ; 251, put semi-colon for comma after *fame* ; 252, put comma for semi-colon after *friendship* ; 570 for *their* prise read *her*. XXI. 405, for *pray'rs* read *prayers*. XXII. 277, put comma after *used*. XXIV. 132, put comma after *Fate*.

In a very few cases the elision of the e in such words as *pow'rs*, *ev'ry*, *heav'n*, &c., has escaped observation. The reader is requested to correct such (though no errors) for uniformity's sake.

The following is a mere slip of the press :—Book II. 230, for *ruinsall* read *ruins all*.



THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Gods in council sit, to call
Ulysses from Calypso's thrall,
And order their high pleasures thus :
Grey Pallas to Telemachus
(In Ithaca) her way addrest ;
And did her heav'nly limbs invest
In Mentas' likeness, that did reign
King of the Taphians, in the main
Whose rough waves near Leucadia run,
Advising wise Ulysses' son
To seek his father, and address
His course to young Tantalides,
That govern'd Sparta. Thus much said,
She shew'd she was Heav'n's martial Maid,
And vanish'd from him. Next to this,
The Banquet of the Wooers is.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

"Αλφα. The Deities sit ;
The Man retired ;
Th' Ulyssean wit
By Pallas fired.



HE man, O Muse, inform, that many a way
Wound with his wisdom to his wish'd stay ;
That wander'd wondrous far, when he the
town

Of sacred Troy had sack'd and shiver'd down ;

¹ The information or fashion of an absolute man ; and necessary (or fatal) passage through many afflictions (according

The cities of a world of nations, 5
 With all their manners, minds, and fashions,
 He saw and knew ; at sea felt many woes,
 Much care sustain'd, to save from overthrows
 Himself and friends in their retreat for home ;
 But so their fates he could not overcome, 10
 Though much he thirsted it. O men unwise,
 They perish'd by their own impieties !
 That in their hunger's rapine would not shun
 The oxen of the lofty-going Sun,
 Who therefore from their eyes the day bereft 15
 Of safe return. These acts, in some part left,
 Tell us, as others, deified Seed of Jove.

Now all the rest that austere death outstrove
 At Troy's long siege at home safe anchor'd are,
 Free from the malice both of sea and war ; 20
 Only Ulysses is denied access
 To wife and home. The grace of Goddesses,
 The rev'rend nymph Calypso, did detain
 Him in her caves, past all the race of men
 Enflam'd to make him her lov'd lord and spouse. 25
 And when the Gods had destin'd that his house,
 Which Ithaca on her rough bosom bears,
 (The point of time wrought out by ambient years)
 Should be his haven, Contention still extends
 Her envy to him, ev'n amongst his friends. 30
 All Gods took pity on him ; only he,
 That girds earth in the cincture of the sea,

with the most Sacred Letter) to his natural haven and coun-
 try, is the whole argument and scope of this inimitable and
 miraculous poem. And therefore is the epithet *πολύτροπος*
 given him in the first verse : *πολύτροπος* signifying, *Homo*
cujus ingenium velut per multas et varias vias certatur in verum.

—CHAPMAN.

31 Neptune.

Divine Ulysses ever did envy,
And made the fix'd port of his birth to fly.

But he himself solemniz'd a retreat 35
To th' Æthiops, far dissunder'd in their seat,
(In two parts parted, at the sun's descent,
And underneath his golden orient,
The first and last of men) t'enjoy their feast
Of bulls and lambs, in hecatombs addrest ; 40
At which he sat, giv'n over to delight.

The other Gods in heav'n's supremest height
Were all in council met ; to whom began
The mighty Father both of God and man
Discourse, inducing matter that inclin'd 45
To wise Ulysses, calling to his mind
Faultful Ægisthus, who to death was done
By young Orestes, Agamemnon's son.
His memory to the Immortals then
Mov'd Jove thus deeply : " () how falsely men 50
Accuse us Gods as authors of their ill !
When, by the 'hane their own bad lives instill,
They suffer all the mis'ries of their states,
Past our inflictions, and beyond their fates.
As now Ægisthus, past his fate, did wed 55
The wife of Agamemnon, and (in dread

⁴⁰ These notes following I am forced to insert (since the words they contain differ from all other translations) lest I be thought to err out of that ignorance that may perhaps possess my depraver. —CHAPMAN.

⁴⁷ *Ἀμύμονος* translated in this place *inculpabilis*, and made the epithet of Ægisthus, is from the true sense of the word, as it is here to be understood ; which is quite contrary. As *ἀνρίθεος* is to be expounded in some place *Divinus*, or *Deo similis*, but in another (soon after) *contrarius Deo*. The person to whom the epithet is given giving reason to distinguish it. And so *ἀλοόφρων*, an epithet given to Atlas, instantly following, in one place signifies *mente perniciosus*, in the next, *qui universa mente gerit*. —CHAPMAN.

To suffer death himself) to shun his ill,
 Incurr'd it by the loose bent of his will,
 In slaughtering Atrides in retreat.
 Which we foretold him would so hardly set 60
 To his murd'rous purpose, sending Mercury
 That slaughter'd Argus, our consid'rate spy,
 To give him this charge : 'Do not wed his wife,
 Nor murder him ; for thou shalt buy his life
 With ransom of thine own, impos'd on thee 65
 By his Orestes, when in him shall be
 Atrides'-self renew'd, and but the prime
 Of youth's spring put abroad, in thirst to climb
 His haughty father's throne by his high acts.'
 These words of Hermes wrought not into facts 70
 Ægisthus' powers ; good counsel he despis'd,
 And to that good his ill is sacrific'd."

Pallas, whose eyes did sparkle like the skies, 75
 Answer'd : "O Sire ! Supreme of Deities,
 Ægisthus pass'd his fate, and had desert
 To warrant our infliction ; and convert 80
 May all the pains such impious men inflict
 On innocent suff'ers to revenge as strict,
 Their own hearts eating. But, that Ithacus,
 Thus never meriting, should suffer thus, 85
 I deeply suffer. His more pious mind
 Divides him from these fortunes. Though unkind
 Is piety to him, giving him a fate
 More suff'ring than the most unfortunate,
 So long kept friendless in a sea-girt soil, 90
 Where the sea's navel is a sylvan isle,

⁵⁰ *Retreat*.—It will be observed that Chapman frequently
 uses this word in the sense of *return*.

In which the Godless dwells that doth derive
 Her birth from Atlas, who of all alive
 The motion and the fashion doth command
 With his wise mind, whose forces understand 90
 The inmost deeps and gulfs of all the seas,
 Who (for his skill of things superior) stays
 The two steep columns that prop earth and heav'n
 His daughter 'tis, who holds this homeless-driv'n
 Still mourning with her ; evermore profuse 95
 Of soft and winning speeches, that abuse
 And make so languishingly, and possess
 With so remiss a mind her lov'd guest,
 Manage the action of his way for home.
 Where he, though in affection overcome, 100
 In judgment yet more longs to show his hopes,
 His country's smoke leap from her chimney tops,
 And death asks in her arms. Yet never shall
 Thy lov'd heart be converted on his thrall,

⁸⁹ In this place is Atlas given the epithet *ὀλοόφρων*, which signifies *qui universa mente agitatur*, here given him for the power the stars have in all things. Yet this receives other interpretation in other places, as abovesaid.—CHAPMAN.

⁹⁴ *Δύστηνος* is here turned by others, *infelix*, in the general collection ; when it hath here a particular exposition, applied to express Ulysses' desert errors, *παρὰ τὸ στήναι, ul sit, qui vix locum invenire potest ubi consistat*.—CHAPMAN.

⁹⁷ This is thus translated, the rather to express and approve the allegory driven through the whole *Odysseys*. Deciphering the intangling of the wisest in his affections ; and the torments that breed in every pious mind ; to be thereby hindered to arrive so directly as he desires, at the proper and only true natural country of every worthy man, whose haven is heaven and the next life, to which, this life is but a sea in continual æsture and vexation. The words occasioning all this are *μαλακοῖς λόγοις* : *μαλακὸς* signifying, *qui languidè, et animo remisso rem aliquam gerit* ; which being the effect of Calypso's sweet words in Ulysses, is here applied passively to his own sufferance of their operation.—CHAPMAN.

Austere Olympius. Did not ever he, 105
 In ample Troy, thy altars gratify,
 And Grecians' fleet make in thy off'rings swim?
 O Jove, why still then burns thy wrath to him?"

The Cloud-assembler answer'd: "What words fly,
 Bold daughter, from thy pale of ivory? 110

As if I ever could cast from my care
 Divine Ulysses, who exceeds so far
 All men in wisdom, and so oft hath giv'n
 To all th' Immortals thron'd in ample heav'n
 So great and sacred gifts? But his decrees, 115

That holds the earth in with his nimble knees,
 Stand to Ulysses' longings so extreme,
 For taking from the God-foe Polypheme
 His only eye; a Cyclop, that excell'd
 All other Cyclops, with whose burden swell'd 120

The nymph Thoosa, the divine increase
 Of Phorcys' seed, a great God of the seas.
 She mix'd with Neptune in his hollow caves,
 And bore this Cyclop to that God of waves.
 For whose lost eye, th' Earth-shaker did not kill 125
 Erring Ulysses, but reserves him still

In life for more death. But use we our pow'rs,
 And round about us cast these cares of ours,

¹¹⁰ *Ἐρκος ὀδόντων*, viz. *vallum* or *claustrum dentium*, which, for the better sound in our language, is here turned, Pale of Ivory. The teeth being that rampire, or pale, given us by nature in that part for restraint and compression of our speech, till the imagination, appetite, and soul (that ought to rule in their examination, before their delivery) have given worthy pass to them. The most grave and divine poet, teaching therein, that not so much for the necessary chewing of our sustenance our teeth are given us, as for their stay of our words, lest we utter them rashly.—CHAPMAN.

¹¹⁶ Neptune.

¹²⁶ *Erring*—wandering.

All to discover how we may prefer
 His wish'd retreat, and Neptune make forbear 130
 His stern eye to him, since no one God can,
 In spite of all, prevail, but 'gainst a man."

To this, this answer made the grey-eyed Maid :
 "Supreme of rulers, since so well apaid
 The bless'd Gods are all then, now, in thee, 135
 To limit wise Ulysses' misery,
 And that you speak as you referr'd to me
 Prescription for the means, in this sort be
 Their sacred order : Let us now address 140
 With utmost speed our swift Argicides,
 To tell the nymph that bears the golden tress
 In th' isle Ogygia, that 'tis our will
 She should not stay our lov'd Ulysses still,
 But suffer his return ; and then will I
 To Ithaca, to make his son apply 145
 His sire's inquest the more ; infusing force
 Into his soul, to summon the concourse
 Of curl'd-head Greeks to council, and deter
 Each wooer, that hath been the slaughterer
 Of his fat sheep and crooked-headed beeves, 150
 From more wrong to his mother, and their leaves
 Take in such terms as fit deserts so great.
 To Sparta then, and Pylos, where doth beat
 Bright Amathus, the flood, and epithet
 To all that kingdom, my advice shall send 155
 The spirit-advanc'd Prince, to the pious end
 Of seeking his lost father, if he may
 Receive report from Fame where rests his stay ;

¹³⁴ *Apaid*—satisfied, content.

¹⁴⁰ *Inquest*—search.

¹⁵⁴ *Epithet*—i.e. gives the epithet *ηυαθβεις*, *sandy*, to Pylos.

And make, besides, his own successive worth
Known to the world, and set in action forth." 160

This said, her wing'd shoes to her feet she tied,
Form'd all of gold, and all eternified,
That on the round earth or the sea sustain'd
Her ravish'd substance swift as gusts of wind.
Then took she her strong lance with steel made keen,
Great, massy, active, that whole hosts of men, 166
Though all heroës, conquers, if her ire
Their wrongs inflame, back'd by so great a Sire.
Down from Olympus' tops she headlong div'd,
And swift as thought in Ithaca arriv'd, 170
Close at Ulysses' gates ; in whose first court
She made her stand, and, for her breast support,
Lean'd on her iron lance ; her form imprest
With Mentas' likeness, come as being a guest. 174
There found she those proud wooers, that were then
Set on those ox-hides that themselves had slain,
Before the gates, and all at dice were playing.
To them the heralds, and the rest obeying,
Fill'd wine and water ; some, still as they play'd,
And some, for solemn supper's state, purvey'd, 180
With porous sponges cleansing tables, serv'd
With much rich feast ; of which to all they serv'd.

God-like Telemachus amongst them sat,
Griev'd much in mind ; and in his heart begat
All representment of his absent sire, 185
How, come from far-off parts, his spirits would fire
With those proud wooers' sight, with slaughter parting
Their bold concourse, and to himself converting

¹⁷⁴ *Mentas' likeness*—Mentes, son of Anchialus, king of the Taphians, north of Ithaca.

¹⁸² *Kerved*—carved.

The honours they usurp'd, his own commanding.

In this discourse, he first saw Pallas standing, 190
 Unbidden entry ; up rose, and addrest
 His pace right to her, angry that a guest
 Should stand so long at gate ; and, coming near,
 Her right hand took, took in his own her spear,
 And thus saluted : " Grace to your repair, 195
 Fair guest, your welcome shall be likewise fair.
 Enter, and, cheer'd with feast, disclose th' intent
 That caus'd your coming." This said, first he went,
 And Pallas follow'd. To a room they came,
 Steep, and of state ; the jav'lin of the Dame 200
 He set against a pillar vast and high,
 Amidst a large and bright-kept armory,
 Which was, besides, with woods of lances grac'd
 Of his grave father's. In a throne he plac'd
 The man-turn'd Goddess, under which was spread 205
 A carpet, rich and of deviceful thread ;
 A footstool staying her feet ; and by her chair
 Another seat (all garnish'd wondrous fair,
 To rest or sleep on in the day) he set,
 Far from the prease of wooers, lest at meat 210
 The noise they still made might offend his guest,
 Disturbing him at banquet or at rest,
 Ev'n to his combat with that pride of theirs,
 That kept no noble form in their affairs.
 And these he set far from them, much the rather 215
 To question freely of his absent father.

A table fairly-polish'd then was spread,
 On which a rev'rend officer set bread,
 And other servitors all sorts of meat
 (Salads, and flesh, such as their haste could get) 220

Serv'd with observance in. And then the sewer
 Pour'd water from a great and golden ewer,
 That from their hands t' a silver cauldron ran.
 Both wash'd, and seated close, the voiceful man
 Fetch'd cups of gold, and set by them, and round 235
 Those cups with wine with all endeavour crown'd.

Then rush'd in the rude wooers, themselves plac'd ;
 The heralds water gave ; the maids in haste
 Serv'd bread from baskets. When, of all prepar'd
 And set before them, the bold wooers shar'd, 236
 Their pages plying their cups past the rest.
 But lusty wooers must do more than feast ;
 For now, their hungers and their thirsts allay'd,
 They call'd for songs and dances ; those, they said,
 Were th' ornaments of feast. The herald straight
 A harp, carv'd full of artificial sleight, 236
 Thrust into Phemius', a learn'd singer's, hand,
 Who, till he much was urg'd, on terms did stand,
 But, after, play'd and sung with all his art.

Telemachus to Pallas then (apart, 240
 His ear inclining close, that none might hear)
 In this sort said : " My guest, exceeding dear,
 Will you not sit incens'd with what I say ?
 These are the cares these men take ; feast and play.
 Which eas'ly they may use, because they eat, 245
 Free and unpunish'd, of another's meat ;
 And of a man's, whose white bones wasting lie
 In some far region, with th' incessancy
 Of show'rs pour'd down upon them, lying ashore,
 Or in the seas wash'd nak'd. Who, if he wore 250
 Those bones with flesh and life and industry,
 And these might here in Ithaca set eye

On him return'd, they all would wish to be
 Either past other in celerity
 Of feet and knees, and not contend t' exceed 255-
 In golden garments. But his virtues feed
 The fate of ill death ; nor is left to me
 The least hope of his life's recovery,
 No, not if any of the mortal race
 Should tell me his return ; the cheerful face 260
 Of his return'd day never will appear.
 But tell me, and let Truth your witness bear,
 Who, and from whence you are ? What city's birth ?
 What parents ? In what vessel set you forth ?
 And with what mariners arriv'd you here ? 265-
 I cannot think you a foot passenger.
 Recount then to me all, to teach me well
 Fit usage for your worth. And if it fell
 In chance now first that you thus see us here,
 Or that in former passages you were 270
 My father's guest ? For many men have been
 Guests to my father. Studious of men
 His sociable nature ever was."
 On him again the grey-eyed Maid did pass
 This kind reply : " I'll answer passing true 275-
 All thou hast ask'd : My birth his honour drew
 From wise Anchialus. The name I bear
 Is, Mentas, the commanding islander
 Of all the Taphians studious in the art
 Of navigation ; having touch'd this part 280-
 With ship and men, of purpose to maintain
 Course through the dark seas t' other-languag'd men ;
 And Temesis sustains the city's name
 For which my ship is bound, made known by fame

For rich in brass, which my occasions need, 285
 And therefore bring I shining steel in stead,
 Which their use wants, yet makes my vessels freight,
 That near a plough'd field rides at anchor's weight,
 Apart this city, in the harbour call'd
 Rhethrus, whose waves with Neius' woods are wall'd.
 Thy sire and I were ever mutual guests, 291
 At either's house still interchanging feasts.
 I glory in it. Ask, when thou shalt see
 Laertes, th' old heroë, these of me,
 From the beginning. He, men say, no more 295
 Visits the city, but will needs deplore
 His son's believ'd loss in a private field ;
 One old maid only at his hands to yield
 Food to his life, as oft as labour makes
 His old limbs faint ; which, though he creeps, he takes
 Along a fruitful plain, set all with vines, 301
 Which husbandman-like, though a king, he proins.
 But now I come to be thy father's guest ;
 I hear he wanders, while these wooers feast.
 And (as th' Immortals prompt me at this hour) 305
 I'll tell thee out of a prophetic pow'r,
 (Not as profess'd a prophet, nor clear seen
 At all times what shall after chance to men)
 What I conceive, for this time, will be true :
 The God's inflictions keep your sire from you. 310
 Divine Ulysses, yet, abides not dead
 Above earth, nor beneath, nor buried
 In any seas, as you did late conceive,
 But, with the broad sea sieg'd, is kept alive
 Within an isle, by rude and upland men, 315
 That in his spite his passage home detain.
 Yet long it shall not be before he tread

His country's dear earth, though solicited,
 And held from his return, with iron chains ;
 For he hath wit to forge a world of trains, 320
 And will, of all, be sure to make good one
 For his return, so much relied upon.
 But tell me, and be true : art thou indeed
 So much a son, as to be said the seed
 Of Ithacus himself ? Exceeding much 325
 Thy forehead and fair eyes at his form touch ;
 For oftentimes we met, as you and I
 Meet at this hour, before he did apply
 His pow'rs for Troy, when other Grecian states
 In hollow ships were his associates. 330
 But, since that time, mine eyes could never see
 Renown'd Ulysses, nor met his with me."

The wise Telemachus again replied :
 "You shall with all I know be satisfied.
 My mother certain says I am his son ; 335
 I know not ; nor was ever simply known
 By any child the sure truth of his sire.
 But would my veins had took in living fire
 From some man happy, rather than one wise,
 Whom age might see seisd of what youth made prise.
 But he whoever of the mortal race 341
 Is most unblest, he holds my father's place.
 This, since you ask, I answer." She, again :

"The Gods sure did not make the future strain

³²⁴ Τόσος παῖς, *Tantus filius*. Pallas thus enforcing her question, *to stir up the son the more to the father's worthiness."—CHAPMAN.

³²⁹ *States*—princes. See Iliad II. 69.

³⁴⁰ *Seised*—in possession of.

³⁴⁴ *Strain*—descent. So Shakespeare,

"Thus far I can praise him ; he is of a noble *strain*, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty."—*Much Ado*, II. I.

Both of thy race and days obscure to thee, 345
 Since thou wert born so of Penelope.
 The style may by thy after acts be won,
 Of so great sire the high undoubted son.

Say truth in this then : What's this feasting here ?
 What all this rout ? Is all this nuptial cheer ? 350
 Or else some friendly banquet made by thee ?
 For here no shots are, where all sharers be.
 Past measure contumeliously this crew
 Fare through thy house ; which should th'ingenuous view
 Of any good or wise man come and find, 355
 (Impiety seeing play'd in ev'ry kind)
 He could not but through ev'ry vein be mov'd."

Again Telemachus : " My guest much lov'd,
 Since you demand and sift these sights so far,
 I grant 'twere fit a house so regular, 360
 Rich, and so faultless once in government,
 Should still at all parts the same form present
 That gave it glory while her lord was here,
 But now the Gods, that us displeasure bear,
 Have otherwise appointed, and disgrace 365
 My father most of all the mortal race.
 For whom I could not mourn so were he dead,
 Amongst his fellow-captains slaughter'd

³⁵² *Shots*—reckoning, sum charged. Though now only used as a vulgar term, it was not uncommon in our older writers. Shakespeare,

" A man is never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome."

Two Gent. Veron. II. 5.

The derivation is from Anglo-Sax. *sceat*, *tax*, *treasure*, or a piece of metal in an uncoined state equal to a penny. See Bosworth's Anglo-Sax. Dict. It occurs in almost every language. See Ital. *scotto* and Cotgrave in v. *escot*.

³⁶⁵ *Disgrace*—put out of favour, are unkind to.

By common enemies, or in the hands
 Of his kind friends had ended his commands, 370
 After he had egregiously bestow'd
 His pow'r and order in a war so vow'd,
 And to his tomb all Greeks their grace had done,
 That to all ages he might leave his son
 Immortal honour ; but now Harpies have 375
 Digg'd in their gorges his abhorréd grave.
 Obscure, inglorious, death hath made his end,
 And me, for glories, to all griefs contend.
 Nor shall I any more mourn him alone,
 The Gods have giv'n me other cause of moan. 380
 For look how many optimates remain
 In Samos, or the shores Dulichian,
 Shady Zacynthus, or how many bear
 Rule in the rough brows of this island here ;
 So many now my mother and this house 385
 At all parts make defam'd and ruinous ;
 And she her hateful nuptials nor denies,
 Nor will despatch their importunities,
 Though she beholds them spoil still as they feast
 All my free house yields, and the little rest 390
 Of my dead sire in me perhaps intend
 To bring ere long to some untimely end."

This Pallas sigh'd and answer'd : " O," said she,
 " Absent Ulysses is much miss'd by thee,
 That on these shameless suitors he might lay 395
 His wreakful hands. Should he now come, and stay
 In thy court's first gates, arm'd with helm and shield,
 And two such darts as I have seen him wield,
 When first I saw him in our Taphian court,
 Feasting, and doing his desert's disport ; 400

When from Ephyrus he return'd by us
 From Ilus, son to Centaur Mermerus,
 To whom he travell'd through the wat'ry dreads,
 For bane to poison his sharp arrows' heads,
 That death, but touch'd, caus'd; which he would not give,
 Because he fear'd the Gods that ever live 406
 Would plague such death with death; and yet their fear
 Was to my father's bosom not so dear
 As was thy father's love; (for what he sought
 My loving father found him to a thought.) 410
 If such as then Ulysses might but meet
 With these proud wooers, all were at his feet
 But instant dead men, and their nuptials
 Would prove as bitter as their dying galls.
 But these things in the God's knees are repos'd, 416
 If his return shall see with wreak inclos'd,
 These in his house, or he return no more;
 And therefore I advise thee to explore
 All ways thyself, to set these wooers gone;
 To which end give me fit attention: 420
 To-morrow into solemn council call
 The Greek heroës, and declare to all
 (The Gods being witness) what thy pleasure is.
 Command to towns of their nativity
 These frontless wooers. If thy mother's mind 426
 Stands to her second nuptials so inclin'd,
 Return she to her royal father's tow'rs,
 Where th' one of these may wed her, and her dow'rs
 Make rich, and such as may consort with grace
 So dear a daughter of so great a race 430
 And thee I warn as well (if thou as well
 Wilt hear and follow) take thy best-built sail,

With twenty oars mann'd, and haste t' inquire
 Where the abode is of thy absent sire,
 If any can inform thee, or thine ear 435
 From Jove the fame of his retreat may hear,
 For chiefly Jove gives all that honours men.

To Pylos first be thy addression then,
 To god-like Nestor; thence to Sparta haste,
 To gold-lock'd Menelaus, who was last 440
 Of all the brass-arm'd Greeks that sail'd from Troy;
 And try from both these, if thou canst enjoy
 News of thy sire's return'd life anywhere,
 Though sad thou suffer'st in his search a year.
 If of his death thou hear'st, return thou home, 445
 And to his memory erect a tomb,
 Performing parent-rites, of feast and game,
 Pompous, and such as best may fit his fame;
 And then thy mother a fit husband give.
 These past, consider how thou mayst deprive 450
 Of worthless life these wooers in thy house,
 By open force, or projects ingenious.
 Things childish fit not thee; th' art so no more.
 Hast thou not heard, how all men did adore
 Divine Orestes, after he had slain 455
 Ægisthus murd'ring by a treach'rous train
 His famous father? Be then, my most lov'd,
 Valiant and manly, ev'ry way approv'd
 As great as he. I see thy person fit,
 Noble thy mind, and excellent thy wit, 460
 All-giv'n thee so to use and manage here
 That ev'n past death they may their memories bear.

⁴⁵² *Euginous*—ingenious. See NARES on the words, *engine*,
 and *ingenious*.

In meantime I'll descend to ship and men,
 That much expect me. Be observant then
 Of my advice, and careful to maintain 465
 In equal acts thy royal father's reign."

Telemachus replied : " You ope, fair guest,
 A friend's heart in your speech, as well exprest
 As might a father serve t' inform his son ;
 All which sure place have in my memory won. ' 470
 Abide yet, though your voyage calls away,
 That, having bath'd, and dignified your stay
 With some more honour, you may yet beside
 Delight your mind by being gratified
 With some rich present taken in your way, 475
 That, as a jewel, your respect may lay
 Up in your treasury, bestow'd by me,
 As free friends use to guests of such degree."

" Detain me not," said she, " so much inclin'd '
 To haste my voyage. What thy lov'd mind 480
 Commands to give, at my return this way,
 Bestow on me, that I directly may
 Convey it home ; which more of price to me
 The more it asks my recompence to thee."

This said, away grey-eyed Minerva flew, 485
 Like to a mounting lark ; and did endue
 His mind with strength and boldness, and much more
 Made him his father long for than before ;
 And weighing better who his guest might be,
 He stood amaz'd, and thought a Deity 490
 Was there descended ; to whose will he fram'd
 His pow'rs at all parts, and went so inflam'd
 Amongst the wooers, who were silent set,
 To hear a poet sing the sad retreat

The Greeks perform'd from Troy; which was from thence
Proclaim'd by Pallas, pain of her offence. 496

When which divine song was perceiv'd to bear
That mournful subject by the list'ning ear
Of wise Penelope, Icarius' seed,
Who from an upper room had giv'n it heed, 500
Down she descended by a winding stair,
Not solely, but the state in her repair
Two maids of honour made. And when this queen
Of women stoop'd so low, she might be seen
By all her wooers. In the door, aloof, 505
Entr'ing the hall grac'd with a goodly roof,
She stood, in shade of graceful veils, implied
About her beauties; on her either side,
Her honour'd women. When, to tears mov'd, thus
She chid the sacred singer: "Phemius, 510
You know a number more of these great deeds
Of Gods and men, that are the sacred seeds,
And proper subjects, of a poet's song,
And those due pleasures that to men belong,
Besides these facts that furnish Troy's retreat, 515
Sing one of those to these, that round your seat
They may with silence sit, and taste their wine;
But cease this song, that through these ears of mine
Conveys deserv'd occasion to my heart
Of endless sorrows, of which the desert 520
In me unmeasur'd is past all these men,
So endless is the memory I retain,
And so desertful is that memory,
Of such a man as hath a dignity
So broad it spreads itself through all the pride 525
Of Greece and Argos." To the queen replied

Inspir'd Telemachus: "Why thus envies
 My mother him that fits societies
 With so much harmony, to let him please
 His own mind in his will to honour these? 530
 For these ingenious and first sort of men,
 That do immediately from Jove retain
 Their singing raptures, are by Jove as well
 Inspir'd with choice of what their songs impell,
 Jove's will is free in it, and therefore theirs. 535
 Nor is this man to blame, that the repairs
 The Greeks make homeward sings; for his fresh muse
 Men still most celebrate that sings most news
 And therefore in his note your ears employ:
 For not Ulysses only lost in Troy 540
 The day of his return, but numbers more
 The deadly ruins of his fortunes bore.
 Go you then in, and take your work in hand,
 Your web and distaff; and your maids command
 To ply their fit work. Words to men are due, 545
 And those reprov'g counsels you pursue,
 And most to me of all men, since I bear
 The rule of all things that are manag'd here."
 She went amaz'd away, and in her heart
 Laid up the wisdom Pallas did impart 550

⁵²⁸ 'Επιήρος δαιδός. *Cantor, cujus tam apta est societas hominibus.*—CHAPMAN

⁵³¹ 'Ανδράσιν ἀλφετῆσιν. 'Αλφετῆσιν is an epithet proper to poets for their first finding out of arts and documents tending to elocution and government, inspired only by Jove, and are here called the first of men, since first they gave rules to manly life, and have their information immediately from Jove (as Plato in *Ione* witnesseth); the word deduced from ἀλφα, which is taken for him *qui primus teneat aliquid in re*, and will ἀλφετῆσιν then be sufficiently expressed with *ingeniosis*, than which no exposition goes further.—CHAPMAN.

To her lov'd son so lately, turn'd again
 Up to her chamber, and no more would reign
 In manly counsels. To her women she
 Applied her sway; and to the wooers he
 Began new orders, other spirits bewray'd 555
 Than those in spite of which the wooers sway'd.
 And (whiles his mother's tears still wash'd her eyes,
 Till grey Minerva did those tears surprise
 With timely sleep, and that her wooers did rouse
 Rude tumult up through all the shady house, 560
 Dispos'd to sleep because their widow was)
 Telemachus this new-giv'n spirit did pass
 On their old insolence: "Ho! you that are
 My mother's wooers! much too high ye bear
 Your petulant spirits; sit; and, while ye may 565
 Enjoy me in your banquets, see ye lay
 These loud notes down, nor do this man the wrong,
 Because my mother hath disliked his song,
 To grace her interruption. 'Tis a thing
 Honest, and honour'd too, to hear one sing 570
 Numbers so like the Gods in elegance,
 As this man flows in. By the morn's first light,
 I'll call ye all before me in a Court,
 That I may clearly banish your resort,
 With all your rudeness, from these roofs of mine. 575
 Away; and elsewhere in your feasts combine.
 Consume your own goods, and make mutual feast
 At either's house. Or if ye still hold best,
 And for your humours' more suffic'd fill,
 To feed, to spoil, because unpunish'd still, 580
 On other findings, spoil; but here I call

Th' Eternal Gods to witness, if it fall
 In my wish'd reach once to be dealing wreaks,
 By Jove's high bounty, these your present cheeks
 To what I give in charge shall add more reins 595
 To my revenge hereafter ; and the pains
 Ye then must suffer shall pass all your pride
 Ever to see redress'd, or qualified."

At this all bit their lips, and did admire
 His words sent from him with such phrase and fire ; 599
 Which so much mov'd them that Antinous,
 Eupitheus' son, cried out ; "Telemachus !
 The Gods, I think, have rapt thee to this height
 Of elocution, and this great conceit
 Of self-ability. We all may pray, 595
 That Jove invest not in this kingdom's sway
 Thy forward forces, which I see put forth
 A hot ambition in thee for thy birth."

"Be not offended," he replied, "if I
 Shall say, I would assume this empery, 600
 If Jove gave leave. You are not he that sings :
The rule of kingdoms is the worst of things.
 Nor is it ill, at all, to sway a throne ;
 A man may quickly gain possession

⁵⁹⁹ Upon this answer of Telemachus, because it hath so sudden a change, and is so far let down from his late height of heat, altering and tempering so commandingly his affections I thought not amiss to insert here Spondanus' further annotations, which is this : *Prudenter Telemachus joco furorem Antinoi ac asperitatem emolliit. Nam ita dictum illius interpretatur, ut existimetur censere jocorē illa etiam ab Antinoo adversum se pronunciata. Et primum ironice se Regem esse exoptat propter commoda quæ Reges solent comitari. Ne tamen invidiam in se ambitionis concitet, testatur se regnum Ithacæ non ambire, mortuo Ulysse, cum id alii possidere queant se longe præstantiores ac digniores : hoc unum ait se moliri, ut propriarum ædium et bonorum solus sit dominus, iis exclusis ac ejectis, qui vi illa occupare ac disperdere conantur.*

CHAPMAN.

Of mighty riches, make a wondrous prize 605
 Set of his virtues ; but the dignities
 That deck a king, there are enough beside
 In this circumfluous isle that want no pride .
 To think them worthy of, as young as I,
 And old as you are. An ascent so high 610
 My thoughts affect not. Dead is he that held
 Desert of virtue to have so excell'd.
 But of these turrets I will take on me
 To be the absolute king, and reign as free,
 As did my father, over all his hand 615
 Left here in this house slaves to my command."

Eurymachus, the son of Polybus,
 To this made this reply : "Telemachus !
 The girlond of this kingdom let the knees
 Of Deity run for ; but the faculties 620
 This house is seis'd of, and the turrets here,
 Thou shalt be lord of, nor shall any bear
 The least part off of all thou dost possess,
 As long as this land is no wilderness,
 Nor rul'd by out-laws. But give these their pass, 625
 And tell me, best of princes, who he was
 That guested here so late ? From whence ? And what
 In any region boasted he his state ?
 His race ? His country ? Brought he any news
 Of thy returning father ? Or for dues 630
 Of moneys to him made he fit repair ?
 How suddenly he rush'd into the air,

⁶³⁰ *Girlond*—garland, crown, sovereignty. Shakespeare,
 "Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord ;
 And, I believe, will never stand upright,
 Till Richard wear the *garland* of the realm.

Hast. How ! wear the *garland* ! dost thou mean the
 crown ?

Cate. Ay, my good lord."—*Richard III.* III. 2.

Nor would sustain to stay and make him known !
His port show'd no debauch'd companion."

He answer'd : " The return of my lov'd sire 635
Is past all hope ; and should rude Fame inspire
From any place a flatt'ring messenger
With news of his survival, he should bear
No least belief off from my desp'rate love.
Which if a sacred prophet should approve, 640
Call'd by my mother for her care's unrest,
It should not move me. For my late fair guest,
He was of old my father's, touching here
From sea-girt Taphos ; and for name doth bear
Mentas, the son of wise Anchialus ; 645
And governs all the Taphians studious
Of navigation." This he said, but knew
It was a Goddess. These again withdrew
To dances and attraction of the song ;
And while their pleasures did the time prolong, 650
The sable Even descended, and did steep
The lids of all men in desire of sleep.

Telemachus into a room built high
Of his illustrious Court, and to the eye
Of circular prospect, to his bed ascended, 655
And in his mind much weighty thought contended.
Before him Euryclea (that well knew
All the observance of a handmaid's due,
Daughter to Opis Pisenorides)
Bore two bright torches ; who did so much please 660
Laërtes in her prime, that, for the price
Of twenty oxen, he made merchandize
Of her rare beauties ; and love's equal flame,
To her he felt, as to his nuptial dame,.

Yet never durst he mix with her in bed, 665
 So much the anger of his wife he fled.
 She, now grown old, to young Telemachus
 Two torches bore, and was obsequious
 Past all his other maids, and did apply
 Her service to him from his infancy. 670
 His well-built chamber reach'd, she op'd the door,
 He on his bed sat, the soft weeds he wore
 Put off, and to the diligent old maid
 Gave all; who fitly all in thick folds laid,
 And hung them on a beam-pin near the bed, 675
 That round about was rich embroider'd.
 Then made she haste forth from him, and did bring
 The door together with a silver ring,
 And by a string a bar to it did pull.
 He, laid, and cover'd well with curled wool 680
 Wov'n in silk quilts, all night employ'd his mind
 About the task that Pallas had design'd.



THE SECOND BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS to court doth call
The Wooers, and commands them all
To leave his house ; and, taking, then
From wise Minerva ship and men,
And all things fit for him beside,
That Euryclea could provide
For sea-rites till he found his sire.
He hoists sail ; when Heav'n stoops his fire.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Βῆρα The old Maid's store
The voyage cheers.
The ship leaves shore,
Minerva steers.



OW when with rosy fingers, th' early born
And thrown through all the air, appear'd
the Morn,
Ulysses' lov'd son from his bed appear'd,
His weeds put on, and did about him gird
His sword that thwart his shoulders hung, and tied
To his fair feet fair shoes, and all parts plied
For speedy readiness : who, when he trod
The open earth, to men show'd like a God.

The heralds then he straight charg'd to consort
The curl'd-head Greeks, with loud calls, to a Court. 10'
They summon'd ; th' other came in utmost haste.
Who all assembled, and in one heap plac'd,
He likewise came to council, and did bear
In his fair hand his iron-headed spear.
Nor came alone, nor with men-troops prepar'd, 15
But two fleet dogs made both his train and guard.
Pallas supplied with her high wisdom's grace,
That all men's wants supplies, State's painted face.
His ent'ring presence all men did admire ;
Who took seat in the high throne of his sire, 20
To which the grave peers gave him rev'rend way.
Amongst whom, an Egyptian heroe
(Crookéd with age, and full of skill) begun
The speech to all ; who had a lovéd son
That with divine Ulysses did ascend 25
His hollow fleet to Troy ; to serve which end,
He kept fair horse, and was a man-at-arms,
And in the cruel Cyclop's stern alarms
His life lost by him in his hollow cave,
Whose entrails open'd his abhorréd grave, 30
And made of him, of all Ulysses' train,
His latest supper, being latest slain ;
His name was Antiphus. And this old man,
This crookéd-grown, this wise Egyptian,
Had three sons more ; of which one riotous 35
A wooer was, and call'd Eurynomus ;
The other two took both his own wish'd course.
Yet both the best fates weigh'd not down the worse,
But left the old man mindful still of moan ;
Who, weeping, thus bespake the Session : 40'

"Hear, Ithacensians, all I fitly say :
 Since our Divine Ulysses' parting day
 Never was council call'd, nor session,
 And now by whom is this thus undergone ?
 Whom did necessity so much compell, 45
 Of young or old ? Hath anyone heard tell
 Of any coming army, that he thus now
 May openly take boldness to avow,
 First having heard it ? Or will any here
 Some motion for the public good prefer ? 50
 Some worth of note there is in this command ;
 And, methinks, it must be some good man's hand
 That's put to it, that either hath direct
 Means to assist, or, for his good affect,
 Hopes to be happy in the proof he makes ; 55
 And that Jove grant, whate'er he undertakes."

Telemachus (rejoicing much to hear
 The good hope and opinion men did bear
 Of his young actions) no longer sat,
 But long'd t' approve what this man pointed at, 60
 And make his first proof in a cause so good ;
 And in the council's chief place up he stood ;
 When straight Pisenor (herald to his sire,
 And learn'd in counsels) felt his heart on fire
 To hear him speak, and put into his hand 65
 The sceptre that his father did command ;
 Then, to the old Egyptian turn'd, he spoke :

"Father, not far he is that undertook
 To call this Council ; whom you soon shall know.
 Myself, whose wrongs my griefs will make me show, 70
 Am he that author'd this assembly here.
 Nor have I heard of any army near,

Of which, being first told, I might iterate,
 Nor for the public good can aught relate,
 Only mine own affairs all this procure, 75
 That in my house a double ill endure ;
 One, having lost a father so renown'd,
 Whose kind rule once with your command was crown'd ;
 The other is, what much more doth augment
 His weighty loss, the ruin imminent 80
 Of all my house by it, my goods all spent.
 And of all this the wooers, that are sons
 To our chief peers, are the confusions,
 Importuning my mother's marriage
 Against her will ; nor dares their blood's bold rage 85
 Go to Icarus', her father's, court,
 That, his will ask'd in kind and comely sort,
 He may endow his daughter with a dow'r,
 And, she consenting, at his pleasure's pow'r
 Dispose her to a man, that, thus behav'd, 90
 May have fit grace, and see her honour sav'd.
 But these, in none but my house, all their lives
 Resolve to spend ; slaught'ring my sheep and beeves,
 And with my fattest goats lay feast on feast,
 My gen'rous wine consuming as they list. 95
 A world of things they spoil, here wanting one,
 That, like Ulysses, quickly could set gone
 These peace-plagues from his house, that spoil like war ;
 Whom my pow'rs are unfit to urge so far,
 Myself immortal. But, had I the pow'r, 100
 My will should serve me to exempt this hour
 From out my life-time. For, past patience,
 Base deeds are done here, that exceed defence
 Of any honour. Falling is my house,

Which you should shame to see so ruinous. 105
Rev'rence the censures that all good men give,
That dwell about you ; and for fear to live
Expos'd to heav'n's wrath (that doth ever pay
Pains for joys forfeit) even by Jove I pray,
Or Themis, both which pow'rs have to restrain, 110
Or gather, councils, that ye will abstain
From further spoil, and let me only waste
In that most wretched grief I have embrac'd
For my lost father. And though I am free
From meriting your outrage, yet, if he, 115
Good man, hath ever with a hostile heart
Done ill to any Greek, on me convert
Your like hostility, and vengeance take
Of his ill on my life, and all these make
Join in that justice ; but, to see abus'd 120
Those goods that do none ill but being ill-us'd,
Exceeds all right. Yet better 'tis for me,
My whole possessions and my rents to see
Consum'd by you, than lose my life and all ;
For on your rapine a revenge may fall, 125
While I live ; and so long I may complain
About the city, till my goods again,
Oft ask'd, may be with all amends repaid.
But in the mean space your misrule hath laid
Griefs on my bosom, that can only speak, 130
And are denied the instant pow'r of wreek."

This said, his sceptre 'gainst the ground he threw,
And tears still'd from him ; which mov'd all the crew,
The court struck silent, not a man did dare
To give a word that might offend his ear. 135
Antinous only in this sort replied :

“High spoken, and of spirit unpacified,
How have you sham’d us in this speech of yours !
Will you brand us for an offence not ours ?
Your mother, first in craft, is first in cause. 140
Three years are past, and near the fourth now draws,
Since first she mock’d the peers Achaian.
All she made hope, and promis’d ev’ry man,
Sent for us ever, left love’s show in nought,
But in her heart conceal’d another thought. 145
Besides, as curious in her craft, her loom
She with a web charg’d, hard to overcome,
And thus bespake us : ‘ Youths, that seek my bed,
Since my divine spouse rests amongst the dead,
Hold on your suits but till I end, at most, 150
This funeral weed, lest what is done be lost.
Besides, I purpose, that when th’ austere fate
Of bitter death shall take into his state
Laertes the heroö, it shall deck
His royal corse, since I should suffer check 155
In ill report of ev’ry common dame,
If one so rich should show in death his shame.’
This speech she us’d ; and this did soon persuade
Our gentle minds. But this a work she made
So hugely long, undoing still in night, 160
By torches, all she did by day’s broad light,
That three years her deceit div’d past our view,
And made us think that all she feign’d was true.
But when the fourth year came, and those sly hours
That still surprise at length dames’ craftiest powers, 165
One of her women, that knew all, disclos’d
The secret to us, that she still unloos’d
Her whole day’s fair affair in depth of night.

And then no further she could force her sleight,
 But, of necessity, her work gave end. 170
 And thus, by me, doth ev'ry other friend,
 Professing love to her, reply to thee ;
 That ev'n thyself, and all Greeks else, may see,
 That we offend not in our stay, but she.
 To free thy house then, send her to her sire, 175
 Commanding that her choice be left entire
 To his election, and one settled will.
 Nor let her vex with her illusions still
 Her friends that woo her, standing on her wit,
 Because wise Pallas hath giv'n wills to it 180
 So full of art, and made her understand
 All works in fair skill of a lady's hand.
 But (for her working mind) we read of none
 Of all the old world, in which Greece hath shown
 Her rarest pieces, that could equal her : 185
 Tyro, Alcmena, and Mycena were
 To hold comparison in no degree,
 For solid brain, with wise P'ncelope.
 And yet, in her delays of us, she shows
 No prophet's skill, with all the wit she owes ; 190
 For all this time thy goods and victuals go
 To utter ruin ; and shall ever so,
 While thus the Gods her glorious mind dispose
 Glory herself may gain, but thou shalt lose
 Thy longings ev'n for necessary food, 195
 For we will never go where lies our good,
 Nor any other where, till this delay
 She puts on all she quits with th' endless stay
 Of some one of us, that to all the rest
 May give free farewell with his nuptial feast." 200

The wise young prince replied : " Antinous !
 I may by no means turn out of my house
 Her that hath brought me forth and nourish'd me
 Besides, if quick or dead my father be
 In any region, yet abides in doubt ; 205
 And 'twill go hard, my means being so run out,
 To tender to Icarus again,
 If he again my mother must maintain
 In her retreat, the dow'r she brought with her.
 And then a double ill it will confer, 210
 Both from my father and from God on me,
 When, thrust out of her house, on her bent knee
 My mother shall the horrid Furies raise
 With imprecations, and all men dispraise
 My part in her exposure. Never then 215
 Will I perform this counsel. If your spleen
 Swell at my courses, once more I command
 Your absence from my house ; some other's hand
 Charge with your banquets ; on your own goods eat,
 And either other mutually intreat, 220
 At either of your houses, with your feast.
 But if ye still esteem more sweet and best
 Another's spoil, so you still wreakless live,
 Gnaw, vermin-like, things sacred, no laws give
 To your devouring ; it remains that I 225
 Invoke each Ever-living Deity,
 And vow, if Jove shall deign in any date
 Pow'r of like pains for pleasure so past rate,
 From thenceforth look, where ye have revell'd so
 Unwreak'd, your ruinsall shall undergo." 230

²²⁴ The word is *kelpere*, *kelpw* signifying *insatiabili*, *quiddam edacitate voro*. —CHAPMAN.

Thus spake Telemachus ; t' assure whose threat,
 Far-seeing Jove upon their pinions set
 Two eagles from the high brows of a hill,
 That, mounted on the winds, together still
 Their strokes extended ; but arriving now 235
 Amidst the Council, over ev'ry brow [fears,
 Shook their thick wings and, threat'ning death's cold
 Their necks and cheeks tore with their eager seres ;
 Then, on the court's right-hand away they flew,
 Above both court and city. With whose view, 240
 And study what events they might foretell,
 The Council into admiration fell.
 The old heroë, Halitherses, then,
 The son of Nestor, that of all old men,
 His peers in that court, only could foresee 245
 By flight of fowls man's fix'd destiny,
 'Twixt them and their amaze, this interpos'd :
 " Hear, Ithacensians, all your doubts disclos'd.
 The Wooers most are touch'd in this ostent,
 To whom are dangers great and imminent ; 250
 For now not long more shall Ulysses bear
 Lack of his most lov'd, but fills some place near,
 Addressing to these Wooers fate and death.
 And many more this mischief menaceth
 Of us inhabiting this famous isle. 255
 Let us consult yet, in this long forewhile,
 How to ourselves we may prevent this ill.
 Let these men rest secure, and revel still ;
 Though they might find it safer, if with us
 They would in time prevent what threats them thus ;
 Since not without sure trial I foretell 261
 These coming storms, but know their issue well.

For to Ulysses all things have event,
 As I foretold him, when for Ilion went
 The whole Greek fleet together, and with them 265
 Th' abundant-in-all-counsels took the stream.
 I told him, that, when much ill he had past,
 And all his men were lost, he should at last,
 The twentieth year, turn home, to all unknown ;
 All which effects are to perfection grown." 270

Eurymachus, the son of Polybus,
 Oppos'd this man's presage, and answer'd thus :
 "Hence, great in years, go, prophesy at home,
 Thy children teach to shun their ills to come.
 In these superior far to thee am I. 275
 A world of fowls beneath the sun-beams fly
 That are not fit t' inform a prophecy.
 Besides, Ulysses perish'd long ago ;
 And would thy fates to thee had destin'd so,
 Since so thy so much prophecy had spar'd 280
 Thy wronging of our rights, which, for reward
 Expected home with thee, hath summon'd us
 Within the anger of Telemachus.
 But this I will presage, which shall be true :
 If any spark of anger chance t' ensue 285
 Thy much old art in these deep anguries,
 In this young man incens'd by thy lies,
 Ev'n to himself his anger shall confer
 The greater anguish, and thine own ends err
 From all their objects ; and, besides, thine age 290
 Shall feel a pain, to make thee curse presage
 With worthy cause, for it shall touch thee near.
 But I will soon give end to all our fear,

266 Ulysses.

Preventing whatsoever chance can fall,
 In my suit to the young prince for us all, 295
 To send his mother to her father's house,
 That he may sort her out a worthy spouse,
 And such a dow'r bestow, as may befit
 One lov'd, to leave her friends and follow it.
 Before which course be, I believe that none 300
 Of all the Greeks will cease th' ambition
 Of such a match. For, chance what can to us,
 We no man fear, no not Telemachus,
 Though ne'er so greatly spoken. Nor care we
 For any threats of austere prophecy, 305
 Which thou, old dotard, vaunt'st of so in vain.
 And thus shalt thou in much more hate remain ;
 For still the Gods shall bear their ill expense,
 Nor ever be dispos'd by competence,
 Till with her nuptials she dismiss our suits, 310
 Our whole lives' days shall sow hopes for such fruits.
 Her virtues we contend to, nor will go
 To any other, be she never so
 Worthy of us, and all the worth we owe."

He answer'd him : " Eurymachus, and all 315
 Ye gen'rous Wooers, now, in general,
 I see your brave resolves, and will no more
 Make speech of these points, and, much less, implore.
 It is enough, that all the Grecians here,
 And all the Gods besides, just witness bear, 320
 What friendly premonitions have been spent
 On your forbearance, and their vain event.
 Yet, with my other friends, let love prevail
 To fit me with a vessel free of sail,

And twenty men, that may divide to me 325
 My ready passage through the yielding sea.
 For Sparta, and Amathoan Pylos' shore,
 I now am bound, in purpose to explore
 My long-lack'd father, and to try if fame
 Or Jove, most author of man's honour'd name, 330
 With his return and life may glad mine ear,
 Though toil'd in that proof I sustain a year.
 If dead I hear him, nor of more state, here
 Retir'd to my lov'd country, I will rear
 A sepulchre to him, and celebrate 335
 Such royal parent-rites as fits his state ;
 And then my mother to a spouse dispose."

This said, he sat ; and to the rest arose
 Mentor, that was Ulysses' chosen friend,
 To whom, when he set forth, he did commend 340
 His complete family, and whom he will'd
 To see the mind of his old sire fulfill'd,
 All things conserving safe, till his retreat.
 Who, tender of his charge, and seeing so set
 In slight care of their king his subjects there, 345
 Suff'ring his son so much contempt to bear,
 Thus gravely, and with zeal, to him began :

" No more let any sceptre-bearing man,
 Benevolent, or mild, or human be,
 Nor in his mind form acts of piety, 350
 But ever feed on blood, and facts unjust
 Commit, ev'en to the full swing of his lust,
 Since of divine Ulysses no man now,
 Of all his subjects, any thought doth show.

³²⁷ The original is *Πύλον ἡμαθόεντα*, *sandy Pylos*. See *Rogb* 1, 154.

All whom he govern'd, and became to them, 855
 Rather than one that wore a diadem,
 A most indulgent father. But, for all
 That can touch me, within no envy fall
 These insolent Wooers, that in violent kind
 Commit things foul by th' ill wit of the mind, 860
 And with the hazard of their heads devour
 Ulysses' house, since his returning hour
 They hold past hope. But it affects me much,
 Ye dull plebeians, that all this doth touch
 Your free states nothing ; who, struck dumb, afford
 These Wooers not so much wreek as a word, 865
 Though few, and you with only number might
 Extinguish to them the profanéd night."

Evenor's son, Leocritus, replied :
 "Mentor ! the railer, made a fool with pride, 870
 What language giv'st thou that would quiet us
 With putting us in storm, exciting thus
 The rout against us ? Who, though more than we,
 Should find it is no easy victory
 To drive men, habited in feast, from feasts, 875
 No not if Ithacus himself such guests
 Should come and find so furnishing his Court,
 And hope to force them from so sweet a fort.
 His wife should little joy in his arrive,
 Though much she wants him ; for, where she alive 880
 Would her's enjoy, there death should claim his rights.
He must be conquer'd that with many fights.
 Thou speak'st unfit things. To their labours then
 Disperse these people ; and let these two men,
 Mentor and Halitherses, that so boast 885

From the beginning to have govern'd most
 In friendship of the father, to the son
 Confirm the course he now affects to run.
 But my mind says, that, if he would but use
 A little patience, he should here hear news 390
 Of all things that his wish would understand,
 But no good hope for of the course in hand."

This said, the Council rose ; when ev'ry peer
 And all the people in dispersion were
 To houses of their own ; the Wooers yet 395
 Made to Ulysses' house their old retreat.

Telemachus, apart from all the prease,
 Prepar'd to shore, and, in the aged seas
 His fair hands wash'd, did thus to Pallas pray :
 "Hear me, O Goddess, that but yesterday 400
 Didst deign access to me at home, and lay
 Grave charge on me to take ship, and inquire
 Along the dark seas for mine absent sire !
 Which all the Greeks oppose ; amongst whom most
 Those that are proud still at another's cost, 405
 Past measure, and the civil rights of men,
 My mother's Wooers, my repulse maintain."

Thus spake he praying ; when close to him came
 Pallas, resembling Mentor both in frame
 Of voice and person, and advis'd him thus : 410

"Those Wooers well might know, Telemachus,
 Thou wilt not ever weak and childish be,
 If to thee be instill'd the faculty
 Of mind and body that thy father grac'd ;
 And if, like him, there be in thee enchain'd 415
 Virtue to give words works, and works their end.
 This voyage, that to them thou didst commend,

Shall not so quickly, as they idly ween,
Be vain, or giv'n up, for their opposite spleen.
But, if Ulysses or Penelope 420
Were thy true parents, I then hope in thee
Of no more urging thy attempt in hand ;
For few, that rightly bred on both sides stand,
Are like their parents, many that are worse,
And most few better. Those then that the nurse 425
Or mother call true-born yet are not so,
Like worthy sires much less are like to grow.
But thou show'st now that in thee fades not quite
Thy father's wisdom ; and that future light
Shall therefore show thee far from being unwise, 430
Or touch'd with stain of bastard cowardice.
Hope therefore says, that thou wilt to the end
Pursue the brave act thou didst erst intend.
But for the foolish Wooers, they bewray 435
They neither counsel have nor soul, since they
Are neither wise nor just, and so must needs
Rest ignorant how black above their heads
Fate hovers holding Death, that one sole day
Will make enough to make them all away.
For thee, the way thou wishest shall no more 440
Fly thee a step ; I, that have been before
Thy father's friend, thine likewise now will be,
Provide thy ship myself, and follow thee.
Go thou then home, and sooth each Wooer's vein,
But under hand fit all things for the main ; 445
Wine in as strong and sweet casks as you can,
And meal, the very marrow of a man,
Which put in good sure leather sacks, and see
That with sweet food sweet vessels still agree.

I from the people straight will press for you 450
Free volunteers ; and, for ships, enow
Sea-circled Ithaca contains, both new
And old-built ; all which I'll exactly view,
And choose what one soever most doth please ;
Which rigg'd, we'll straight launch, and assay the seas."

This spake Jove's daughter, Pallas ; whose voice
heard, 455

No more Telemachus her charge deferr'd,
But hasted home, and, sad at heart, did see
Amidst his hall th' insulting Wooers flea
Goats, and roast swine. 'Mongst whom, Antinous 460
Careless, discov'ring in Telemachus
His grudge to see them, laugh'd, met, took his hand,
And said : " High-spoken, with the mind so mann'd !
Come, do as we do, put not up your spirits
With these low trifles, nor our loving merits 465
In gall of any hateful purpose steep,
But eat egregiously, and drink as deep.
The things thou think'st on, all at full shall be
By th' Achives thought on, and perform'd to thee ;
Ship, and choice oars, that in a trice will land 470
Thy hasty fleet, on heav'nly Pylos' sand,
And at the fame of thy illustrious sire."

He answer'd : " Men, whom pride did so inspire,
Are not fit consorts for an humble guest ;
Nor are constrain'd men merry at their feast. 475
Is 't not enough, that all this time ye have
Op'd in your entrails my chief goods a grave,
And, while I was a child, made me partake ?
My now more growth more grown my mind doth make,

And, hearing speak more judging men than you, 490
 Perceive how much I was misgovern'd now,
 I now will try if I can bring ye home
 An ill Fate to consort you ; if it come
 From Pylos, or amongst the people here.
 But thither I resolve, and know that there 495
 I shall not touch in vain. Nor will I stay,
 Though in a merchant's ship I steer my way ;
 Which shows in your sights best ; since me ye know
 Incapable of ship, or men to row."

This said, his hand he coyly snatch'd away 490
 From forth Antinous' hand. The rest the day
 Spent through the house with banquets ; some with jests,
 And some with railings, dignifying their feasts.
 To whom a jest-proud youth the wit began :

"Telemachus will kill us ev'ry man. 495
 From Sparta, to the very Pylion sand,
 He will raise aids to his impetuous hand.
 O he affects it strangely ! Or he means
 To search Ephyra's fat shores, and from thence
 Bring deathful poisons, which amongst our bowls 500
 Will make a general shipwrack of our souls."

Another said : "Alas, who knows but he
 Once gone, and erring like his sire at sea,
 May perish like him, far from aid of friends,
 And so he makes us work ? For all the ends 505
 Left of his goods here we shall share, the house
 Left to his mother and her chosen spouse."

Thus they ; while he a room ascended, high
 And large, built by his father, where did lie
 Gold and brass heap'd up, and in coffers were 510
 Rich robes, great store of odorous oils, and there

Stood tuns of sweet old wines along the wall,
 Neat and divine drink, kept to cheer withall
 Ulysses' old heart, if he turn'd again
 From labours fatal to him to sustain. 515
 The doors of plank were, their close exquisite,
 Kept with a double key, and day and night
 A woman lock'd within; and that was she
 Who all trust had for her sufficiency,
 Old Euryclea, one of Opis' race, 520
 Son to Pisenor, and in passing grace
 With grey Minerva; her the prince did call,
 And said: "Nurse! Draw me the most sweet of all
 The wine thou keep'st; next that which for my sire
 Thy care reserves, in hope he shall retire. 525
 Twelve vessels fill me forth, and stop them well.
 Then into well-sew'd sacks of fine ground meal
 Pour twenty measures. Nor, to any one
 But thee thyself, let this design be known.
 All this see got together; I it all 530
 In night will fetch off, when my mother shall
 Ascend her high room, and for sleep prepare.
 Sparta and Pylos I must see, in care
 To find my father." Out Euryclea cried,
 And ask'd with tears: "Why is your mind applied, 535
 Dear son, to this course? Whither will you go?
 So far off leave us, and belov'd so,
 So only? And the sole hope of your race?
 Royal Ulysses, far from the embrace
 Of his kind country, in a land unknown 540
 Is dead; and, you from your lov'd country gone,
 The Wooers will with some deceit assay

515 *Fatal*—fated. See Iliad, viii. 344, ix. 241.

To your destruction, making then their prey
 Of all your goods. Where, in your own y're strong,
 Make sure abode. It fits not you so young 545
 To suffer so much by the aged seas,
 And err in such a wayless wilderness."

"Be cheer'd, lov'd nurse," said he, "for, not without
 The will of God, go my attempts about.
 Swear therefore, not to wound my mother's ears 550
 With word of this, before from heav'n appears
 Th' elev'nth or twelfth light, or herself shall please
 To ask of me, or hears me put to seas,
 Lest her fair body with her woe be wore."

'To this the great oath of the Gods she swore ; 555
 Which having sworn, and of it every due
 Perform'd to full, to vessels wine she drew,
 And into well-sew'd sacks pour'd foody meal.
 In mean time he, with cunning to conceal
 All thought of this from others, himself bore 560
 In broad house, with the Wooers, as before.

Then grey-eyed Pallas other thoughts did own,
 And like Telemachus trod through the town,
 Commanding all his men in th' even to be
 Aboard his ship. Again then question'd she 565
 Noëmon, fam'd for aged Phronius' son,
 About his ship ; who all things to be done
 Assur'd her freely should. The sun then set,
 And sable shadows slid through ev'ry street,
 When forth they launch'd, and soon aboard did bring
 All arms, and choice of ev'ry needful thing 571
 That fits a well-rigg'd ship. The Goddess then
 Stood in the port's extreme part, where her men,
 Nobly appointed, thick about her came, ,

Whose ev'ry breast she did with spirit enflame. 575
 Yet still fresh projects laid the grey-eyed Dame.

Straight to the house she hasted, and sweet sleep
 Pour'd on each Wooer ; which so laid in steep
 Their drowsy temples, that each brow did nod,
 As all were drinking, and each hand his load, 580
 The cup, let fall. All start up, and to bed,
 Nor more would watch, when sleep so surfeited
 Their leaden eye-lids. Then did Pallas call
 Telemachus, in body, voice, and all,
 Resembling Mentor, from his native nest, 585
 And said, that all his arm'd men were addrest
 To use their oars, and all expected now
 He should the spirit of a soldier show.
 "Come then," said she, "no more let us defer
 Our honour'd action." Then she took on her 590
 A ravish'd spirit, and led as she did leap ;
 And he her most haste took out step by step.

Arrived at sea and ship, they found ashore
 The soldiers that their fashion'd-long hair wore ;
 To whom the prince said : "Come, my friends, let's bring
 Our voyage's provision ; ev'ry thing 596
 Is heap'd together in our court ; and none,
 No not my mother, nor her maids, but one
 Knows our intention." This express'd, he led,
 The soldiers close together follow'd ; 600
 And all together brought aboard their store.
 Aboard the prince went ; Pallas still before
 Sat at the stern, he close to her, the men
 Up hasted after. He and Pallas then
 Put from the shore. ' His soldiers then he bad 605
 'See all their arms fit ; which they heard, and had.

A beechen mast, then, in the hollow base
They put, and hoisted, fix'd it in his place
With cables ; and with well-wreath'd halsers hoise
Their white sails, which grey Pallas now employs 610
With full and fore-gales through the dark deep main.
The purple waves, so swift cut, roar'd again
Against the ship sides, and now ran and plow'd
The rugged seas up. Then the men bestow'd
Their arms about the ship, and sacrifice 615
With crown'd wine-cups to th' endless Deities
They offer'd up. Of all yet thron'd above,
They most observ'd the grey-eyed seed of Jove ;
Who, from the evening till the morning rose,
And all day long their voyage did dispose. 620



THE THIRD BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS, and Heav'n's wise* Dame
That never husband had, now came
To Nestor ; who his either guest
Receiv'd at the religious feast
He made to Neptune, on his shore ;
And there told what was done before
The Trojan turrets, and the state
Of all the Greeks since Ilion's fate.
This book† these three of greatest place
Doth serve with many a varied grace.
Which past, Minerva takes her leave.
Whose state when Nestor doth perceive,
With sacrifice he makes it known,
Where many a pleasing rite is shown.
Which done, Telemachus hath gain'd
A chariot of him ; who ordain'd
Pisistratus, his son, his guide
To Sparta ; and when starry eyed
The ample heav'n began to be,
All house-rites to afford them free,
In Pheris, Diocles did please,
His surname Ortilochides.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Πάμμα. Ulysses' son
With Nestor lies,
To Sparta gone ;
Thence Pallas flies.

* Pallas.

† Minerva, Nestor, and Telemachus.



HE sun now left the great and goodly lake,
And to the firm heav'n bright ascent did
make,

To shine as well upon the mortal birth,
Inhabiting the plow'd life-giving earth,
As on the ever-treaders upon death. 5

And now to Pylus, that so garnisheth
Herself with buildings, old Neleus' town,
The prince and Goddess come had strange sights shown,
For, on the marine shore, the people there
To Neptune, that the azure locks doth wear, 10
Beeves that were wholly black gave holy flame.
Nine seats of state they made to his high name ;
And ev'ry seat set with five hundred men,
And each five hundred was to furnish then
With nine black oxen ev'ry sacred seat. 15
These of the entrails only pleas'd to eat,
And to the God enflam'd the fleshy thighs.

By this time Pallas with the sparkling eyes,
And he she led, within the haven bore,
Struck sail, cast anchor, and trod both the shore, 20
She first, he after. Then said Pallas : " Now
No more befits thee the least bashful brow ;
T' embolden which this act is put on thee,
To seek thy father both at shore and sea,
And learn in what clime he abides so close, 25
Or in the pow'r of what Fate doth repose.

Come then, go right to Nestor ; let us see,
If in his bosom any counsel be,
That may inform us. Pray him not to trace
The common courtship, and to speak in grace 30

Of the demander, but to tell the truth ;
Which will delight him, and commend thy youth
For such prevention ; for he loves no lies,
Nor will report them, being truly wise."

He answer'd : " Mentor ! how, alas ! shall I 35
Present myself ? How greet his gravity ?
My youth by no means that ripe form affords,
That can digest my mind's instinct in words
Wise, and becoming th' ears of one so sage.
Youth of most hope blush to use words with age." 40

She said : " Thy mind will some conceit impress,
And something God will prompt thy towardness ;
For, I suppose, thy birth, and breeding too,
Were not in spite of what the Gods could do."

This said, she swiftly went before, and he 45
Her steps made guides, and follow'd instantly.
When soon they reach'd the Pylian throngs and seats,
Where Nestor with his sons sat ; and the meats,
That for the feast serv'd, round about them were
Adherents dressing, all their sacred cheer, 50
Being roast and boil'd meats. When the Pylians saw
These strangers come, in thrust did all men draw
About their entry, took their hands, and pray'd
They both would sit ; their entry first assay'd
By Nestor's son, Pisistratus. In grace 55
Of whose repair, he gave them honour'd place
Betwixt his sire and brother Thrasymed,
Who sat at feast on soft fells that were spread
Along the sea sands, kern'd, and reach'd to them
Parts of the inwards, and did make a stream 60
Of spritely wine into a golden bowl ;]

⁵⁸ *Fells*—sheep-skins, skins of beasts. ⁵⁹ *Kern'd*—carved

Which to Minerva with a gentle soul
He gave, and thus spake : " Ere you eat, fair guest,
Invoke the Seas' King, of whose sacred feast
Your travel hither makes ye partners now ; 65
When, sacrificing as becomes, bestow
This bowl of sweet wine on your friend, that he
May likewise use these rites of piety ;
For I suppose his youth doth prayers use,
Since all men need the Gods. But you I choose 70
First in this cup's disposure, since his years
Seem short of yours, who more like me appears."
Thus gave he her the cup of pleasant wine ;
And since a wise and just man did design
The golden bowl first to her free receipt, 75
Ev'n to the Goddess it did add delight,
Who thus invok'd : " Hear thou, whose vast embrace
Enspheres the whole earth, nor disdain thy grace
To us that ask it in performing this :
To Nestor first, and these fair sons of his, 80
Vouchsafe all honour ; and, next them, bestow
On all these Pylians, that have offer'd now
This most renownéd hecatomb to thee,
Remuneration fit for them, and free ;
And lastly deign Telemachus and me, 85
The work perform'd for whose effect we came,
Our safe return, both with our ship and fame."
Thus pray'd she ; and herself herself obey'd,
In th' end performing all for which she pray'd.
And now, to pray, and do as she had done, 90
She gave the fair round bowl t' Ulysses' son.

The meat then dress'd, and drawn, and serv'd t' each
guest,
They celebrated a most sumptuous feast.

When appetite to wine and food allay'd,
Horse-taming Nestor then began, and said : 95

“ Now life's desire is serv'd, as far as fare,
Time fits me to enquire what guests these are.
Fair guests, what are ye ? And for what coast tries
Your ship the moist deeps ? For fit merchandise ?
Or rædely coast ye, like our men of prise, 100
The rough seas tempting, desperately erring,
The ill of others in their good conferring ? ”

The wise prince now his boldness did begin,
For Pallas' self had harden'd him within,
By this device of travel to explore 105
His absent father ; which two girlonds wore ;
His good by manage of his spirits ; and then
To gain him high grace in th' accounts of men.

* O Nestor ! still in whom Nelëus lives !
And all the glory of the Greeks survives, 110
You ask from whence we are, and I relate :
From Ithaca (whose seat is situate
Where Neius, the renownéd mountain, rears
His haughty forehead, and the honour bears
To be our sea-mark) we assay'd the waves. 115
The business, I must tell, our own good craves,
And not the public. I am come t' enquire,
If, in the fame that best men doth inspire
Of my most-suffring father, I may hear
Some truth of his estate now, who did bear 120
The name, being joined in fight with you alone,
To even with earth the height of Ilion.
Of all men else, that any name did bear,
And fought for Troy, the sev'ral ends we hear ;

* 106 *Girlonds*—garlands.

But his death Jove keeps from the world unknown, ¹²⁵
 The certain fame thereof being told by none ;
 If on the continent by enemies slain,
 Or with the waves eat of the ravenous main.
 For his love 'tis that to your knees I sue,
 That you would please, out of your own clear view, ¹³⁰
 T' assure his sad end ; or say, if your ear
 Hath heard of the unhappy wanderer,
 To too much sorrow whom his mother bore.
 You then by all your bounties I implore,
 (If ever to you deed or word hath stood, ¹³⁵
 By my good father promis'd, render'd good
 Amongst the Trojans, where ye both have tried
 The Grecian suff'rance) that in nought applied
 To my respect or pity you will glose,
 But uncloth'd truth to my desires disclose." ^{• 140}

" () my much-lov'd," said he, " since you renew
 Remembrance of the miseries that grew
 Upon our still-in-strength-opposing Greece
 Amongst Troy's people, I must touch a piece
 Of all our woes there, either in the men ¹⁴⁵
 Achilles brought by sea and led to gain
 About the country, or in us that fought
 About the city, where to death were brought
 All our chief men, as many as were there.
 There Mars-like Ajax lies ; Achilles there ; ¹⁵⁰
 There the in-counsel-like-the-Gods, his friend ;
 There my dear son Antilochus took end, •
 Past measure swift of foot, and staid in fight.
 A number more that ills felt infinite ;

¹²⁸ *Fame*—(Latin) report.

¹⁵¹ Patroclus.

¹³⁰ *Glose*—gloss over.

Of which to reckon all, what mortal man, 155
 If five or six years you should stay here, can
 Serve such enquiry? You would back again,
 Affected with unsufferable pain,
 Before you heard it. Nine years sieg'd we them,
 With all the depth and sleight of stratagem 160
 That could be thought. Ill knit to ill past end.
 Yet still they toil'd us; nor would yet Jove send
 Rest to our labours, nor will scarcely yet.
 But no man liv'd, that would in public set
 His wisdom by Ulysses' policy, 165
 As thought his equal; so excessively
 He stood superior all ways. If you be
 His son indeed, mine eyes ev'n ravish me
 To admiration. And in all consent
 Your speech puts on his speech's ornament. 170
 Nor would one say, that one so young could use,
 Unless his son, a rhetoric so profuse.
 And while we liv'd together, he and I
 Never in speech maintain'd diversity;
 Nor sat in council but, by one soul led, 175
 With spirit and prudent counsel furnish'd
 The Greeks at all hours, that, with fairest course,
 What best became them, they might put in force.
 But when Troy's high tow'rs we had levell'd thus,
 We put to sea, and God divided us. 180
 And then did Jove our sad retreat devise;
 For all the Greeks were neither just nor wise,
 And therefore many felt so sharp a fate,
 Sent from Minerva's most pernicious hate;
 Whose mighty Father can do fearful things. 185
 By whose help she betwixt the brother kings

Let fall contention ; who in council met
In vain, and timeless, when the sun was set,
And all the Greeks call'd, that came charg'd with wine.
Yet then the kings would utter their design, 190
And why they summon'd. Menelaus, he
Put all in mind of home, and cried, To sea.
But Agamemnon stood on contraries,
Whose will was, they should stay and sacrifice
Whole hecatombs to Pallas, to forego 195
Her high wrath to them. Fool ! that did not know
She would not so be won ; for not with ease
Th' Eternal Gods are turn'd from what they please.
So they, divided, on foul language stood.
The Greeks in huge rout rose, their wine-heat blood
Two ways affecting. And, that night's sleep too, 201
We turn'd to studying either other's woe ;
When Jove besides made ready woes enow.
Morn came, we launch'd, and in our ships did stow
Our goods, and fair-girt women. Half our men 205
The people's guide, Atrides, did contain,
And half, being now aboard, put forth to sea.
A most free gale gave all ships prosp'rous way.
God settled then the huge whale-bearing lake,
And Tenedos we reach'd ; where, for time's sake, 210
We did divine rites to the Gods. But Jove,
Inexorable still, bore yet no love
To our return, but did again excite
A second sad contention, that turn'd quite
A great part of us back to sea again ; 215
Which were th' abundant-in-all-counsels man,
Your matchless father, who, to gratify
The great Atrides, back to him did fly.

But I fled all, with all that follow'd me,
 Because I knew God studied misery, 220
 To hurl amongst us. With me likewise fled
 Martial Tydides. I the men he led
 Gat to go with him. Winds our fleet did bring
 To Lesbos, where the yellow-headed king,
 Though late, yet found us, as we put to choice 225
 A tedious voyage ; if we sail should hoise
 Above rough Chiüs, left on our left hand,
 To th' isle of Psyria, or that rugged land
 Sail under, and for windy Mimas steer.
 We ask'd of God that some ostent might clear 230
 Our cloudy business, who gave us sign,
 And charge, that all should, in a middle line,
 The sea cut for Eubœa, that with speed
 Our long-sustain'd infortune might be freed.
 Then did a whistling wind begin to rise, 235
 And swiftly flew we through the fishy skies,
 Till to Geræstus we in night were brought ;
 Where, through the broad sea since we safe had wrought,
 At Neptune's altars many solid thighs
 Of slaughter'd bulls we burn'd for sacrifice. 240

The fourth day came, when Tydeus' son did greet
 The haven of Argos with his complete fleet.
 But I for Pylos straight steer'd on my course ;
 Nor ever left the wind his foreright force,
 Since God fore-sent it first. And thus I came, 245
 Dear son, to Pylos, uninform'd by fame,
 Nor know one sav'd by Fate, or overcome.
 Whom I have heard of since, set here at home,
 As fits, thou shalt be taught, nought left unshown.

The expert spear-men, ev'ry Myrmidon, 250

Led by the brave heir of the mighty-soul'd
 Unpeer'd Achilles, safe of home got hold ;
 Safe Philoctetes, Pœan's famous seed ;
 And safe Idomenæus his men led
 To his home, Crete, who fled the arméd field, 255
 Of whom yet none the sea from him withheld.

Atrides, you have both heard, though ye be
 His far-off dwellers, what an end had he,
 Done by Ægisthus to a bitter death ;
 Who miserably paid for forc'd breath, 260
 Atrides leaving a good son, that dyed,
 In blood of that deceitful parricide,
 His wreakful sword. And thou my friend, as he
 For^d this hath his fame, the like spirit in thee
 Assume at all parts. Fair and great, I see, 265
 Thou art in all hope, make it good to th' end,
 That after-times as much may thee commend."

He answer'd : " () thou greatest grace of Greece,
 Orestes made that wreak his master-piece,
 And him the Greeks will give a master-praise, 270
 Verse finding him to last all after-days.
 And would to God the Gods would favour me
 With his performance, that my injury,
 Done by my mother's Wooers, being so foul,
 I might revenge upon their ev'ry soul ; 275
 Who, pressing me with contumelies, dare
 Such things as past the pow'r of utt'rance are.
 But Heav'n's great Pow'rs have grac'd my destiny
 With no such honour. Both my sire and I
 Are born to suffer everlastingly." 280

²⁶³ *Parricide*—this is a somewhat uncommon use of the word. Orestes slew his father's murderer.

"Because you name these Wooers, friend," said he,
 "Report says, many such, in spite of thee,
 Wooing thy mother, in thy house commit
 The ills thou nam'st. But say : Proceedeth it
 From will in thee to bear so foul a foil ? 285
 Or from thy subjects' hate, that wish thy spoil,
 And will not aid thee, since their spirits rely,
 Against thy rule, on same grave augury ?
 What know they, but at length thy father may
 Come, and with violence their violence pay ; 290
 Or he alone, or all the Greeks with him ?
 But if Minerva now did so esteem
 Thee, as thy father in times past ; whom, past
 All measure, she with glorious favours grac't
 Amongst the Trojans, where we suffer'd so ; 295
 (O ! I did never see, in such clear show,
 The Gods so grace a man, as she to him,
 To all our eyes, appear'd in all her trim)
 If so, I say, she would be pleas'd to love,
 And that her mind's care thou so much couldst move,
 As did thy father, ev'ry man of these 301
 Would lose in death their seeking marriages."

"O father," answer'd he, "you make amaze
 Seize me throughout. Beyond the height of phrase
 You raise expression ; but 'twill never be, 305
 That I shall move in any Deity
 So blest an honour. Not by any means,
 If Hope should prompt me, or blind Confidence,
 (The Gods of Fools) or ev'ry Deity
 Should will it ; for 'tis past my destiny." 310

The burning-eyed Dame answer'd : "What a speech
 Hath past the teeth-guard Nature gave to teach

Fit question of thy words before they fly!
 God easily can (when to mortal eye
 He's furthest off) a mortal satisfy ; 315
 And does the more still. For thy car'd-for sire,
 I rather wish, that I might home retire,
 After my suff'rance of a world of woes,
 Far off, and then my glad eyes might disclose
 The day of my return, then straight retire, 320
 And perish standing by my household fire ;
 As Agamemnon did, that lost his life
 By false Ægisthus, and his falsèr wife.

For Death to come at length, 'tis due to all ;
 Nor can the Gods themselves, when Fate shall call 325
 Their most-lov'd man, extend his vital breath
 Beyond the fix'd bounds of abhorréd Death."

"Mentor!" said he, "let's dwell no more on this,
 Although in us the sorrow pious is.
 No such return, as we wish, Fates bequeath 330
 My erring father ; whom a present death
 The Deathless have decreed. I'll now use speech
 That tends to other purpose ; and beseech
 Instruction of grave Nestor, since he flows
 Past shore in all experience, and knows 335
 The sleights and wisdoms, and whose heights aspire
 Others, as well as my commended sire,
 Whom Fame reports to have commanded three
 Ages of men, and doth in sight to me
 Show like th' Immortals. 'Nestor! the renown 340
 Of old Neleius, make the clear truth known,
 How the most-great-in-empire, Atreus' son,
 Sustain'd the act of his destruction.

Where then was Menelaus? How was it
 That false Ægisthus, being so far unfit 345
 A match for him, could his death so enforce?
 Was he not then in Argos? or his course
 With men so left, to let a coward breathe
 Spirit enough to dare his brother's death?"

"I'll tell thee truth in all, fair son," said he: 350
 "Right well was this event conceiv'd by thee.
 If Menelaus in his brother's house
 Had found the idle liver with his spouse,
 Arriv'd from Troy, he had not liv'd, nor dead
 Had the digg'd heap pour'd on his lustful head. 355
 But fowls and dogs had torn him in the fields,
 Far off of Argos; not a dame it yields
 Had giv'n him any tear, so foul his fact
 Show'd ev'n to women. Us Troy's wars had rack'd
 To ev'ry sinew's sufferance, while he 360
 In Argos' uplands liv'd, from those works free,
 And Agamemnon's wife with force of word
 Flatter'd and soften'd, who, at first, abhorr'd
 A fact so infamous. The heav'nly dame
 A good mind had, but was in blood too blame. 365
 There was a poet, to whose care the king
 His queen committed, and in ev'ry thing,
 When he from Troy went, charg'd him to apply
 Himself in all guard to her dignity.
 But when strong Fate so wrapt-in her effects, 370
 That she resolv'd to leave her fit respects,

³⁶⁵ *But was in blood too blame*—The expression *too blame* was not unusual in old writers. NARES has illustrated it from Shakespeare, Heywood, and others. Our modern phrase that a person is *to blame*, i.e. *to be blamed*, is a modification of this old form *too blame*, i.e. *too blameable*. See Shakespeare, 1 Henry IV. iii. 1.

Into a desert isle her guardian led,
 There left, the rapine of the vultures fed.
 Then brought he willing home his will's won prize,
 On sacred altars offer'd many thighs, 375
 Hung in the God's fanes many ornaments,
 Garments and gold, that he the vast events
 Of such a labour to his wish had brought,
 As neither fell into his hope nor thought.

At last, from Troy sail'd Sparta's king and I, 380
 Both holding her untouch'd. And, that his eye
 Might see no worse of her, when both were blown
 To sacred Sunium, of Minerva's town
 The goodly promontory, with his shafts severe 385
 Augur Apollo slew him that did steer
 Atrides' ship, as he the stern did guide,
 And she the full speed of her sail applied.
 He was a man that nations of men
 Excell'd in safe guide of a vessel, when 390
 A tempest rush'd in on the ruffled seas ;
 His name was Phrontis Onetorides.
 And thus was Menelaus held from home,
 Whose way he thirsted so to overcome,
 To give his friend the earth, being his pursuit,
 And all his exequies to execute. 395
 But sailing still the wine-hued seas, to reach
 Some shore for fit performance, he did fetch
 The steep mount of the Malians, and there,
 With open voice, offended Jupiter
 Proclaim'd the voyage his repugnant mind, 400

³⁸⁸ *Ὀβρωα πόντον* : *obvō facies vinum representat.*

CHAPMAN.

⁴⁰⁰ i.e. Proclaimed the voyage was in opposition to his will, was distasteful to him.

And pour'd the puffs out of a shrieking wind,
That nourish'd billows heighten'd like to hills;
And with the fleet's division fulfills
His hate proclaim'd; upon a part of Crete
Casting the navy, where the sea-waves meet 405
Rough Jardanus, and where the Cyclons live.

There is a rock, on which the sea doth drive,
Bare, and all broken, on the confines set
Of Gortys, that the dark seas likewise fret;
And hither sent the South a horrid drift 410
Of waves against the top, that was the left
Of that torn cliff as far as Phæstus' strand.
A little stone the great seas' rage did stand.
The men here driv'n 'scap'd hard the ship's sore shocks,
The ships themselves being wrack'd against the rocks,
Save only five, that blue fore-castles bore, 415
Which wind and water cast on Egypt's shore.
When he (there victling well, and store of gold
Aboard his ships brought) his wild way did hold,
And t' other languag'd men was forc'd to roam. 420
Mean space Ægisthus made sad work at home,
And slew his brother, forcing to his sway
Atrides' subjects, and did sev'n years lay
His yoke upon the rich Mycenian state.
But in the eighth, to his affrighting fate, 425
Divine Orestes home from Athens came,
And what his royal father felt, the same
He made the false Ægisthus groan beneath.
Death evermore is the reward of death.

Thus having slain him, a sepulchral feast 430
He made the Argives for his lustful guest,
And for his mother whom he did detest.

The self-same day upon him stole the king
 Good-at-a-martial-shout, and goods did bring,
 As many as his freighted fleet could bear. 435

But thou, my son, too long by no means err,
 Thy goods left free for many a spoilful guest,
 Lest they consume some, and divide the rest,
 And thou, perhaps, besides, thy voyage lose. .
 To Menelaus yet thy course dispose 440

I wish and charge thee ; who but late arriv'd
 From such a shore and men, as to have liv'd
 In a return from them he never thought,
 And whom black whirlwinds violently brought
 Within a sea so vast, that in a year 445

Not any fowl could pass it anywhere,
 So huge and horrid was it. But go thou
 With ship and men (or, if thou pleasest now
 To pass by land, there shall be brought for thee
 Both horse and chariot, and thy guides shall be 450
 My sons themselves) to Sparta the divine,
 And to the king whose locks like amber shine.
 Intreat the truth of him, nor loves he lies,
 Wisdom in truth is, and he's passing wise."

This said, the Sun went down, and up rose Night,
 When Pallas spake : " O father, all good right 455
 Bear thy directions. But divide we now
 The sacrifices' tongues, mix wines, and vow
 To Neptune, and the other Ever-Blest,
 That, having sacrific'd, we may to rest. 460
 The fit hour runs now, light dives out of date,
 At sacred feasts we must not sit too late."

She said ; they heard ; the heralds water gave ;

434 *Good-at-a-martial-shout*—Menelaus.

The youths crown'd cups with wine, and let all have
 Their equal shares, beginning from the cup 465
 Their parting banquet. All the tongues cut up,
 The fire they gave them, sacrific'd, and rose,
 Wine, and divine rights us'd, to each dispose ;
 Minerva and Telemachus desir'd
 They might to ship be, with his leave, retir'd. 470

He, mov'd with that, provok'd thus their abodes :
 " Now Jove forbid, and all the long-liv'd Gods,
 Your leaving me, to sleep aboard a ship ;
 As I had drunk of poor Penia's whip,
 Even to my nakedness, and had nor sheet 475
 Nor cov'ring in my house ; that warm nor sweet
 A guest, nor I myself, had means to sleep ;
 Where I, both weeds and wealthy cov'rings keep
 For all my guests. Nor shall Fame ever say,
 The dear son of the man Ulysses lay 480
 All night a-ship-board here while my days shine,
 Or in my court whiles any son of mine
 Enjoys survival, who shall guests receive,
 Whomever my house hath a nook to leave."

" My much-lov'd father," said Minerva, " well 485
 All this becomes thee. But persuade to dwell
 This night with thee thy son Telemachus,
 For more convenient is the course for us,
 That he may follow to thy house and rest,
 And I may board our black-sail, that addrest 490
 At all parts I may make our men, and cheer
 All with my presence, since of all men there

⁴⁷¹ *Abodes*—stay.

⁴⁷⁴ *Penia's*—i. e. poverty's. Greek Πενία. A pedantic conceit in Chapman.

I boast myself the senior, th' others are
 Youths, that attend in free and friendly care
 (Great-soul'd Telemachus, and are his peers 495
 In fresh similitude of form and years.
 For their confirmance, I will therefore now
 Sleep in our black bark. But, when light shall show
 Her silver forehead, I intend my way
 Amongst the Caucons, men that are to pay 500
 A debt to me, nor small, nor new. For this,
 Take you him home ; whom in the morn dismiss,
 With chariot and your sons, and give him horse
 Ablest in strength, and of the speediest course."

This said, away she flew, form'd like the fowl 505
 Men call the ossifrage ; when ev'ry soul
 Amaze invaded ; even th' old man admir'd,
 The youth's hand took, and said : " () most desir'd,
 My hope says thy proof will no coward show,
 Nor one unskill'd in war, when Deities now 510
 So young attend thee, and become thy guides ;
 Nor any of the heav'n-hous'd States besides,
 But Tritogenia's self, the Seed of Jove,
 The great-in-prey, that did in honour move
 So much about thy father, amongst all 515
 The Grecian army. Fairest queen, let fall
 On me like favours ! Give me good renown !
 Which, as on me, on my lov'd wife let down,

⁵⁰⁵ *Ossifrage*—bone-breaker. This term is generally applied to the osprey, or sea-eagle, which was in olden times supposed to have a fascinating influence over fish. In Leviticus xi. 13, however, among the fowls that may not be eaten, we have "the eagle, the ossifrage, and the osprey." The *ossifrage* Dr. Kitto thinks the *lummer geyer* of the Swiss, the largest flying bird of the old Continent. *Osprey* itself is only the French *Orfrai*, or *osmifrage*.

And all my children. I will burn to thee
 An ox right bred, broad-headed, and yoke-free, 520
 To no man's hand yet humbled. Him will I,
 His horns in gold hid, give thy Deity."

Thus pray'd he, and she heard; and home he led
 His sons, and all his heaps of kindered.
 Who entering his court royal, ev'ry one 525
 He marshall'd in his several seat and throne;
 And ev'ry one, so kindly come, he gave
 His sweet-wine cup; which none was let to have
 Before his 'leventh year landed him from Troy;
 Which now the butleress had leave t' employ, 530
 Who therefore pierc'd it, and did give it vent.
 Of this the old duke did a cup present
 To ev'ry guest; made his Maid many a pray'r
 That wears the shield fring'd with his nurse's hair,
 And gave her sacrifice. With this rich wine 535
 And food suffic'd, sleep all eyes did decline,
 And all for home went; but his court alone
 Telemachus, divine Ulysses' son,
 Must make his lodging, or not please his heart.

A bed, all chequer'd with elaborate art, 540
 Within a portico that rung like brass,
 He brought his guest to; and his bedfere was
 Pisistratus, the martial guide of men,
 That liv'd, of all his sons, unwed till then.
 Himself lay in a by-room, far above, 545
 His bed made by his barren wife, his love.

The rosy-finger'd Morn no sooner shone,
 But up he rose, took air, and sat upon
 A seat of white and goodly polish'd stone,

⁵²³ Minerva.

⁵²⁴ Jupiter.

⁵⁴² *Bedfere*—bed-fellow.

That such a gloss as richest ointments wore, 550
 Before his high gates ; where the counsellor
 That match'd the Gods (his father) us'd to sit,
 Who now, by fate forc'd, stoop'd as low as it.
 And here sat Nestor, holding in his hand
 A sceptre ; and about him round did stand, 555
 As early up, his sons' troop ; Perseüs,
 The god-like Thrasymed, and Aretus,
 Echephron, Stratius, and sixth and last
 Pisistratus, and by him (half embrac'd
 Still as they came) divine Telemachus ; 560
 To these spake Nestor, old Gerenius :

“ Haste, lov'd sons, and do me a desire,
 That, first of all the Gods, I may aspire
 To Pallas' favour, who vouchsaf'd to me 565
 At Neptune's feast her sight so openly.
 Let one to field go, and an ox with speed
 Cause hither brought, which let the herdsman lead ;
 Another to my dear guest's vessel go,
 And all his soldiers bring, save only two ;
 A third the smith that works in gold command 570
 (Laertius) to attend, and lend his hand,
 To plate the both horns round about with gold ;
 The rest remain here close. But first, see told
 The maids within, that they prepare a feast,
 Set seats through all the court, see straight address
 The purest water, and get fuel fell'd.” 576

This said, not one but in the service held
 Officious hand. The ox came led from field ;
 The soldiers troop'd from ship ; the smith he came,
 And those tools brought that serv'd the actual frame
 His art conceiv'd, brought anvil, hammers brought, 581

Fair tongs, and all, with which the gold was wrought.
 Minerva likewise came, to set the crown
 On that kind sacrifice, and make 't her own.

Then th' old knight Nestor gave the smith the gold,
 With which he straight did both the horns infold, 586
 And trimm'd the off'ring so, the Goddess joy'd.
 About which thus were Nestor's sons employ'd :

Divine Echephron, and fair Stratius,
 Held both the horns. The water odorous, 590
 In which they wash'd, what to the rights was vow'd,
 Aretus, in a caldron all bestrow'd

With herbs and flowers, serv'd in from th' holy room
 Where all were drest, and whence the rights must come.
 And after him a hallow'd virgin came, 595

That brought the barley-cake, and blew the flame.
 The axe, with which the ox should both be fell'd
 And cut forth, Thrasymed stood by and held.
 Perseus the vessel held that should retain
 The purple liquor of the off'ring slain. 600

Then wash'd the pious father, then the cake
 (Of barley, salt, and oil, made) took, and brake,
 Ask'd many a boon of Pallas, and the state
 Of all the off'ring did initiate,
 In three parts cutting off the hair, and cast 605
 Amidst the flame. All th' invocation past,
 And all the cake broke, manly Thrasymed
 Stood near, and sure, and such a blow he laid
 Aloft the off'ring, that to earth he sunk,
 His neck-nerves sunder'd, and his spirits shrunk. 610
 Out shriek'd the daughters, daughter-in-laws, and
 wife

Of three-ag'd Nestor, who had eldest life

Of Clymen's daughters, chaste Eurydice.
 The ox on broad earth then laid laterally
 They held, while duke Pisistratus the throat 615
 Dissolv'd, and set the sable blood afloat,
 And then the life the bones left. Instantly
 They cut him up; apart flew either thigh,
 That with the fat they dubb'd, with art alone,
 The throat-brisk, and the sweet-bread pricking on. 620
 Then Nestor broil'd them on the coal turn'd wood,
 Pour'd black wine on; and by him young men stood.
 That spits fine-pointed held, on which, when burn'd
 The solid thighs were, they transfix'd, and turn'd
 The inwards, cut in cantles; which, the meat 625
 Vow'd to the Gods consum'd, they roast and eat.

In mean space, Polycasté (call'd the fair,
 Nestor's young'st daughter) bath'd Ulysses' heir; *
 Whom having cleans'd, and with rich balms bespread,
 She cast a white shirt quickly o'er his head, 630
 And then his weeds put on; when forth he went,
 And did the person of a God present,
 Came, and by Nestor took his honour'd seat.
 This pastor of the people. Then, the meat
 Of all the spare parts roasted, off they drew, 635
 Sat, and fell to. But soon the temperate few
 Rose, and in golden bowls fill'd others wine
 Till, when the rest felt thirst of feast decline,
 Nestor his sons had fetch his high-man'd horse,
 And them in chariot join, to run the course 640

* *Cantles*—portions. One of our oldest words, and frequently occurring in our best writers. The French have *chanteau* and *chautelle*; and the Dutch *kanteel*; the Latin *quantulum*. See Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary; [and Cotgrave in v. *eschauteler*.

The prince resolv'd. . Obey'd, as soon as heard,
 Was Nestor by his sons, who straight prepar'd
 Both horse and chariot. She that kept the store,
 Both bread and wine, and all such viands more,
 As should the feast of Jove-fed kings compose, 615
 Purvey'd the voyage. To the rich coach rose
 Ulysses' son, and close to him ascended
 The duke Pisistratus, the reins intended,
 And scourg'd, to force to field, who freely flew;
 And left the town that far her splendour threw, 630
 Both holding yoke, and shook it all the day.
 But now the sun set, dark'ning ev'ry way,
 When they to Pheris came : and in the house
 Of Diocles (the son t'Orsilochus,
 Whom flood Alphiëus got) slept all that night ; 655
 Who gave them each due hospitable rite.
 But when the rosy-finger'd Morn arose,
 They went to coach, and did their horse inclose,
 Drave forth the fore-court, and the porch that yields
 Each breath a sound, and to the fruitful fields 660
 Rode scourging still their willing flying steeds,
 Who strenuously perform'd their wonted speeds.
 Their journey ending just when sun went down,
 And shadows all ways through the earth were thrown.

⁶⁴⁸ *Intended*, used by old writers in sense of *attended to* ;
 hence *superintend*.

⁶⁵⁸ *Inclosæ*.—i. e. put in harness.



THE · FOURTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

RECEIV'D now in the Spartan court,
Teleniachus prefers report
To Menelaus of the throng
Of Wooers with him, and their wrong.
Atides tells the Greeks' retreat,
And doth a prophecy repeat
That Proteus made, by which he knew
His brother's death: and then doth show
How with Calypso liv'd the sire
Of his young guest. The Wooers conspire
Their prince's death. Whose treach'ry known,
Penelope in tears doth drown.
Whom Pallas by a dream doth cheer,
And in similitude appear
Of fair Iphthima, known to be
The sister of Penelope.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Δεῖτα. Here of the sire
The son doth hear.
The Wooers conspire.
The Mother's fear,



N Lacedæmon now, the nurse of whales,
These two arriv'd, and found at festivals,
With mighty concourse, the renowned
king,

¹ Λακεδαίμονα κητώεσσαν which is expounded *Spartam amplam*, or *μεγάλην magnam*; where κητώεσσαν signifies properly *plurima cete nutrientem*.—CHAPMAN.

His son and daughter jointly marrying.
 Alector's daughter he did give his son, 5
 Strong Megapenthes, who his life begun
 By Menelaus' bondmaid ; whom he knew
 In years when Helen could no more renew
 In issue like divine Hermione,
 Who held in all fair form as high degree 10
 As golden Venus. Her he married now
 To great Achilles' son, who was by vow
 Bethroth'd to her at Troy. And thus the Gods
 To constant loves give nuptial periods.
 Whose state here past, the Myrmidons' rich town 15
 (Of which she shar'd in the imperial crown)
 With horse and chariots he resign'd her to.
 Mean space, the high huge house with feast did flow
 Of friends and neighbours, joying with the king.
 Amongst whom did a heav'nly poet sing, 20
 And touch his harp. Amongst whom likewise danc'd
 Two, who in that dumb motion advanc'd,
 Would prompt the singer what to sing and play.
 All this time in the utter court did stay,
 With horse and chariot, Telemachus, 25
 And Nestor's noble son Pisistratus.
 Whom Eteoneus, coming forth, descried,
 And, being a servant to the king, most tried
 In care and his respect, he ran and cried :
 " Guests, Jove-kept Menelaus, two such men 30
 As are for form of high Saturnius' strain.

²⁵ Μολπήῃς ἐ ἀρχόντες *Cantum aumpicantes* : of which place, the critics affirm, that *sallatores motu suo indicant cantori quo genere cantus saltaturi forent*. The rapture of Eteoneus at sight of Telemachus and Pisistratus.—CHAPMAN

³¹ *Strain*—See Book I. 344.

Inform your pleasure, if we shall unclose
 Their horse from coach, or say they must dispose
 Their way to some such house, as may embrace
 Their known arrival with more welcome grace?" 35

He, angry, answer'd: "Thou didst never show
 Thyself a fool, Boethides, till now;
 But now, as if turn'd child, a childish speech
 Vents thy vain spirits. We ourselves now reach
 Our home by much spent hospitality 40
 Of other men; nor know if Jove will try
 With other after-wants our state again;
 And therefore from our feast no more detain
 Those welcome guests, but take their steeds from coach,
 And with attendance guide in their approach." 45

This said, he rush'd abroad, and call'd some more
 Tried in such service, that together bore
 Up to the guests, and took their steeds that swet
 Beneath their yokes from coach; at mangers set,
 Wheat and white barley gave them mix'd; and plac'd
 Their chariot by a wall so clear, it cast 51
 A light quite through it. And then they led
 Their guests to the divine house; which so fed
 Their eyes at all parts with illustrious sights,
 That admiration seiz'd them. Like the lights 55
 The sun and moon gave, all the palace threw
 A lustre through it. Sate with whose view,
 Down to the king's most bright-kept baths they went

⁴⁵ *Sweet*.—This orthography of the past tense is not infrequent in our old writers, as may be seen in the *Iliad*. Chapman uses *het* for *heated* in a similar way:—

"Her blushing *het* her chamber; she look'd out,
 And all the air she purpled round about."

MARLOW AND CHAPMAN'S *MUSÆUS*. *Sestiad* III.

Where handmaids did their services present,
 Bath'd, balm'd them, shirts and well-napt weeds put on,
 And by Atrides' side set each his throne. 61
 Then did the handmaid-royal water bring,
 And to a laver, rich and glittering,
 Of massy gold, pour'd ; which she plac'd upon
 A silver caldron, into which might run 65
 The water as they wash'd. Then set she near
 A polish'd table, on which all the cheer
 The present could afford a rev'rend dame,
 That kept the larder, set. A cook then came,
 And divers dishes, borne thence, serv'd again , 70
 Furnish'd the board with bowls of gold. And then,
 His right hand giv'n the guests, Atrides said :
 " Eat, and be cheerful. Appetite allay'd,
 I long to ask, of what stock ye descend ;
 For not from parents whose race nameless end 75
 We must derive your offspring. Men obscure
 Could get none such as you. The portraiture
 Of Jove-sustain'd and sceptre-bearing kings
 Your either person in his presence brings."
 An ox's fat chine then they up did lift, 80
 And set before the guests ; which was a gift,
 Sent as an honour to the king's own taste.
 They saw yet 'twas but to be eaten plac'd,
 And fell to it. But food and wine's care past,
 Telemachus thus prompted Nestor's son, 85
 (His ear close laying, to be heard of none) :

" Consider, thou whom most my mind esteems,

⁸⁶ Telemachus to Pisistratus, in observation of the house,
 not so much that he heartily admired it, as to please
 Menelaus, who he knew heard, though he seemed desirous
 he should not hear.—CHAPMAN.

The brass-work here, how rich it is in beams,
And how, besides, it makes the whole house sound ;
What gold, and amber, silver, ivory, round 90
Is wrought about it. Out of doubt, the hall
Of Jupiter Olympius hath of all
This state the like. How many infinites
'Take up to admiration all men's sights !"

Atrides over-heard, and said : " Lov'd son, 93
No mortal must affect contention
With Jove, whose dwellings are of endless date.
Perhaps of men some one may emulate,
Or none, my house, or me ; for I am one
That many a grave extreme have undergone, 100
Much error felt by sea, and till th' eighth year,
Had never stay, but wander'd far and near,
Cyprus, Phœnicia, and Sidonia,
And fetch'd the far-off Æthiopia,
Reach'd the Erembi of Arabia, 105
And Lybia, where with horns ewes yeau their lambs,
Which ev'ry full year ewes are three times dams,
Where neither king, nor shepherd, want comes near
Of cheese, or flesh, or sweet milk ; all the year
They ever milk their ewes. And here while I 110
Err'd, gath'ring means to live, one, murd'rously,
Unwares, unseen, bereft my brother's life,
Chiefly betray'd by his abhorréd wife.
So hold I, not enjoying, what you see.
And of your fathers, if they living be, 115
You must have heard this, since my suff'rings were '
So great and famous ; from this palace here
(So rarely-well-built, furnishéd so well,
And substancéd with such a precious deal

Of well-got treasure) banish'd by the doom 120
Of Fate, and erring as I had no home.
And now I have, and use it, not to take
Th' entire delight it offers, but to make
Continual wishes, that a triple part
Of all it holds were wanting, so my heart 125
Were eas'd of sorrows, taken for their deaths
That fell at Troy, by their revived breaths.
And thus sit I here weeping, mourning still
Each least man lost ; and sometimes make mine ill,
In paying just tears for their loss, my joy. 130
Sometimes I breathe my woes, for in annoy,
The pleasure soon admits satiety.
But all these men's wants wet not so mine eye,
Though much they move me, as one sole man's miss,
For which my sleep and meat ev'n loathsome is 135
In his renew'd thought, since no Greek hath won
Grace for such labours as Laërtes' son
Hath wrought and suffer'd, to himself nought else
But future sorrows forging, to me hells
For his long absence, since I cannot know 140
If life or death detain him ; since such woe
For his love, old Laërtes, his wise wife,
And poor young son sustains, whom new with life
He left as sireless." This speech grief to tears
(Pour'd from the son's lids on the earth) his ears, 145
Told of the father, did excite ; who kept
His cheeks dry with his red weed as he wept,
His both hands us'd therein. Atrides then
Began to know him, and did strife retain,
If he should let himself confess his sire, 150
Or with all fitting circumstance enquire.

While this his thoughts disputed, forth did shine,
 Like to the golden distaff-deck'd Divine,
 From her bed's high and odoriferous room,
 Helen. To whom of an elaborate loom, 155
 Adiestra set a chair ; Alcippe brought
 A piece of tapestry of fine wool wrought ;
 Phylo a silver cabinet conferr'd,
 Giv'n by Alcandra, nuptially endear'd
 To lord Polybius, whose abode in Thebes 160
 Th' Ægyptian city was, where wealth in heaps
 His famous house held, out of which did go,
 In gift t' Atrides, silver bath-tubs two,
 Two tripods, and of fine gold talents ten.
 His wife did likewise send to Helen then 165
 Fair gifts, a distaff that of gold was wrought,
 And that rich cabinet that Phylo brought,
 Round, and with gold ribb'd, now of fine thread full ;
 On which extended (crown'd with finest wool,
 Of violet gloss) the golden distaff lay. 170

She took her state-chair, and a foot-stool's stay
 Had for her feet ; and of her husband thus
 Ask'd to know all things : " Is it known to us,
 King Menelaus, whom these men commend
 Themselves for, that our court now takes to friend ?
 I must affirm, be I deceiv'd or no, 175
 I never yet saw man nor woman so
 Like one another, as this man is like
 Ulysses' son. With admiration strike
 His looks my thoughts, that they should carry now 180
 Pow'r to persuade me thus, who did but know,
 When newly he was born, the form they bore.
 But 'tis his father's grace, whom more and more

His grace resembles, that makes me retain
Thought that he now is like Telemachus, then 185
Left by his sire, when Greece did undertake
Troy's bold war for my impudency's sake."

He answer'd : " Now wife, what you think I know,
The true cast of his father's eye doth show
In his eyes' order. Both his head and hair, 190
His hands and feet, his very father's are.
Of whom, so well remember'd, I should now
Acknowledge for me his continual flow
Of cares and perils, yet still patient.
But I should too much move him, that doth vent 195
Such bitter tears for that which hath been spoke,
Which, shunning soft show, see how he would cloak,
And with his purple weed his weepings hide."

Then Nestor's son, Pisistratus, replied :
" Great pastor of the people, kept of God ! 200
He is Ulysses' son, but his abode
Not made before here, and he modest too,
He holds it an indignity to do
A deed so vain, to use the boast of words,
Where your words are on wing ; whose voice affords
Delight to us as if a God did break 205
The air amongst us, and vouchsafe to speak.
But me my father, old duke Nestor, sent
To be his consort hither ; his content
Not to be heighten'd so as with your sight, 210
In hope that therewith words and actions might
Inform his comforts from you, since he is
Extremely griev'd and injur'd by the miss
Of his great father ; suff'ring ev'n at home,
And few friends found to help him overcome 215

His too weak suff'rance, now his sire is gone ;
 Amongst the people, not afforded one
 To check the miseries that mate him thus.
 And this the state is of Telemachus."

"O Gods," said he, "how certain, now, I see 220
 My house enjoys that friend's son, that for me
 Hath undergone so many willing fights !
 Whom I resolv'd, past all the Grecian knights,
 To hold in love, if our return by seas,
 The far-off Thunderer did ever please 225
 To grant our wishes. And to his respect
 A palace and a city to erect,
 My vow had bound me ; whither bringing then
 His riches, and his son, and all his men,
 From barren Ithaca (some one sole town 230
 Inhabited about him batter'd down)
 All should in Argos live. And there would I
 Ease him of rule, and take the empery
 Of all on me. And often here would we,
 Delighting, loving either's company, 235
 Meet and converse ; whom nothing should divide,
 Till death's black veil did each all over hide.
 But this perhaps hath been a mean to take
 Ev'n God himself with envy ; who did make
 Ulysses therefore only the unblest, 240
 That should not reach his lov'd country's rest."

These woes made ev'ry one with woe in love ;
 Ev'n Argive Helen wept, the seed of Jove ;

²¹⁸ *Mate*—oppose. Shakespeare (Henry VIII. III. 2.)

"Dare *mate* a sounder man than Surrey can be."
 Beaumont and Fletcher (Rule a Wife, III. 1.)

"The piece of ignorant dough ! He stood up to me,
 And *mated* my commands."

Ulysses' son wept ; Atreus' son did weep ;
 And Nestor's son his eyes in tears did steep, 245
 But his tears fell not from the present cloud
 That from Ulysses was exhal'd, but flow'd
 From brave Antilochus' remember'd due,
 Whom the renown'd Son of the Morning slew,
 Which yet he thus excus'd : " O Atreus' son ! 250
 Old Nestor says, there lives not such a one
 Amongst all mortals as Atreides is
 For deathless wisdom. 'Tis a praise of his,
 Still giv'n in your remembrance, when at home
 Our speech concerns you. Since then overcome 255
 You please to be with sorrow, ev'n to tears,
 That are in wisdom so exempt from peers,
 Vouchsafe the like effect in me excuse,
 If it be lawful, I affect no use
 Of tears thus after meals ; at least, at night ; 260
 But when the morn brings forth, with tears, her light,
 It shall not then impair me to bestow
 My tears on any worthy's overthrow.
 It is the only rite that wretched men
 Can do dead friends, to cut hair, and complain. 265
 But Death my brother took, whom none could call
 The Grecian coward, you best knew of all.
 I was not there, nor saw, but men report
 Antilochus excell'd the common sort
 For footmanship, or for the chariot race, 270
 Or in the fight for hardy hold of place."
 • " O friend," said he, " since thou has spoken so,
 At all parts as one wise should say and do,
 And like one far beyond thyself in years,
 Thy words shall bounds be to our former tears. 275

244 Menelaus. 246 Memnon.

O he is questionless a right-born son,
 That of his father hath not only won
 The person but the wisdom ; and that sire
 Complete himself that hath a son entire,
 Jove did not only his full fate adorn, 280
 When he was wedded, but when he was born.
 As now Saturnius, through his life's whole date,
 Hath Nestor's bliss rais'd to as steep a state,
 Both in his age to keep in peace his house,
 And to have children wise and valorous. 285
 But let us not forget our rear feast thus.
 Let some give water here. Telemachus !
 The morning shall yield time to you and me
 To do what fits, and reason mutually."

This said, the careful servant of the king, 290
 Asphalion, pour'd on th' issue of the spring ;
 And all to ready feast set ready hand.
 But Helen now on new device did stand,
 Infusing straight a medicine to their wine,
 That, drowning care and angers, did decline 295
 All thought of ill. Who drunk her cup could shed
 All that day not a tear, no not if dead
 That day his father or his mother were,
 Not if his brother, child, or chiefest dear,
 He should see murder'd then before his face. 300
 Such useful medicines, only born in grace
 Of what was good, would Helen ever have.
 And this juice to her Polydamna gave
 The wife of Thoon, an Egyptian born,
 Whose rich earth herbs of medicine do adorn 305
 In great abundance. Many healthful are,

²⁹⁸ *Rear feast*—i. e. the latter portion of our feast.

And many baneful. Ev'ry man is there
 A good physician out of Nature's grace,
 For all the nation sprung of Pæon's race.

When Helen then her medicine had infus'd, 310
 She bad pour wine to it, and this speech us'd :

“ Atrides, and these good men's sons, great Jove
 Makes good and ill one after other move,
 In all things earthly ; for he can do all.
 The woes past, therefore, he so late let fall, 315
 The comforts he affords us let us take ;
 Feast, and, with fit discourses, merry make.
 Nor will I other use. As then our blood
 Griev'd for Ulysses, since he was so good,
 Since he was good, let us delight to hear 320
 How good he was, and what his suff'rings were ;
 Though ev'ry fight, and ev'ry suff'ring deed,
 Patient Ulysses underwent, exceed
 My woman's pow'r to number, or to name.
 But what he did, and suffer'd, when he came 325
 Amongst the Trojans, where ye Grecians all
 Took part with suff'rance, I in part can call
 To your kind memories. How with ghastly wounds
 Himself he mangled, and the Trojan bounds,
 Thrust thick with enemies, adventur'd on, 330
 His royal shoulders having cast upon
 Base abject weeds, and enter'd like a slave.
 Then, beggar-like, he did of all men crave,
 And such a wretch was, as the whole Greek fleet
 Brought not besides. And thus through ev'ry street 335
 He crept discov'ring, of no one man known.
 And yet through all this diff'rence, I alone

Smoked his true person, talk'd with him ; but he
 Fled me with wiles still. Nor could we agree,
 Till I disclaim'd him quite ; and so (as mov'd 340
 With womanly remorse of one that prov'd
 So wretched an estate, whate'er he were)
 Won him to take my house. And yet ev'n there,
 Till freely I, to make him doubtless, swore
 A pow'rful oath, to let him reach the shore 345
 Of ships and tents before Troy understood,
 I could not force on him his proper good.
 But then I bath'd and sooth'd him, and he then
 Confess'd, and told me all ; and, having slain
 A number of the Trojan guards, retir'd, 350
 And reach'd the fleet, for sleight and force admir'd.
 Their husbands' deaths by him the Trojan wives
 Shriek'd for ; but I made triumphs for their lives
 For then my heart conceiv'd, that once again
 I should reach home ; and yet did still retain 355
 Woe for the slaughters Venus made for me,
 When both my husband, my Hermione,
 And bridal room, she robb'd of so much right,
 And drew me from my country with her sleight,
 Though nothing under heaven I here did need, 360
 That could my fancy or my beauty feed."

Her husband said : " Wife ! what you please to tell
 Is true at all parts, and becomes you well ;
 And I myself, that now may say have seen
 The minds and manners of a world of men, 365

³³⁹ *Smoked*—discovered. Shakespeare,

"He was *smoked* by the old Lord Lafew, when his disguise, &c."—*All's Well that ends Well*, III. 6.

³⁴¹ *Remorse*—pity. See *Iliad* VIII. 208.

And great heroës, measuring many a ground,
 Have never, by these eyes that light me, found
 One with a bosom so to be belov'd,
 As that in which th' accomplish'd spirit mov'd
 Of patient Ulysses. What, brave man, 370
 He both did act, and suffer, when he wan
 The town of Ilion, in the brave-built horse,
 When all we chief states of the Grecian force
 Were hous'd together, bringing Death and Fate
 Amongst the Trojans, you, wife, may relate; 375
 For you, at last, came to us; God, that would
 The Trojans' glory give, gave charge you should
 Approach the engine; and Deiphobus,
 The god-like, follow'd. Thrice ye circled us
 With full survey of it; and often tried 380
 The hollow crafts that in it were implied.
 When all the voices of their wives in it
 You took on you with voice so like and fit,
 And ev'ry man by name so visited,
 That I, Ulysses, the king Diomed, 385
 (Set in the midst, and hearing how you call'd)
 Tydides, and myself (as half appall'd
 With your remorseful complaints) would passing fain
 Have broke our silence, rather than again
 Endure, respectless, their so moving cries. 390
 But Ithacus our strongest phantasies
 Contain'd within us from the slenderest noise,
 And ev'ry man there sat without a voice.
 Anticlus only would have answer'd thee,

³⁸¹ Helen counterfeited the wives' voices of those kings of Greece that were in the wooden horse, and calls their husbands.—CHAPMAN.

³⁹⁰ *Respectless*—without taking notice.

But his speech Ithacus incessantly 395
 With strong hand held in, till, Minerva's call
 Charging thee off, Ulysses sav'd us all."

Telemachus replied: "Much greater is
 My grief, for hearing this high praise of his.
 For all this doth not his sad death divert, 400
 Nor can, though in him swell'd an iron heart.
 Prepare, and lead then, if you please, to rest:
 Sleep, that we hear not, will content us best."

Then Argive Helen made her handmaid go,
 And put fair bedding in the portico, 405
 Lay purple blankets on, rugs warm and soft,
 And cast an arras coverlet aloft.

They torches took, made haste, and made the bed;
 When both the guests were to their lodgings led
 Within a portico without the house. 410

Atrides, and his large-train-wearing spouse,
 The excellent of women, for the way,
 In a retir'd receipt, together lay.
 The Morn arose; the king rose, and put on
 His royal weeds, his sharp sword hung upon 415
 His ample shoulders, forth his chamber went,
 And did the person of a God present.

Telemachus accosts him, who begun
 Speech of his journey's proposition:

"And what, my young Ulyssean heroë, 420
 Provok'd thee on the broad back of the sea,
 To visit Lacedæmon the divine?"

⁴¹⁸ *Accosts*—draws near, approaches to his side. Fr. *accoster*, (on which word see Cotgrave) or Latin *ad* and *costa*. The word was not used in the sense of "to address," "speak to first" so early as Chapman's time.

Speak truth, some public [good] or only thine?"

"I come," said he, "to hear, if any fame
Breath'd of my father to thy notice came. 425

My house is sack'd, my fat works of the field
Are all destroy'd; my house doth nothing yield
But enemies, that kill my harmless sheep,
And sinewy oxen, nor will ever keep
Their steels without them. And these men are they
That woo my mother, most inhumanly 431
Committing injury on injury.

To thy knees therefore I am come, t' attend
Relation of the sad and wretched end .
My erring father felt, if witness'd by 435

Your own eyes, or the certain news that fly
From others' knowledges. For, more than is
The usual heap of human miseries,
His mother bore him to. Vouchsafe me then,
Without all ruth of what I can sustain, 440
The plain and simple truth of all you know.

Let me beseech so much, if ever vow
Was made, and put in good effect to you,
At Troy, where suff'rance bled you so much smart,
Upon my father good Ulysses' part, 445
And quit it now to me (himself in youth)
Unfolding only the unclos'd truth."

He, deeply sighing, answer'd him: "O shame,
'That such poor vassals should affect the fame
To share the joys of such a worthy's bed! 450
As when a hind, her calves late farrow'd,

⁴²³ [Good].—A word is wanting here which I have thus supplied.

⁴³¹ This is the first simile in the Odyssey, and Chapman has

To give suck, enters the bold lion's den,
 He roots of hills and herby vallies then
 For food (there feeding) hunting; but at length
 Returning to his cavern, gives his strength 455
 The lives of both the mother and her brood
 In deaths indecent; so the Wooers' blood
 Must pay Ulysses' pow'rs as sharp an end.
 O would to Jove, Apollo, and thy friend
 The wise Minerva, that thy father were 460
 As once he was, when he his spirits did rear
 Against Philomelides, in a fight
 Perform'd in well-built Lesbos, where, down-right
 He strook the earth with him, and gat a shout
 Of all the Grecians! O, if now full out 465
 He were as then, and with the Wooers coped,
 Short-liv'd they all were, and their nuptials hoped
 Would prove as desp'rate. But, for thy demand
 Enforc'd with pray'rs, I'll let thee understand
 The truth directly, nor decline a thought, 470
 Much less deceive, or sooth thy search in ought;
 But what the old and still-true-spoken God,
 That from the sea breathes oracles abroad,
 Disclos'd to me, to thee I'll all impart,
 Nor hide one word from thy solicitous heart. 475

I was in Ægypt, where a mighty time
 The Gods detain'd me, though my natural clime
 I never so desir'd, because their homes

made it very confused. The original is simply: "As when a hind, having laid her new-born suckling fawns in the den of a strong lion, searches out the lower parts of a hill (see *κρημὸς*) and grassy vallies for food, but he then has entered his lair, &c." Chapman, however, makes the lion hunting in the vales for food (deer) feeding there. (See Bk. xvii. 157.)

I did not greet with perfect hecatombs.
 For they will put men evermore in mind, 480
 How much their masterly commandments bind.

There is, besides, a certain island, call'd
 Pharos, that with the high-wav'd sea is wall'd,
 Just against Ægypt, and so much remote,
 As in a whole day, with a fore-gale smote, 485
 A hollow ship can sail. And this isle bears

A port most portly, where sea-passengers
 Put in still for fresh water, and away
 To sea again. Yet here the Gods did stay
 My fleet full twenty days; the winds, that are 490
 Masters at sea, no prosp'rous puff would spare
 To put us off; and all my victuals here

Had quite corrupted, as my men's minds were,
 Had not a certain Goddess giv'n regard,
 And pitied me in an estate so hard; 495

And 'twas Idothea, honour'd Proteus' seed,
 That old sea-farer. Her mind I made bleed
 With my compassion, when (walk'd all alone,
 From all my soldiers, that were ever gone
 About the isle on fishing with hooks bent; 500
 Hunger their bellies on her errand sent)

Shé came close to me, spake, and thus began :

'Of all men thou art the most foolish man!
 Or slack in business, or stay'st here of choice,
 And dost in all thy suff'rances rejoice, 505
 That thus long liv'st detain'd here, and no end
 Canst give thy tarriance? Thou dost much offend
 The minds of all thy fellows.' I replied :

'Whoever thou art of the Deified,
 I must affirm, that no way with my will 510

I make abode here ; but, it seems, some ill
 The Gods, inhabiting broad heav'n, sustain
 Against my getting off. Inform me then,
 For Godheads all things know, what God is he
 That stays my passage from the fishy sea ?' 515

'Stranger,' said she, 'I'll tell thee true : There lives
 An old sea-farer in these seas, that gives
 A true solution of all secrets here,
 Who deathless Proteus is, th' Egyptian peer,
 Who can the deeps of all the seas exquire, 520
 Who Neptune's priest is, and, they say, the sire
 That did beget me. Him, if any way
 Thou couldst inveigle, he would clear display
 Thy course from hence, and how far off doth lie
 Thy voyage's whole scope through Neptune's sky. 525
 Informing thee, O God-preserv'd, beside,
 If thy desires would so be satisfied,
 Whatever good or ill hath got event,
 In all the time thy long and hard course spent,
 Since thy departure from thy house.' This said ; 530
 Again I answer'd : ' Make the sleights display'd
 Thy father useth, lest his foresight see,
 Or his foreknowledge taking note of me,
 He flies the first place of his us'd abode.
 'Tis hard for man to countermine with God.' 535

She straight replied : ' I'll utter truth in all :
 When heav'n's supremest height the sun doth skall,
 The old Sea-tell-truth leaves the deeps, and, hides
 Amidst a black storm, when the West Wind chides,
 In caves still sleeping. Round about him sleep 540
 (With short feet swimming forth the foamy deep)

The sea-calves, lovely Halosydnes call'd,
 From whom a noisome odour is exhal'd,
 Got from the whirl-pools, on whose earth they lie.
 Here, when the morn illustrates all the sky, 545
 I'll guide, and seat thee in the fittest place
 For the performance thou hast now in chace.
 In mean time, reach thy fleet, and choose out three
 Of best exploit, to go as aids to thee.

But now I'll show thee all the old God's sleights :
 He first will number, and take all the sights 551
 Of those his guard, that on the shore arrives.
 When having view'd, and told them forth by fives,
 He takes place in their midst, and there doth sleep,
 Like to a shepherd midst his flock of sheep. 555
 In his first sleep, call up your hardest cheer,
 Vigour and violence, and hold him there,
 In spite of all his strivings to be gone.
 He then will turn himself to ev'ry one
 Of all things that in earth creep and respire, 560
 In water swim, or shine in heav'nly fire.
 Yet still hold you him firm, and much the more
 Press him from passing. But when, as before,
 When sleep first bound his pow'rs, his form ye see,
 Then cease your force, and th' old heroe free, 565
 And then demand, which heav'n-born it may be
 That so afflicts you, hind'ring your retreat,
 And free sea-passage to your native seat.'

This said, she div'd into the wavy seas,
 And I my course did to my ships address, 570
 That on the sands stuck ; where arriv'd, we made
 Our supper ready. Then th' ambrosian shade
 Of night fell on us, and to sleep we fell.

Rosy Aurora rose ; we rose as well,
 And three of them on whom I most relied, 575
 For firm at ev'ry force, I choos'd, and hied
 Straight to the many-river-servéd seas ;
 And all assistance ask'd the Deities.

Mean time Idothea the sea's broad breast
 Embrac'd, and brought for me, and all my rest, 580
 Four of the sea-calves' skins but newly flay'd,
 To work a wile which she had fashionéd
 Upon her father. Then, within the sand
 A covert digging, when these calves should land,
 She sat expecting. We came close to her ; 585
 She plac'd us orderly, and made us wear
 Each one his calf's skin. But we then must pass
 A huge exploit. The sea-calves' savour was
 So passing sour, they still being bred at seas,
 It much afflicted us ; for who can please 590
 To lie by one of these same sea-bred whales ?
 But she preserves us, and to memory calls
 A rare commodity ; she fetch'd to us
 Ambrosia, that an air most odorous
 Bears still about it, which she 'nointed round 595
 Our either nostrils, and in it quite drown'd
 The nasty whale-smell. Then the great event
 The whole morn's date, with spirits patient,
 We lay expecting. When bright noon did flame,
 Forth from the sea in shoals the sea-calves came, 600
 And orderly, at last lay down and slept
 Along the sands. And then th' old Sea-God crept
 From forth the deeps, and found his fat calves there,

⁵⁹⁸ *Nostrils*.—The etymological spelling of the word is *nos*
 and *thirl*, a perforation ; Anglo-Sax.

Survey'd, and number'd, and came never near
 The craft we us'd, but told us five for calves. 605
 His temples then dis-eas'd with sleep he salves ;
 And in rush'd we, with an abhorréd cry,
 Cast all our hands about him manfully ;
 And then th' old Forger all his forms began :
 First was a lion with a mighty mane, 610
 Then next a dragon, a pied panther then,
 A vast boar next, and suddenly did strain
 All into water. Last he was a tree,
 Curl'd all at top, and shot up to the sky.

We, with resolv'd hearts, held him firmly still, 615
 When th' old one (held too strait for all his skill
 To extricate) gave words, and question'd me :

' Which of the Gods, O Atreus' son,' said he,
 ' Advis'd and taught thy fortitude this sleight,
 To take and hold me thus in my despite ? ' 620

' What asks thy wish now ? ' I replied. ' Thou know'st.
 Why dost thou ask ? What wiles are these thou show'st ?
 I have within this isle been held for wind
 A wondrous time, and can by no means find
 An end to my retention. It hath spent 625
 The very heart in me. Give thou then vent
 To doubts thus bound in me ye Gods know all,
 Which of the Godheads doth so foully fall
 On my addression home, to stay me here,
 Avert me from my way, the fishy clear 630
 Barr'd to my passage ? ' He replied : ' Of force,
 If to thy home thou wishest free recourse,
 To Jove, and all the other Deities,
 Thou must exhibit solemn sacrifice ;

608 *Dis-eased*—tired. See *infra*, 1087, and *Iliad*, x. 45.

And then the black sea for thee shall be clear, 635
 Till thy lov'd country's settled reach. But where
 Ask these rites thy performance? 'Tis a fate
 To thee and thy affairs appropriate,
 That thou shalt never see thy friends, nor tread
 Thy country's earth, nor see inhabited 640
 Thy so magnificent house, till thou make good
 Thy voyage back to the Ægyptian flood,
 Whose waters fell from Jove, and there hast giv'n
 To Jove, and all Gods housed in ample heav'n,
 Devoted hecatombs, and then free ways 645
 Shall open to thee, clear'd of all delays.'

This told he; and, methought, he brake my heart,
 In such a long and hard course to divert
 My hope for home, and charge my back retreat
 As far as Ægypt. I made answer yet: 650

"Father, thy charge I'll perfect; but before
 Resolve me truly, if their natural shore
 All those Greeks, and their ships, do safe enjoy,
 That Nestor and myself left, when from Troy
 We first rais'd sail? Or whether any died 655
 At sea a death unwish'd? Or, satisfied,
 When war was past, by friends embrac'd, in peace
 Resign'd their spirits?" He made answer:—"Cease
 To ask so far. It fits thee not to be
 So cunning in thine own calamity. 660
 Nor seek to learn what learn'd thou shouldst forget.
 Men's knowledges have proper limits set,
 And should not prease into the mind of God.
 But 'twill not long be, as my thoughts abode,
 Before thou buy this curious skill with tears. 665

664 *Abode*—prognosticate. A common word.

Many of those, whose state so tempt thine ears
 Are stoop'd by death, and many left alive,
 One chief of which in strong hold doth survive,
 Amidst the broad sea. Two, in their retreat,
 Are done to death. I list not to repeat 670
 Who fell at Troy, thyself was there in fight.
 But in return swift Ajax lost the light,
 In his long-ear'd ship. Neptune, yet, awhile
 Saft him unwrack'd, to the Gyraean isle,
 A mighty rock removing from his way. 675
 And surely he had 'scap'd the fatal day,
 In spite of Pallas, if to that foul deed
 He in her fame did, (when he ravish'd
 The Trojan prophetess) he had not here
 Adjoin'd an impious boast, that he would bear, 680
 Despite the Gods, his ship safe through the waves
 Then rais'd against him. These his impious braves
 When Neptune heard, in his strong hand he took
 His massy trident, and so soundly strook
 The rock Gyraean, that in two it cleft; 685
 Of which one fragment on the land he left,
 The other fell into the troubled seas;
 At which first rush'd Ajax Oiliades,
 And split his ship, and then himself afloat
 Swum on the rough waves of the world's vast mote, 690
 Till having drunk a salt cup for his sin,
 There perish'd he. Thy brother yet did win
 The wreath from death, while in the waves they strove,
 Afflicted by the rev'rend wife of Jove.
 But when the steep mount of the Malian shore 695
 He seem'd to reach, a most tempestuous bore,

⁶⁷² Ajax, Oileus.⁶⁷⁹ Cassandra.

Far to the fishy world that sighs so sore,
Straight ravish'd him again as far away,
As to th' extreme bounds where the Agrians stay,
Where first Thyestes dwelt, but then his son 700
Ægisthus Thyestiades liv'd. This done,
When his return untouch'd appear'd again,
Back turn'd the Gods the wind, and set him then
Hard by his house. Then, full of joy, he left
His ship, and close t' his country earth he cleft, 705
Kiss'd it, and wept for joy, pour'd tear on tear,
To set so wishedly his footing there.
But see, a sentinel that all the year
Crafty Ægisthus in a watchtow'r set
To spy his landing, for reward as great 710
As two gold talents, all his pow'rs did call
To strict remembrance of his charge, and all
Discharg'd at first sight, which at first he cast
On Agamemnon, and with all his haste
Inform'd Ægisthus. He an instant train 715
Laid for his slaughter : Twenty chosen men
Of his plebeians he in ambush laid ;
His other men he charg'd to see purvey'd
A feast ; and forth, with horse and chariots grac'd,
He rode t' invite him, but in heart embrac'd 720
Horrible welcomes, and to death did bring,
With treach'rous slaughter, the unwary king,
Receiv'd him at a feast, and, like an ox
Slain at his manger, gave him bits and knocks.
No one left of Atrides' train, nor one 725
Sav'd to Ægisthus, but himself alone,
All strew'd together there the bloody court.'
This said, my soul he sunk with his report,

Flat on the sands I fell, tears spent their store,
I light abhorr'd, my heart would live no more. 730

When dry of tears, and tir'd of tumbling there,
Th' old Tell-truth thus my daunted spirits did cheer :

‘No more spend tears nor time, O Atreus’ son,
With ceaseless weeping never wish was won.
Use uttermost assay to reach thy home, 735
And all unwares upon the murderer come,
For torture, taking him thyself alive ;
Or let Orestes, that should far out-strive
Thee in fit vengeance, quickly quit the light
Of such a dark soul, and do thou the rite 740
Of burial to him with a funeral feast.’

With these last words I fortified my breast,
In which again a gen’rous spring began
Of fitting comfort, as I was a man ;
But, as a brother, I must ever mourn. 745
Yet forth I went, and told him the return
Of these I knew ; but he had nam’d a third,
Held on the broad sea, still with life inspir’d,
Whom I besought to know, though likewise dead,
And I must mourn alike. He answer’d : 750

‘He is Laertes’ son ; whom I beheld
In nymph Calypso’s palace, who compell’d
His stay with her, and, since he could not see
His country earth, he mourn’d incessantly.
For he had neither ship instruct with oars, 755
Nor men to fetch him from those stranger shores.
Where leave we him, and to thyself descend,
Whom not in Argos Fate nor Death shall end,
But the immortal ends of all the earth,
So rul’d by them that order death by birth, 760

The fields Elysian, Fate to thee will give ;
 Where Rhadamanthus rules, and where men live
 A never-troubled life, where snow, nor show'rs,
 Nor irksome Winter spends his fruitless pow'rs,
 But from the ocean Zephyr still resumes 765
 A constant breath, that all the fields perfumes.
 Which, since thou marriedst Helen, are thy hire,
 And Jove himself is by her side thy sire.'
 This said ; he div'd the deepsome wat'ry heaps ;
 I and my tried men took us to our ships, 770
 And worlds of thoughts I varied with my steps.

Arriv'd and shipp'd, the silent, solemn night
 And sleep bereft us of our visual light.
 At morn, masts, sails, rear'd, we sat, left the shores,
 And beat the foamy ocean with our oars. 775

Again then we the Jove-fall'n flood did fetch,
 As far as Ægypt ; where we did beseech
 The Gods with hecatombs ; whose angers ceast,
 I tomb'd my brother that I might be blest.

All rites perform'd, all haste I made for home, 780
 And all the prosp'rous winds about were come,
 I had the passport now of ev'ry God,
 And here clos'd all these labours' period.

Here stay then till th' eleventh or twelfth day's
 light,
 And I'll dismiss thee well, gifts exquisite 785
 Preparing for thee, chariot, horses three,
 A cup of curious frame to serve for thee
 To serve th' immortal Gods with sacrifice,
 Mindful of me while all suns light thy skies."

He answer'd : " Stay me not too long time here, 790
 Though I could sit attending all the year.

Nor should my house, nor parents, with desire,
 Take my affections from you, so on fire
 With love to hear you are my thoughts ; but so
 My Pylian friends I shall afflict with woe 795
 Who mourn ev'n this stay. Whatsoever be
 The gifts your grace is to bestow on me,
 Vouchsafe them such as I may bear and save
 For your sake ever. Horse, I list not have,
 To keep in Ithaca, but leave them here, 800
 To your soil's dainties, where the broad fields bear
 Sweet cypers grass, where men-fed lote doth flow,
 Where wheat-like spelt, and wheat itself, doth grow,
 Where barley, white, and spreading like a tree ;
 But Ithaca hath neither ground to be, 805
 For any length it comprehends, a race
 To try^a a horse's speed, nor any place
 To make him fat in ; fitter far to feed
 A cliff-bred goat, than raise or please a steed.
 Of all isles, Ithaca doth least providé 810
 Or meads to feed a horse, or ways to ride."

He, smiling, said : " Of good blood art thou, son.
 What speech, so young ! What observatiôn
 Hast thou made of the world ! I well am pleas'd
 To change my gifts to thee, as being confess'd 815
 Unfit indeed, my store is such I may.
 Of all my house-gifts then, that up I lay
 For treasure there, I will bestow on thee
 The fairest, and of greatest price to me.
 I will^b bestow on thee a rich carv'd cup, 820

^a *Cypers grass*.—The *cyperus*, or *galingale*. (See Iliad. xxi. 333.) *Men-fed*—on which men feed. The reader will find an interesting paper on the Botany of Homer in the Classical Museum, vol. v. p. 40.

Of silver all, but all the brims wrought up
 With finest gold ; it was the only thing
 That the heroical Sidonian king
 Presented to me, when we were to part
 At his receipt of me, and 'twas the art 825
 Of that great Artist that of heav'n is free ;
 And yet ev'n this will I bestow on thee."

This speech thus ended, guests came, and did bring
 Muttons, for presents, to the God-like king,
 And spirit-prompting wine, that strenuous makes. 830
 Their riband-wreathéd wives brought fruit and cakes.

Thus in this house did these their feast apply ;
 And in Ulysses' house activity
 The Wooers practis'd ; tossing of the spear,
 The stone, and hurling ; thus delighted, where 835
 They exercis'd such insolence before,
 Ev'n in the court that wealthy pavements wore.
 Antinous did still their strifes decide,
 And he that was in person deified
 Eurymachus ; both ring-leaders of all, 840
 For in their virtues they were principal.

These by Noëmon, son to Phronius,
 Were sided now, who made the question thus :

"Antinous ! Does any friend here know,
 When this Telemachus returns, or no, 845
 From sandy Pylos ? He made bold to take
 My ship with him ; of which, I now should make
 Fit use myself, and sail in her as far
 As spacious Elis, where of mine there are
 Twelve delicate mares, and under their sides go 850
 Laborious mules, that yet did never know
 The yoke, nor labour ; some of which should bear

The taming now, if I could fetch them there."
 This speech the rest admir'd, nor dream'd that he
 Neleïan Pylos ever thought to see, 855
 But was at field about his flock's survey,
 Or thought his herdsmen held him so away.
 Eupitheus son, Antinous, then replied :
 " When went he, or with what train dignified ?
 Of his selected Ithacensian youth ? 860
 Prest men, or bond men, were they ? Tell the truth.
 Could he effect this ? Let me truly know.
 To gain thy vessel did he violence show,
 And us'd her 'gainst thy will ? or had her free,
 When fitting question he had made with thee ? " 865
 Noëmon answer'd : " I did freely give
 My vessel to him. Who deserves to live
 That would do other, when such men as he
 Did in distress ask ? He should churlish be
 That would deny him. Of our youth the best 870
 Amongst the people, to the interest
 His charge did challenge in them, giving way,
 With all the tribute all their pow'rs could pay.
 Their captain, as he took the ship, I knew,
 Who Mentor was, or God. A Deity's shew 875
 Mask'd in his likeness. But, to think 'twas he,
 I much admire, for I did clearly see,
 But yester-morning, God-like Mentor here ;
 Yet th' other ev'ning he took shipping there,
 And went for Pylos." Thus went he for home, 880
 And left the rest with envy overcome ;

⁸⁵⁴ *Admir'd*—were astonished at. *He*—Telemachus.

⁸⁶¹ *Prest men*—hired men ; men for hire ready (*prest*) to march. See Todd's Johnson.

Who sat, and pastime'left. Eupitheus son,
 Sad, and with rage his entrails overrun,
 His eyes like flames, thus interpos'd his speech :
 "Strange thing ! An action of how proud a reach 885
 Is here committed by Telemachus !
 A boy, a child, and we, a sort of us,
 Vow'd 'gainst his voyage, yet admit it thus !
 With ship and choice youth of our people too !
 But let him on, and all his mischief do, 890
 Jove shall convert upon himself his pow'rs,
 Before their ill presum'd he brings on ours.
 Provide me then a ship, and twenty men
 To give her manage, that, against again
 He turns for home, on th' Ithacensian seas, 895
 Or cliffy Samian, I may interprease,
 Way-lay, and take him, and make all his craft
 Sail with his ruin for his father saft."
 This all applauded, and gave charge to do,
 Rose, and to greet Ulysses' house did go. 900
 But long time past not, ere Penelope
 Had notice of their far-fetch'd treachery.
 Medon the herald told her, who had heard
 Without the hall how they within conferr'd,
 And hasted straight to tell it to the queen, 905
 Who, from the entry having Medon seen,
 Prevents him thus : "Now herald, what affair
 Intend the famous Wooers, in your repair ?
 To tell Ulysses' maids that they must cease
 From doing our work, and their banquets dress ? 910
 I would to heav'n, that, leaving wooing me,

⁸⁸⁷ *Sort*—number. See Iliad iv. 460.

⁸⁹⁶ *Interprease*—i. e. interpress, interpose.

Nor ever troubling other company,
 Here might the last feast be, and most extreme,
 That ever any shall address for them.
 They never meet but to consent in spoil, 915
 And reap the free fruits of another's toil.
 O did they never, when they children were,
 What to their fathers was Ulysses, hear?
 Who never did 'gainst any one proceed
 With unjust usage, or in word or deed? 920
 'Tis yet with other kings another right,
 One to pursue with love, another spite;
 He still yet just, nor would, though might, devour,
 Nor to the worst did ever taste of pow'r.
 But their unrul'd acts show their minds' estate. 925
 Good turns receiv'd once, thanks grow out of date."

Medon, the learn'd in wisdom, answer'd her :
 " I wish, O queen, that their ingratitude were
 Their worst ill towards you ; but worse by far,
 And much more deadly, their endeavours are, 930
 Which Jove will fail them in. Telemachus
 Their purpose is, as he returns to us,
 To give their sharp steels in a cruel death ;
 Who now is gone to learn, if fame can breathe
 News of his sire, and will the Pylian shore, 935
 And sacred Sparta, in his search explore."

This news dissolv'd to her both knees and heart,
 Long silence held her ere one word would part,
 Her eyes stood full of tears, her small soft voice
 All late use lost ; that yet at last had choice 940
 Of wonted words, which briefly thus she us'd :

" Why left my son his mother ? Why refus'd

925 *Unrul'd*—irregular, not to be ruled.

His wit the solid shore, to try the seas,
 And put in ships the trust of his distress,
 That are at sea to men unbridled horse, 945
 And run, past rule, their far-engagéd course,
 Amidst a moisture past all mean unstaïd ?
 No need compell'd this. Did he it, afraid
 To live and leave posterity his name ?”

“ I know not,” he replied, “ if th’ humour came 950
 From current of his own instinct, or flow’d
 From others’ instigations ; but he vow’d
 Attempt to Pylos, or to see descried
 His sire’s return, or know what death he died.”

This said, he took him to Ulysses’ house 955
 After the Wooers ; the Ulyssean spouse,
 Run through with woes, let Torture seize her mind,
 Nor in her choice of state chairs stood inclin’d
 To take her seat, but th’ abject threshold chose
 Of her fair chamber for her loath’d repose, 960
 And mourn’d most wretch-like. Round about her fell
 Her handmaids, join’d in a continueate yell.
 From ev’ry corner of the palace, all
 Of all degrees tun’d to her comfort’s fall
 Their own dejections ; to whom her complaint 965
 She thus enforc’d : “ The Gods, beyond constraint
 Of any measure, urge these tears on me ;
 Nor was there ever dame of my degree
 So past degree griev’d. First, a lord so good,
 That had such hardy spirits in his blood, 970
 That all the virtues was adorn’d withall,
 That all the Greeks did their superior call,
 To part with thus, and lose ! And now a son,
 So worthily belov’d, a course to run

Beyond my knowledge ; whom rude tempests have ⁹⁷⁵
 Made far from home his most inglorious grave !
 Unhappy wenches, that no one of all
 (Though in the reach of ev'ry one must fall
 His taking ship) sustain'd the careful mind,
 To call me from my bed, who this design'd ⁹⁸⁰
 And most vow'd course in him had either stay'd,
 How much soever hasted, or dead laid
 He should have left me. Many a man I have,
 That would have call'd old Dolius my slave,
 (That keeps my orchard, whom my father gave ⁹⁸⁵
 At my departure) to have run, and told
 Laertes this ; to try if he could hold
 From running through the people, and from tears,
 In telling them of these vow'd murderers ;
 That doth divine Ulysses' hope, and his, ⁹⁹⁰
 Resolv'd to end in their conspiracies."

His nurse then, Euryclea, made reply :
 "Dear sov'reign, let me with your own hands die,
 Or cast me off here, I'll not keep from thee
 One word of what I know. He trusted me ⁹⁹⁵
 With all his purpose, and I gave him all
 The bread and wine for which he pleas'd to call.
 But then a mighty oath he made me swear,
 Not to report it to your royal ear
 Before the twelfth day either should appear, ¹⁰⁰⁰
 Or you should ask me when you heard him gone.
 Impair not then your beauties with your moan,
 But wash, and put untear-stain'd garments on,
 Ascend your chamber with your ladies here,

⁹⁷⁷ *Wenches*—young women. Though now degenerated, the word was formerly used in a good sense. See *Iliad* xvi. 78.

And pray the seed of goat-nurs'd Jupiter, 1005
 Divine Athenia, to preserve your son,
 And she will save him from confusion.
 Th' old king, to whom your hopes stand so inclin'd
 For his grave counsels, you perhaps may find
 Unfit affected, for his age's sake. 1010
 But heav'n-kings wax not old, and therefore make
 Fit pray'rs to them; for my thoughts never will
 Believe the heav'nly Pow'rs conceit so ill
 The seed of righteous Arcesiades,
 To end it utterly, but still will please 1015
 In some place evermore some one of them
 To save, and deck him with a diadem,
 Give him possession of erected tow'rs,
 And far-stretch'd fields, crown'd all of fruit and flow'r's."
 This eas'd her heart, and dried her humorous eyes; 1020
 When having wash'd, and weeds of sacrifice
 Pure, and unstain'd with her distrustful tears,
 Put on, with all her women-ministers
 Up to a chamber of most height she rose,
 And cakes of salt and barley did impose 1025
 Within a wicker basket; all which broke
 In decent order, thus she did invoke:
 "Great Virgin of the goat preserved God,
 If ever the inhabited abode
 Of wise Ulysses held the fatted thighs 1030
 Of sheep and oxen, made thy sacrifice
 By his devotion, hear me, nor forget
 His pious services, but safe see set
 His dear son on these shores, and banish hence
 These Wooers past all mean in insolence." 1035

1020 *Humorous*—moist (Lat.) See Iliad xxi. 186.

This said, she shriek'd, and Pallas heard her pray'r.
 The Wooers broke with tumult all the air
 About the shady house ; and one of them,
 Whose pride his youth had made the more extreme,
 Said : " Now the many-wooer-honour'd queen 1040
 Will surely satiate her delayful spleen,
 And one of us in instant nuptials take.
 Poor dame, she dreams not, what design we make
 Upon the life and slaughter of her son."

So said he ; but so said was not so done ; 1045
 Whose arrogant spirit in a vaunt so vain
 Antinous chid, and said : " For shame, contain
 These braving speeches. Who can tell who hears ?
 Are we not now in reach of others' ears ?
 If our intentions please us, let us call 1050
 Our spirits up to them, and let speeches fall.
 By watchful danger men must silent go.
 What we resolve on, let's not say, but do."
 This said, he choos'd out twenty men, that bore
 Best reckoning with him, and to ship and shore 1055
 All hasted, reach'd the ship, launch'd, rais'd the mast,
 Put sails in, and with leather loops made fast
 The oars ; sails hoisted, arms their men did bring,
 All giving speed and form to ev'rything.
 Then to the high deeps their rigg'd vessel driven, 1060
 They supp'd, expecting the approaching even.

Mean space, Penelope her chamber kept
 And bed, and neither eat, nor drank, nor slept,
 Her strong thoughts wrought so on her blameless son,
 Still in contention, if he should be done 1065
 To death, or 'scape the impious Wooers' design.

1061 *Expecting*—(Latin) awaiting.

Look how a lion, whom men-troops combine
 To hunt, and close him in a crafty ring,
 Much varied thought conceives, and fear doth sting
 For urgent danger ; so far'd she, till sleep, 1070
 All juncture of her joints and nerves did steep
 In his dissolving humour. When, at rest,
 Pallas her favours varied, and addrest
 An idol, that Iphthima did present
 In structure of her ev'ry lineament, 1075
 Great-soul'd Icarus' daughter, whom for spouse
 Eumelus took, that kept in Phoris' house.
 This to divine Ulysses' house she sent,
 To try her best mean how she might content
 Mournful Penelope, and make relent 1080
 The strict addiction in her to deplore.
 This idol, like a worm, that less or more
 Contracts or strains her, did itself convey,
 Beyond the wards or windings of the key,
 Into the chamber, and, above her head 1085
 Her seat assuming, thus she comforted
 Distress'd Penelope : " Doth sleep thus seize
 Thy pow'rs, affected with so much dis-ease ?
 The Gods, that nothing troubles, will not see
 Thy tears nor griefs, in any least degree, 1090
 Sustain'd with cause, for they will guard thy son
 Safe to his wish'd and native mansion,
 Since he is no offender of their states,

¹⁰⁷⁴ *Idol*—image, figure, εἰδωλον. See Iliad xxi. 94.

¹⁰⁷⁶ Δέμας, membrorum structura.—CHAPMAN.

¹⁰⁷⁷ *Kept*—dwelt. A common use in Shakespeare and his contemporaries : and still a provincialism.

¹⁰⁸³ Παρὰ κληῖδος ἱμάτια. Ἰμάς, affectus curculionis significat quod longior et gracilior evaserit.—CHAPMAN.

¹⁰⁸⁶ *Disease*—unrest. See supra, 605. °

And they to such are firmer than their fates."

The wise Penelope receiv'd her thus, 1095
Bound with a slumber most delicious,
And in the port of dreams: "O sister, why
Repair you hither, since so far off lie
Your house and household? You were never here
Before this hour, and would you now give cheer 1100
To my so many woes and miseries,
Affecting fitly all the faculties
My soul and mind hold, having lost before
A husband, that of all the virtues bore
The palm amongst the Greeks, and whose renown 1105
So ample was that Fame the sound hath blown
Through Greece and Argos to her very heart?]
And now again, a son, that did convert
My whole pow'rs to his love, by ship is gone;
A tender plant, that yet was never grown 1110
To labour's taste, nor the commerce of men;
For whom more than my husband I complain,
And lest he should at any suffrance touch
(Or in the sea, or by the men so much
Estrang'd to him that must his consorts be) 1115
Fear and chill tremblings shake each joint of me.
Besides, his danger sets-on foes profess'd
To way-lay his return, that have address'd
Plots for his death." The scarce-discern'd Dream,
Said: "Be of comfort, nor fears so extreme 1120
Let thus dismay thee; thou hast such a mate
Attending thee, as some at any rate
Would wish to purchase, for her pow'r is great;
Minerva pities thy delight's defeat,
Whose grace hath sent me to foretell thee these." 1125

"If thou," said she, "be of the Goddesses,
 And heardst her tell thee these, thou mayst as well
 From her tell all things else. Deign then to tell,
 If yet the man to all misfortunes born,
 My husband, lives, and sees the sun adorn 1130
 The darksome earth, or hides his wretched head
 In Pluto's house, and lives amongst the dead?"

"I will not," she replied, "my breath exhale
 In one continued and perpetual tale,
 Lives he or dies he. 'Tis a filthy use, 1135
 To be in vain and idle speech profuse."
 This said, she, through the key-hole of the door,
 Vanish'd again into the open blore.
 Icarus' daughter started from her sleep,
 And Joy's fresh humour her lov'd breast did steep, 1140
 When now so clear, in that first watch of night,
 She saw the seen Dream vanish from her sight.

The Wooers' ship the sea's moist waves did ply,
 And thought the prince a haughty death should die.
 There lies a certain island in the sea, 1145
 Twixt rocky Samos and rough Ithaca,
 That clifty is itself, and nothing great,
 Yet holds convenient havens that two ways let
 Ships in and out, call'd Asteris; and there
 The Wooers hop'd to make their massacre. 1150

¹¹³⁸ *Blore*—is generally used for a blast, or gale of wind,
 (see *Iliad* ii. 122,) but here would seem simply the *air*.



THE FIFTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

A SECOND Court on Jove attends ;
Who Hermes to Calypso sends,
Commanding her to clear the ways
Ulysses sought ; and she obeys.
When Neptune saw Ulysses free,
And so in safety plough the sea,
Enrag'd, he ruffles up the waves,
And splits his ship. Leucothea saves
His person yet, as being a Dame
Whose Godhead govern'd in the frame
Of those seas' tempers. But the mean,
By which she curbs dread Neptune's spleen,
Is made a jewel, which she takes
From off her head, and that she makes
Ulysses on his bosom wear,
About his neck, she ties it there,
And, when he is with waves beset,
Bids wear it as an amulet,
Commanding him, that not before
He touch'd upon Phæacia's shore,
He should not part with it, but then
Return it to the sea again,
And cast it from him. He performs ;
Yet, after this, bides bitter storms,
And in the rocks sees death engrav'd,
But on Phæacia's shore is sav'd.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

E. Ulysses builds
A ship ; and gains
The glassy fields ;
Pays Neptune pains.



URORA rose from high-born Tithon's bed,
 That men and Gods might be illustrated,
 And then the Deities sat. Imperial Jove,
 That makes the horrid murmur beat above,
 Took place past all, whose height for ever springs, 5
 And from whom flows th' eternal pow'r of things.

Then Pallas, mindful of Ulysses, told
 The many cares that in Calypso's hold
 He still sustain'd, when he had felt before
 So much affliction, and such dangers more. 10

"O Father," said she, "and ye Ever-blest,
 Give never king hereafter interest
 In any aid of yours, by serving you,
 By being gentle, human, just, but grow
 Rude, and for ever scornful of your rights, 15
 All justice ord'ring by their appetites,
 Since he, that rul'd as it in right behov'd,
 That all his subjects as his children lov'd,
 Finds you so thoughtless of him and his birth.
 Thus men begin to say, ye rule in earth, 20
 And grudge at what ye let him undergo,
 Who yet the least part of his suff'rance know:
 Thrall'd in an island, shipwrack'd in his tears,
 And, in the fancies that Calypso bears,
 Bound from his birthright, all his shipping gone, 25
 And of his soldiers not retaining one.
 And now his most-lov'd son's life doth inflame
 Their slaughterous envies; since his father's fame
 He puts in pursuit, and is gone as far
 As sacred Pylos, and the singular 30

Dame-breeding Sparta." This, with this reply,
 The Cloud-assembler answer'd: "What words fly
 Thine own remembrance, daughter? Hast not thou
 The counsel giv'n thyself, that told thee how
 Ulysses shall with his return address 35
 His Wooers wrong? And, for the safe access
 His son shall make to his innative port,
 Do thou direct it, in as curious sort
 As thy wit serves thee; it obeys thy pow'rs;
 And in their ship return the speedless Wooers." 40
 Then turn'd he to his issue Mercury,
 And said: "Thou hast made good our embassy
 To th' other Statists, to the Nymph then now,
 On whose fair head a tuft of gold doth grow,
 Bear our true-spoken counsel, for retreat 45
 Of patient Ulysses; who shall get
 No aid from us, nor any mortal man,
 But in a patch'd-up skiff (built as he can,
 And suff'ring woes enough) the twentieth day
 At fruitful Scheria let him breathe his way, 50
 With the Phæacians, that half Deities live,
 Who like a God will honour him, and give
 His wisdom clothes, and ship, and brass, and gold,
 More than for gain of Troy he ever told;
 Where, at the whole division of the prey, 55
 If he a saver were, or got away
 Without a wound, if he should grudge, 'twas well.
 But th' end shall crown all; therefore Fate will deal
 So well with him, to let him land, and see
 His native earth, friends, house, and family." 60

⁴⁵ 'Επὶ σχεδὸν πολυδέσμων, *in rate multis vinculis ligatus.*

Thus charg'd he ; nor Argicides denied,
 But to his feet his fair wing'd shoes he tied,
 Ambrosian, golden, that in his command
 Put either sea, or the unmeasur'd land,
 With pace as speedy as a puf of wind. 65
 Then up his rod went, with which he declin'd
 The eyes of any waker, when he pleas'd,
 And any sleeper, when he wish'd, diseas'd.

This took ; he stoop'd Pieria, and thence
 Glid through the air, and Neptune's confluence 71
 Kiss'd as he flew, and check'd the waves as light
 As any sea-mew in her fishing flight,
 Her thick wings sousing in the savory seas.
 Like her, he pass'd a world of wilderness ;
 But when the far-off isle he touch'd, he went 75
 Up from the blue sea to the continent,
 And reach'd the ample cavern of the Queen,
 Whom he within found, without seldom seen.
 A sun-like fire upon the hearth did flame,
 The matter precious, and divine the frame, 80
 Of cedar cleft and incense was the pile,
 That breath'd an odour round about the isle.
 Herself was seated in an inner room,
 Whom sweetly sing he heard, and at her loom,
 About a curious web, whose yarn she threw 85
 In with a golden shuttle. A grove grew
 In endless spring about her cavern round,
 With odorous cypress, pines, and poplars, crown'd,
 Where hawks, sea-owls, and long-tongued bittours bred,
 And other birds their shady pinions spread ; 90

⁶⁸ *Diseas'd*—aroused. See Bk. iv.

⁸⁰ *Bittours*—bitterns.

All fowls maritimal ; none roosted there,
 But those whose labours in the waters were.
 A vine did all the hollow cave embrace,
 Still green, yet still ripe bunches gave it grace.
 Four fountains, one against another, pour'd 95
 Their silver streams ; and meadows all enflower'd
 With sweet balm-gentle, and blue-violets hid,
 That deck'd the soft breasts of each fragrant mead.
 Should any one, though he immortal were,
 Arrive and see the sacred objects there, 100
 He would admire them, and be over-joy'd ;
 And so stood Hermes' ravish'd pow'rs employ'd.

But having all admir'd, he enter'd on
 The ample cave, nor could be seen unknown
 Of great Calypso (for all Dieties are 105
 Prompt in each other's knowledge, though so far
 Sever'd in dwellings) but he could not see
 Ulysses there within ; without was he,
 Set sad ashore, where 'twas his use to view
 Th' unquiet sea, sigh'd, wept, and empty drew 110
 His heart of comfort. Plac'd here in her throne,
 That beams cast up to admiration,
 Divine Calypso question'd Hermes thus :

" For what cause, dear, and much-esteem'd by us,
 Thou golden-rod-adorn'd Mercury, 115
 Arriv'st thou here ? Thou hast not us'd t' apply
 Thy passage this way. Say, whatever be
 Thy heart's desire, my mind commands it thee,
 If in my means it lie, or pow'r of fact.
 But first, what hospitable rites exact, 120
 Come yet more near, and take." This said, she set
 A table forth, and furnish'd it with meat,

Such as the Gods taste ; and serv'd in with it
 Vermilion nectar. When with banquet fit
 He had confirm'd his spirits, he thus exprest 125
 His cause of coming : "Thou hast made request,
 Goddess of Goddesses, to understand
 My cause of touch here ; which thou shalt command,
 And know with truth : Jove caus'd my course to thee
 Against my will, for who would willingly 130
 Lackey along so vast a lake of brine,
 Near to no city that the Powr's divine
 Receives with solemn rites and hecatombs ?
 But Jove's will ever all law overcomes,
 No other God can cross or make it void ; 135
 And he affirms, that one the most annoy'd
 With woes and toils of all those men that fought
 For Priam's city, and to end hath brought
 Nine years in the contention, is with thee.
 For in the tenth year, when my victory 140
 Was won to give the Greeks the spoil of Troy,
 Return they did profess, but not enjoy,
 Since Pallas they incens'd, and she the waves
 By all the winds' pow'r, that blew ope their graves.
 And there they rested. Only this poor one 145
 This coast both winds and waves have cast upon ;
 Whom now forthwith he wills thee to dismiss,
 Affirming that th' unalter'd Destinies
 Not only have decreed he shall not die

¹³¹ *Lackey*—go on foot, be a footman. The word is common, and may be found even in Milton, and Dryden. Teut. *lacken*, to run.

¹⁴⁰ *Roy*—royal. I do not remember to have met with the word thus used. *Roy* for king was not uncommon. See Nares.

¹⁴⁵ *Unalter'd*—unalterable.

Apart his friends, but of necessity 150
Enjoy their sights before those fatal hours,
His country earth reach, and erected tow'rs."

This struck a love-check'd horror through her pow'rs,
When, naming him, she this reply did give :

"Insatiate are ye Gods, past all that live, 155

In all things you affect ; which still converts
Your pow'rs to envies. It afflicts your hearts,
That any Goddess should, as you obtain

The use of earthly dames, enjoy the men,
And most in open marriage. So ye far'd, 160

When the delicious-finger'd Morning shar'd
Orion's bed ; you easy-living States

Could never satisfy your emulous hates,

Till in Ortygia the precise-liv'd Dame,
Gold-thron'd Diana, on him rudely came, 165

And with her swift shafts slew him. And such pains,
When rich-hair'd Ceres pleas'd to give the reins

To her affections, and the grace did yield
Of love and bed, amidst a three-cropp'd field,

To her Iasion, he paid angry Jove, 170

Who lost no long time notice of their love,
But with a glowing lightning was his death.

And now your envies labour underneath

A mortal's choice of mine : whose life I took
To lib'ral safety, when his ship Jove strook, 175

With red-hot flashes, piece-meal in the seas,

And all his friends and soldiers succourless

Perish'd but he. Him, cast upon this coast

With blasts and billows, I, in life giv'n lost,
Perserv'd alone, lov'd, nourish'd, and did vow 180

To make him deathless, and yet never grow

Crooked, or worn with age, his whole life long.
 But since no reason may be made so strong
 To strive with Jove's will, or to make it vain,
 No not if all the other Gods should strain 185
 Their pow'rs against it, let his will be law,
 So he afford him fit means to withdraw,
 As he commands him, to the raging main. "
 But means from me he never shall obtain,
 For my means yield nor men, nor ship, nor oars 190
 To set him off from my so envied shores.
 But if my counsel and good will can aid
 His safe pass home, my best shall be assay'd."

"Vouchsafe it so," said heav'n's ambassador,
 "And deign it quickly. By all means abhor 195
 T' incense Jove's wrath against thee, that with grace
 He may hereafter all thy wish embrace."

Thus took the Argus-killing God his wings.
 And since the rev'rend Nymph these awful things
 Receiv'd from Jove, she to Ulysses went; 200
 Whom she ashore found, drown'd in discontent,
 His eyes kept never dry he did so mourn,
 And waste his dear age for his wish'd return;
 Which still without the cave he us'd to do,
 Because he could not please the Goddess so. 205
 At night yet, forc'd, together took their rest,
 The willing Goddess and th' unwilling Guest;
 But he all day in rocks, and on the shore,
 The vex'd sea view'd, and did his fate deplore.
 Him, now, the Goddess coming near bespake: 210

"Unhappy man, no more discomfort take
 For my constraint of thee, nor waste thine age,
 I now will passing freely disengage

Thy irksome stay here. Come then, fell thee wood,
And build a ship, to save thee from the flood. 215
I'll furnish thee with fresh wave, bread, and wine
Ruddy and sweet, that will the piner pine,
Put garments on thee, give thee winds foreright,
'That ev'ry way thy home-bent appetite
May safe attain to it; if so it please 220
At all parts all the heav'n-hous'd Deities,
That more in pow'r are, more in skill, than I,
And more can judge what fits humanity."

He stood amaz'd at this strange change in her,
And said: "O Goddess! Thy intents prefer 225
Some other project than my parting hence,
Commanding things of too high consequence
For my performance, that myself should build
A ship of pow'r, my home-assays to shield
Against the great sea of such dread to pass; 230
Which not the best-built ship that ever was
Will pass exulting, when such winds, as Jove
Can thunder up, their trims and tacklings prove.
But could I build one, I would ne'er aboard,
Thy will oppos'd, nor, won, without thy word, 235
Giv'n in the great oath of the Gods to me,
Not to beguile me in the least degree."

The Goddess smil'd, held hard his hand, and said:
"O y' are a shrewd one, and so habited
In taking heed thou know'st not what it is 240
To be unwary, nor use words amiss.
How hast thou charm'd me, were I ne'er so sly!
Let earth know then, and heav'n, so broad, so high,
And th' under-sunk waves of th' infernal stream,

(Which is an oath, as terribly supreme, 245
As any God swears) that I had no thought
But stood 'with what I spake, nor would have wrought,
Nor counsell'd, any act against thy good ;
But ever diligently weigh'd, and stood
On those points in persuading thee, that I 250
Would use myself in such extremity.
For my mind simple is, and innocent,
Not giv'n by cruel sleights to circumvent,
Nor bear I in my breast a heart of steel,
But with the sufferer willing sufferance feel." 255
This said, the Grace of Goddesses led home,
He trac'd her steps ; and, to the cavern come,
In that rich throne, whence Mercury arose,
He sat. The Nymph herself did then appose,
For food and bev'rage, to him all best meat 260
And drink, that mortals use to taste and eat.
Then sat she opposite, and for her feast
Was nectar and ambrosia addrest
By handmaids to her. Both, what was prepar'd,
Did freely fall to. Having fitly far'd, 265
The Nymph Calypso this discourse began :
"Jove-bred Ulysses ! Many-witted man !
Still is thy home so wish'd ? So soon, away ?
Be still of cheer, for all the worst I say.
But, if thy soul know what a sum of woes, 270
For thee to cast up, thy stern Fates impose,
Ere to thy country earth thy hopes attain,
Undoubtedly thy choice would here remain,
Keep house with me, and be a liver ever.
Which, methinks, should thy house and thee dis sever,
Though for thy wife there thou art set on fire, 275

And all thy days are spent in her desire ;
And though it be no boast in me to say
In form and mind I match her ev'ry way.
Nor can it fit a mortal dame's compare, 280
T' affect those terms with us that deathless are."

The great-in-counsels made her this reply :
" Renown'd, and to be rev'renc'd, Deity !
Let it not move thee, that so much I vow
My comforts to my wife ; though well I know 285
All cause myself why wise Penelope
In wit is far inferior to thee,
In feature, stature, all the parts of show,
She being a mortal, an immortal thou,
Old ever growing, and yet never old. 290
Yet her desire shall all my days see told,
Adding the sight of my returning day,
And natural home. If any God shall lay
His hand upon me as I pass the seas,
I'll bear the worst of what his hand shall please, 295
As having giv'n me such a mind as shall
The more still rise the more his hand lets fall.
In wars and waves my suff'rings were not small.
I now have suff'ered much, as much before,
Hereafter let as much result, and more." 300

This said, the sun set, and earth shadows gave ;
When these two (in an in-room of the cave,
Left to themselves) left love no rites undone.
The early Morn up, up he rose, put on
His in and out weed. She herself enchaces 305
Amidst a white robe, full of all the Graces,
Ample, and pleated thick like fishy scales ;
A golden girdle, then her waist impales

Her head a veil decks ; and abroad they come.
And now began Ulysses to go home. 310

A great axe first she gave, that two ways cut,
In which a fair well-polish'd helm was put,
That from an olive bough receiv'd his frame.
A plainer then. Then led she, till they came
To lofty woods that did the isle confine. 315
The fir-tree, poplar, and heav'n-scaling pine,
Had there their offspring. Of which, those that were
Of driest matter, and grew longest there,
He choos'd for lighter sail. This place thus shown,
The Nymph turn'd home. He fell to felling down, 320
And twenty trees he stoop'd in little space,
Plain'd, used his plumb, did all with artful grace.
In mean time did Calypso wimbles bring.
He bor'd, clos'd, nail'd, and order'd ev'ry thing,
And look how much a ship-wright will allow 325
A ship of burden (one that best doth know
What fits his art) so large a keel he cast,
Wrought up her decks, and latches, side-boards, mast,
With willow watlings arm'd her to resist
The billows' outrage, added all she miss'd, 330
Sail-yards, and stern forguide. The Nymph then brought
Linen for sails, which with dispatch he wrought,
Gables, and halsters, tacklings. All the frame
In four days' space to full perfection came.

³¹⁴ *Plainer*—i. e. a plane, that which makes *plain*, smooth.
So in 322.

³²³ *Wimbles*—gimlets, boring tools.

³³⁰ *Miss'd*—wanted, required.

³³² *Gables and halsters*—cables and hawsers.

³³⁴ This four days' work (you will say) is too much for one man : and Pliny affirms, that Hiero (a king of Sicily) in five-and-forty days built two hundred and twenty ships, rigged them, and put to sea with them.—CHAPMAN.

The fifth day, they dismiss'd him from the shore, 335
 Weeds neat, and odorous, gave him, victuals store,
 Wine, and strong waters, and a prosp'rous wind,
 To which, Ulysses, fit-to-be-divin'd,
 His sails expos'd, and hoiséd. Off he gat;
 And cheerful was he. At the stern he sat, 340
 And steer'd right artfully. Nor sleep could seize
 His eye-lids. He beheld the Pleiades;
 The Bear, surnam'd the Wain, that round doth move
 About Orion, and keeps still above
 The billowy ocean; the slow-setting star 345
 Bootes call'd, by some the Waggoner.

Calypso warn'd him he his course should steer
 Still to his left hand. Seventeen days did clear
 The cloudy night's command in his moist way,
 And by the eighteenth light he might display 350
 The shady hills of the Phæacian shore,
 For which, as to his next abode, he bore.
 The country did a pretty figure yield,
 And look'd from off the dark seas like a shield.

Imperious Neptune, making his retreat 355
 From th' Æthiopian earth, and taking seat
 Upon the mountains of the Solymi,
 From thence, far off discov'ring, did descry
 Ulysses his fields ploughing. All on fire
 The sight straight set his heart, and made desire 360
 Of wreak run over, it did boil so high.
 When, his head nodding, "O impiety,"
 He'cried out, "now the Gods' inconstancy
 Is most apparent, alt'ring their designs

Since I the Æthiops saw, and here confines 865
 To this Ulysses' fate his misery.
 The great mark, on which all his hopes rely,
 Lies in Phæacia. But I hope he shall
 Feel woe at height, ere that dead calm befall."
 This said ; he, begging, gather'd clouds from land, 870
 Frighted the seas up, snatch'd into his hand
 His horrid trident, and aloft did toss,
 Of all the winds, all storms he could engross,
 All earth took into sea with clouds, grim Night
 Fell tumbling headlong from the cope of light, 875
 The East and South winds justled in the air,
 The violent Zephyr, and North making-fair,
 Roll'd up the waves before them. And then bent
 Ulysses' knees, then all his spirit was spent.
 In which despair, he thus spake : " Woe is me ! " 880
 What was I born to, man of misery !
 Fear tells me now, that, all the Goddess said,
 Truth's self will author, that Fate would be paid
 Grief's whole sum due from me, at sea, before
 I reach'd the dear touch of my country's shore. 885
 With what clouds Jove heav'n's heighten'd forehead
 binds !
 How tyrannize the wraths of all the winds !
 How all the tops he bottoms with the deeps,
 And in the bottoms all the tops he steeps !
 Thus dreadful is the presence of our death. 890
 Thrice four times blest were they that sunk beneath
 Their fates at Troy, and did to nought contend
 But to renown Atrides with their end !

⁸⁶⁵ *Confines*—Puts an end to.

⁸⁷⁰ *Zivaryelpw*—*Mendicando colligo*.—CHAPMAN.

I would to God, my hour of death and fate
 That day had held the pow'r to terminate, 395
 When show'rs of darts my life bore undepress'd
 About divine *Æacides* deceas'd !
 Then had I been allotted to have died,
 By all the Greeks with fun'erals glorified,
 (Whence death, encouraging good life, had grown) 400
 Where now I die, by no man mourn'd nor known."

This spoke, a huge wave took him by the head,
 And hurl'd him o'er board ; ship and all it laid
 Inverted quite amidst the waves, but he
 Far off from her sprawl'd, strow'd about the sea, 405
 His stern still holding broken off, his mast
 Burst in the midst, so horrible a blast
 Of mix'd winds struck it. Sails and sail-yards fell
 Amongst the billows ; and himself did dwell
 A long time under water, nor could get 410
 In haste his head out, wave with wave so met
 In his depression ; and his garments too,
 Giv'n by *Calypso*, gave him much to do,
 Hind'ring his swimming , yet he left not so
 His drench'd vessel, for the overthrow 415
 Of her nor him, but gat at length again,
 Wrastling with *Neptune*, hold of her ; and then
 Sat in her bulk, insulting over death,
 Which, with the salt stream prest to stop his breath,
 He 'scap'd, and gave the sea again to give 420
 To other men. His ship so striv'd to live,
 Floating at random, cuff'd from wave to wave.
 As you have seen the North wind when he drave

⁴¹⁰ *Prest*—ready.

⁴²⁰ *Random*—the old and etymological spelling.

In autumn heaps of thorn-fed grasshoppers
 Hither and thither, one heap this way bears, 425
 Another that, and makes them often meet
 In his confus'd gales ; so Ulysses' fleet
 The winds hurl'd up and down ; now Boreas
 Toss'd it to Notus, Notus gave it pass
 To Eurus, Eurus Zephyr made pursue 430
 The horrid tennis. This sport call'd the view
 Of Cadmus' daughter, with the narrow heel,
 Ino Leucothea, that first did feel
 A mortal dame's desires, and had a tongue,
 But now had th' honour to be nam'd among 435
 'The marine Godheads. She with pity saw
 Ulysses justled thus from flaw to flaw,
 And, like a cormorant in form and flight,
 Rose from a whirl-pool, on the ship did light,
 And thus bespake him : " Why is Neptune thus 440
 In thy pursuit extremely furious,
 Oppressing thee with such a world of ill,
 Ev'n to thy death ? He must not serve his will,
 Though 'tis his study. Let me then advise
 As my thoughts serve ; thou shall not be unwise 445
 To leave thy weeds and ship to the commands
 Of these rude winds, and work out with thy hands
 Pass to Phæacia, where thy austere Fate
 Is to pursue thee with no more such hate.
 Take here this tablet, with this riband strung, 450
 And see it still about thy bosom hung ;
 By whose eternal virtue never fear
 To suffer thus again, nor perish here.
 But when thou touchest with thy hand the shore,
 Then take it from thy neck, nor wear it more, 455

But cast it far off from the continent,
And then thy person far ashore present."

Thus gave she him the tablet ; and again,
Turn'd to a cormorant, div'd, past sight, the main.

Patient Ulysses sigh'd at this, and stuck 460

In the conceit of such fair-spoken luck,
And said : " Alas ! I must suspect ev'n this,
Lest any other of the Deities

Add sleight to Neptune's force, to counsel me
To leave my vessel, and so far off see 465

The shore I aim at. Not with thoughts too clear
Will I obey her, but to me appear

These counsels best : As long as I perceive
My ship not quite dissolv'd, I will not leave
The help she may afford me, but able, 470

And suffer all woos till the worst be tried.

When she is split, I'll swim. No miracle can,
Past near and clear means, move a knowing man."

While this discourse employ'd him, Neptune rais'd
A huge, a high, and horrid sea, that seiz'd 475

Him and his ship, and toss'd them through the lake.

As when the violent winds together take
Heaps of dry chaff, and hurl them ev'ry way ;
So his long wood-stack Neptune strook astray.

Then did Ulysses mount on rib, perforce, 480

Like to a rider of a running horse,
To stay himself a time, while he might shift
His drench'd weeds, that were Calypso's gift.

When putting straight Leucothea's amulet
About his neck, he all his forces set 485

To swim, and cast him prostrate to the seas.

When pow'ful Neptune saw the ruthless prease

Of perils siege him thus, he mov'd his head,
And this betwixt him and his heart he said :

“ So, now feel ill's enow, and struggle so, 400
Till to your Jove-lov'd islanders you row.
But my mind says, you will not so avoid
This last task too, but be with suff'rance cloy'd.”

This said, his rich-man'd horse he mov'd, and reach'd
His house at Ægas. But Minerva fetch'd 405

The winds from sea, and all then ways but one
Barr'd to their passage ; the bleak North alone
She set to blow, the rest she charg'd to keep
Their rages in, and bind themselves in sleep.
But Boieas still flew high to break the seas, 500
Till Jove-bred Ithacus the more with ease

The navigation skill'd Phæacian states
Might make his refuge, Death and angry Fates
At length escaping. Two nights, yet, and days
He spent in wrastling with the sable seas ; 505
In which space, often did his heart propose

Death to his eyes. But when Aurora rose,
And threw the third light from her orient hair,
The winds grew calm, and clear was all the air,
Not one breath stirring. Then he might descry, 510
Rais'd by the high seas, clear, the land was nigh.

And then, look how to good sons that esteem
Their father's life dear, (after pains extreme,
Felt in some sickness, that hath held him long
Down to his bed, and with affections strong 515
Wasted his body, made his life his load,
As being inflicted by some angry God)

When on their pray'rs they see descend at length
Health from the heav'ns, clad all in spirit and strength,

The sight is precious ; so, since here should end 520
 Ulysses' toils, which therein should extend
 Health to his country, held to him his sire,
 And on which long for him disease did tire,
 And then, besides, for his own sake to see
 The shores, the woods so near, such joy had he, 525
 As the good sons for their recover'd sire.
 Then labour'd feet and all parts to aspire
 To that wish'd continent ; which when as near
 He came, as Clamour might inform an ear,
 He heard a sound beat from the sea-bred rocks, 530
 Against which gave a huge sea horrid shocks,
 That belch'd upon the firm land weeds and foam,
 With which were all things hid there, where no room
 Of fit capacity was for any port,
 Nor from the sea for any man's resort, 535
 The shores, the rocks, the cliffs, so prominent were.
 "O," said Ulysses then, "now Jupiter
 Hath giv'n me sight of an unhop'd for shore,
 Though I have wrought these seas so long, so sore.
 Of rest yet no place shows the splendrest prints, 540
 The rugged shore so bristled is with flints,
 Against which ev'ry way the waves so flock,
 And all the shore shows as one eminent rock,
 So near which 'tis so deep, that not a sand
 Is there for any tir'd foot to stand, 545
 Nor fly his death-fast-following miseries,
 Lest, if he land, upon him foreright flies
 A churlish wave, to crush him 'gainst a cliff,
 Worse than vain rend'ring all his landing strife.
 And should I swim to seek a hav'n elsewhere. 550
 Or land less way-beat, I may justly fear

I shall be taken with a gale again,
 And cast a huge way off into the main ;
 And there the great Earth-shaker (having seen
 My so near landing, and again his spleen 555
 Forcing me to him) will some whale send out,
 (Of which a horrid number here about
 His Amphitrite breed,) to swallow me.
 I will have prov'd, with what malignity
 He treads my steps." While this discourse he held, 560
 A curs'd surge 'gainst a cutting rock impell'd
 His naked body, which it gash'd and tore,
 And had his bones broke, if but one sea more
 Had cast him on it. But She prompted him,
 That never fail'd, and bade him no more swim 565
 Still off and on, but boldly force the shore,
 And hug the rock that him so rudely tore ;
 Which he with both hands sigh'd and clasp'd, till past
 The billow's rage was ; when 'scap'd, back so fast
 The rock repuls'd it, that it left his hold, 570
 Sucking him from it, and far back he roll'd
 And as the polypus that (forc'd from home
 Amidst the soft sea, and near rough land come
 For shelter 'gainst the storms that beat on her
 At open sea, as she abroad doth err) 575
 A deal of gravel, and sharp little stones,
 Needfully gathers in her hollow bones ;
 So he forc'd hither by the sharper ill,
 Shunning the smother, where he best hop'd, still
 The worst succeeded ; for the cruel friend, 580
 To which he cling'd for succour, off did rend
 From his broad hands the soaken flesh so sore
 That off he fell, and could sustain no more.

Quite under water fell he ; and, past fate,
 Hapless Ulysses there had lost the state 585
 He held in life, if, still the grey-eyed Maid
 His wisdom prompting, he had not assay'd
 Another course, and ceas'd t' attempt that shore,
 Swimming, and casting round his eye t' explore
 Some other shelter. Then the mouth he found 590
 Of fair Callicoe's flood, whose shores were crown'd
 With most apt succours ; rocks so smooth they seem'd
 Polish'd of purpose ; land that quite redeem'd
 With breathless coverts th' others' blasted shores.
 The flood he knew, and thus in heart implores : 595
 " King of this river, hear ! Whatever name
 Makes thee invok'd, to thee I humbly frame
 My flight from Neptune's furies. Rev'rend is
 To all the ever-living Deities
 What erring man soever seeks their aid. 600
 To thy both flood and knees a man dismay'd
 With varied suff'rance sues. Yield then some rest
 To him that is thy suppliant profest."
 This, though but spoke in thought, the Godhead heard,
 Her current straight stay'd, and her thick waves clear'd
 Before him, smooth'd her waters, and, just where 605
 He pray'd half-drown'd, entirely sav'd him there.

Then forth he came, his both knees falt'ring, both
 His strong hands hanging down, and all with froth
 His cheeks and nostrils flowing, voice and breath 610
 Spent to all use, and down he sunk to death.
 The sea had soak'd his heart through ; all his veins

⁶⁰¹ *Callicoe's flood.*—The original is simply *ποταμοῖο κατὰ στόμα καλλιρόιο*, at the *mouth of a fair-flowing river*. I presume Chapman meant the epithet for the name of the river, calling it *Callirrhoe*, not *Callicoe*, as it is printed in the folio.

His toils had rack'd t' a labouring woman's pains.
 Dead weary was he. But when breath did find
 A pass reciprocal, and in his mind 615
 His spirit was recollected, up he rose,
 And from his neck did th' amulet unloose,
 That Ino gave him ; which he hurl'd from him
 To sea. It sounding fell, and back did swim
 With th' ebbing waters, till it straight arriv'd 620
 Where Ino's fair hand it again receiv'd.
 Then kiss'd he th' humble earth ; and on he goes,
 Till bulrushes show'd place for his repose,
 Where laid, he sigh'd, and thus said to his soul :
 " O me, what strange perplexities control 625
 The whole skill of thy pow'rs in this event !
 What feel I ? If till care-nurse night be spent
 I watch amidst the flood, the sea's chill breath,
 And vegetant dews, I fear will be my death,
 So low brought with my labours. Towards day 630
 A passing sharp air ever breathes at sea.
 If I the pitch of this next mountain scale,
 And shady wood, and in some thicket fall
 Into the hands of Sleep, though there the cold
 May well be check'd, and healthful slumbers hold 635
 Her sweet hand on my pow'rs, all care allay'd,
 Yet there will beasts devour me. Best appaid
 Doth that course make me yet ; for there, some strife,
 Strength, and my spirit, may make me make for life ;
 Which, though impair'd, may yet be fresh applied ; 640
 Where peril possible of escape is tried.
 But he that fights with heav'n, or with the sea,

615 ὁδὸς of ὁδὸς & partu doleo.—CHAPMAN. It is hardly
 necessary to observe that Chapman's fanciful derivation is
 wrong, ὁδὸς being the imperfect of ὁδῶ, *tumeb.*

To indiscretion adds impiety."

Thus to the woods he hasted ; which he found
 Not far from sea, but on far-seeing ground, 645
 Where two twin underwoods he enter'd on,
 With olive-trees and oil-trees overgrown ;
 Through which the moist force of the loud-voic'd wind
 Did never beat, nor ever Phœbus shin'd,
 Nor show'r beat through, they grew so one in one, 650
 And had, by turns, their pow'r t' exclude the sun.
 Here enter'd our Ulysses ; and a bed
 Of leaves huge, and of huge abundance, spread
 With all his speed. Large he made it, for there
 For two or three men ample cov'rings were, 655
 Such as might shield them from the winter's worst,
 Though steel it breath'd, and blew as it would burst.

Patient Ulysses joy'd, that ever day
 Show'd such a shelter. In the midst he lay,
 Store of leaves heaping high on ev'ry side. 660
 And as in some out-field a man doth hide
 A kindled brand, to keep the seed of fire,
 No neighbour dwelling near, and his desire
 Serv'd with self store, he else would ask of none,
 But of his fore-spent sparks rakes th' ashes on ; 665
 So this out-place Ulysses thus receives,
 And thus nak'd virtue's seed lies hid in leaves.
 Yet Pallas made him sleep as soon as men
 Whom delicacies all their flatt'ries deign,
 And all that all his labours could comprise 670
 Quickly concluded in his clos'd eyes.

⁶⁶⁷ A metaphorical hyperbole, expressing the winter's extremity of sharpness.—CHAPMAN.



THE SIXTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

MINERVA in a vision stands
Before Nausicaa ; and commands
She to the flood her weeds should bear,
For now her nuptial day was near.
Nausicaa her charge obeys,
And then with other virgins plays.
Their sports make wak'd Ulysses rise,
Walk to them, and beseech supplies
Of food and clothes. His naked sight
Puts th' other maids, afraid, to flight ;
Nausicaa only boldly stays,
And gladly his desire obeys.
He, furnish'd with her favours shown,
Attends her and the rest to town.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Ζῆτα. Here olive leaves
T' hide shame began.
The maid receives
The naked man.



HE much-sustaining, patient, heav'nly
man,
Whom Toil and Sleep had worn so weak
and wan,

³Τῆν τε καὶ καμᾶν ἀρημένος. *Somno et labore afflictus*
Sleep (καταχρηστικῶς) for the want of sleep.

Thus won his rest. In mean space Pallas went
 To the Phæacian city, and descent
 That first did broad Hyperia's lands divide, 5
 Near the vast Cyclops, men of monstrous pride,
 That prey'd on those Hyperians, since they were
 Of greater pow'r ; and therefore longer there
 Divine Nausithous dwelt not, but arose,
 And did for Scheria all his pow'rs dispose, 10
 Far from ingenious art-inventing men ;
 But there did he erect a city then,
 First drew a wall round, then he houses builds,
 And then a temple to the Gods, the fields
 Lastly dividing. But he, stoop'd by Fate, 15
 Div'd to th' infernals ; and Alcinous sate
 In his command, a man the Gods did teach
 Commanding counsels. His house held the reach
 Of grey Minerva's project, to provide
 That great-soul'd Ithacus might be supplied 20
 With all things fitting his return. She went
 Up to the chamber, where the fair descent
 Of great Alcinous slept ; a maid, whose parts
 In wit and beauty wore divine deserts.
 Well-deck'd her chamber was ; of which the door 25
 Did seem to lighten, such a gloss it bore
 Betwixt the posts, and now flew ope to find
 The Goddess entry. Like a puf of wind
 She reach'd the virgin bed ; near which there lay
 Two maids, to whom the Graces did convey 30
 Figure and manners. But above the head
 Of bright Nausicaa did Pallas tread
 The subtle air, and put the person on

Of Dymas' daughter, from comparison
 Exempt in business naval. Like his seal 35
 Minerva look'd now ; whom one year did breed
 With bright Nausicaa, and who had gain'd
 Grace in her love, yet on her thus complain'd :

“ Nausicaa ! Why bred thy mother one
 So negligent in rites so stood upon 40
 By other virgins ? Thy fair garments lie
 Neglected by thee, yet thy nuptials nigh ;
 When rich in all attire both thou shouldst be,
 And garments give to others honouring thee,
 That lead thee to the temple. Thy good name 45
 Grows amongst men for these things ; they inflame
 Father and rev'rend mother with delight.
 Come, when the Day takes any wink from Night,
 Let's to the river, and repurify
 Thy wedding garments. My society 50
 Shall freely serve thee for thy speedier aid,
 Because thou shalt no more stand on the maid.
 The best of all Phæacia woo thy grace,
 Where thou wert bred, and ow'st thyself a race.
 Up, and stir up to thee thy honour'd sire, 55
 To give thee mules and coach, thee and thy tire,
 Veils, girdles, mantles, early to the flood
 To bear in state. It suits thy high-born blood,
 And far more fits thee, than to foot so far,
 For far from town thou know'st the bath-founts are.” 60

This said, away blue-eyed Minerva went
 Up to Olympus, the firm continent

³⁴ *From comparison exempt, &c.*—unrivalled in naval business.

³⁵ *Intending Dymas' daughter.*—CHAPMAN.

³⁶ *Stand on the maid*—i. e. remain unmarried.

That bears in endless being the Deified kind,
 That's neither sous'd with show'rs, nor shook with wind,
 Nor chill'd with snow, but where Serenity flies 65
 Exempt from clouds, and ever-beamy skies
 Circle the glitt'ring hill, and all their days
 Give the delights of bless'd Deity praise.
 And hither Pallas flew, and left the maid,
 When she had all that might excite her said. 70
 Straight rose the lovely Morn, that up did raise
 Fair-veil'd Nausicaa, whose dream her praise
 To admiration took ; who no time spent
 To give the rapture of her vision vent
 To her lov'd parents, whom she found within. 75
 Her mother set at fire, who had to spin
 A rock, whose tincture with sea-purple shin'd ;
 Her maids about her. But she chanc'd to find
 Her father going abroad, to council call'd
 By his grave Senate. And to him exhal'd 80
 Her smother'd bosom was : " Lov'd sire," said she,
 " Will you not now command a coach for me,
 Stately and complete, fit for me to bear
 To wash at flood the weeds I cannot wear
 Before repurified ? Yourself it fits 85
 To wear fair weeds, as ev'ry man that sits

⁷⁷ A rock—a distaff. Here it would seem the wool on the distaff.

⁸¹ This familiar and near wanton carriage of Nausicaa to her father, join'd with that virgin modesty expressed in her after, is much praised by the gravest of Homer's expositors ; with her father's loving allowance of it, knowing her shamefastness and judgment would not let her exceed at any part. Which note is here inserted, not as if this were more worthy the observation than other every-where strewed flowers of precept, but because this more generally pleasing subject may perhaps find more fitness for the stay of most readers.

CHAPMAN

In place of council. And five sons you have,
 Two wed, three bachelors, that must be brave
 In ev'ry day's shift, that they may go dance ;
 For these three last with these things must advance ⁹⁰
 Their states in marriage, and who else but I,
 Their sister, should their dancing rights supply ?"

This gen'ral cause she show'd, and would not name
 Her mind of nuptials to her sire, for shame.
 He understood her yet, and thus replied : ⁹⁵
 "Daughter ! nor these, nor any grace beside,
 I either will deny thee, or defer,
 Mules, nor a coach, of state and circular,
 Fitting at all parts. Go, my servants shall
 Serve thy desires, and thy command in all." ¹⁰⁰

The servants then commanded soon obey'd,
 Fetch'd coach, and mules join'd in it. Then the Maid
 Brought from the chamber her rich weeds, and laid
 All up in coach ; in which her mother plac'd
 A maund of victuals, varied well in taste, ¹⁰⁵
 And other junkets. Wine she likewise fill'd
 Within a goat-skin bottle, and distill'd
 Sweet and moist oil into a golden cruse,
 Both for her daughter's and her handmaid's, use,
 To soften their bright bodies, when they rose ¹¹⁰
 Cleans'd from their cold baths. Up to coach then goes
 Th' observ'd Maid, takes both the scourge and reins,
 And to her side her handmaid straight attains.
 Nor these alone, but other virgins, grac'd

¹⁰⁵ *Maund*—basket. (Anglo-Sax.) Still in use in Devon shire.

¹⁰⁶ *Junkets*—sweetmeats. Properly *juncate*, a cheesecake, or cream-cheese, from the Ital. *giuncata*, cheese so called because pressed and brought to market on *rushes* (*giunco*, Latin *juncus*, a rush).

The nuptial chariot. The whole bevy plac'd, 115
 Nausicaa scourg'd to make the coach-mules run,
 That neigh'd, and pac'd their usual speed, and soon
 Both maids and weeds brought to the river-side,
 Where baths for all the year their use supplied,
 Whose waters were so pure they would not stain, 120
 But still ran fair forth, and did more remain
 Apt to purge stains, for that purg'd stain within,
 Which by the water's pure store was not seen.

These, here arriv'd, the mules uncoach'd, and drave 125
 Up to the gulfy river's shore, that gave
 Sweet grass to them. The maids from coach then
 . took

Their clothes, and steep'd them in the sable brook ;
 Then put them into springs, and trod them clean
 With cleanly feet ; adventuring wagers then,
 Who should have soonest and most cleanly done. 130
 When having thoroughly cleans'd, they spread them on
 The flood's shore, all in order. And then, where
 The waves the pebbles wash'd, and ground was clear,
 They bath'd themselves, and all with glitt'ring oil
 Smooth'd their white skins ; refreshing then their toil
 With pleasant dinner, by the river-side ; 136
 Yet still watch'd when the sun their clothes had dried.
 Till which time, having din'd, Nausicaa
 With other virgins did at stool-ball play,
 Their shoulder-reaching head-tires laying by. 140
 Nausicaa, with the wrists of ivory,

¹¹⁵ *Bevy*—company. Generally applied to quails, as *covey* to partridges. It is a common word, and abundantly illustrated in Todd's Johnson.

¹³⁰ *Stool-ball*—Dr. Johnson tells us is a game where balls are driven from stool to stool. See however Strutt and Brand.

The liking stroke struck, singing first a song,
 As custom order'd, and amidst the throng
 Made such a show, and so past all was seen,
 As when the chaste-born, arrow-loving, Queen, 145
 Along the mountains gliding, either over
 Spartan Taygetus, whose tops far discover,
 Or Eurymanthus, in the wild boar's chace,
 Or swift-hov'd hart, and with her Jove's fair race,
 The field Nymphs, sporting ; amongst whom, to see
 How far Diana had priority, 151
 Though all were fair, for fairness yet of all,
 As both by head and forehead being more tall,
 Latona triumph'd, since the dullest sight
 Might eas'ly judge whom her pains brought to light ;
 Nausicaa so, whom never husband tam'd, 156
 Above them all in all the beauties flam'd.
 But when they now made homewards, and array'd,
 Ord'ring their weeds disorder'd as they play'd,
 Mules and coach ready, then Minerva thought 160
 What means to wake Ulysses might be wrought,
 That he might see this lovely-sighted maid,
 Whom she intended should become his aid,
 Bring him to town, and his return advance.
 Her mean was this, though thought a stool-ball chance :
 The Queen now, for the upstroke, struck the ball 166
 Quite wide off th' other maids, and made it fall
 Amidst the whirlpools. At which out shriek'd all,
 And with the shriek did wise Ulysses wake ;

¹⁴⁵ *Swift-hov'd*—with swift feet, *hooves*, or *hoofs*.

¹⁶⁶ The piety and wisdom of the Poet was such, that (agreeing with the Sacred Letter) not the least of things he makes come to pass *sine Numinis providentiâ*. As Spondanus well notes of him.—CHAPMAN.

Who, sitting up, was doubtful who should make 170
 That sudden outcry, and in mind thus striv'd :
 " On what a people am I now arriv'd ?
 At civil hospitable men, that fear
 The Gods ? Or dwell injurious mortals here ?
 Unjust, and churlish ? Like the female cry 175
 Of youth it sounds. What are they ? Nymphs bred high
 On tops of hills, or in the founts of floods,
 In herby marshes, or in leafy woods ?
 Or are they high-spoke men I now am near ?
 I'll prove, and sec." With this, the wary peer 180
 Crept forth the thicket, and an olive bough
 Broke with his broad hand, which he did bestow
 In covert of his nakedness, and then
 Put hasty head out. Look how from his den
 A mountain lion looks, that, all embrued 185
 With drops of trees, and weather-beaten-hued,
 Bold of his strength, goes on, and in his eye
 A burning furnace glows, all bent to prey
 On sheep, or oxen, or the upland hart,
 His belly charging him, and he must part 190
 Stakes with the herdsman in his beasts' attempt,
 Ev'n where from rape their strengths are most exempt ;
 So wet, so weather-beat, so stung with need,
 Ev'n to the home-fields of the country's breed
 Ulysses was to force forth his access, 195
 Though merely naked ; and his sight did press
 The eyes of soft-hair'd virgins. Horrid was
 His rough appearance to them ; the hard pass
 He had at sea stuck by him. All in flight
 The virgins scatter'd, frighted with this sight, 200

196 *Merely*—entirely. A common sense.

About the prominent windings of the flood.
 All but Nausicaa fled ; but she fast stood,
 Pallas had put a boldness in her breast,
 And in her fair limbs tender fear comprest.
 And still she stood him, as resolv'd to know 205
 What man he was, or out of what should grow
 His strange repair to them. And here was he
 Put to his wisdom ; if her virgin knee
 He should be bold, but kneeling, to embrace ;
 Or keep aloof, and try with words of grace, 210
 In humblest supplicance, if he might obtain
 Some cover for his nakedness, and gain
 Her grace to show and guide him to the town.
 The last he best thought, to be worth his own,
 In weighing both well ; to keep still aloof, 215
 And give with soft words his desires their proof,
 Lest, pressing so near as to touch her knee,
 He might incense her maiden modesty.
 This fair and fil'd speech then shew'd this was he :
 " Let me beseech, O queen, this truth of thee,
 Are you of mortal, or the deified, race ? 221
 If of the Gods, that th' ample heav'ns embrace,
 I can resemble you to none above
 So near as to the chaste-born birth of Jove,
 The beamy Cynthia. Her you full present, 225
 In grace of ev'ry God-like lineament,
 Her goodly magnitude, and all th' address
 You promise of her very perfectness.
 If sprung of humans, that inhabit earth,
 Thrice blest are both the authors of your birth, 230

215 *Fil'd*—filed, smooth, polished. This was a frequent expression as applied to speech.

Thrice blest your brothers, that in your deserts
Must, ev'n to rapture, bear delighted hearts,
To see, so like the first trim of a tree,
Your form adorn a dance. But most blest he,
Of all that breathe, that hath the gift t' engage 235
Your bright neck in the yoke of marriage,
And deck his house with your commanding merit.
I have not seen a man of so much spirit,
Nor man, nor woman, I did ever see,
At all parts equal to the parts in thee. 240
T' enjoy your sight, doth admiration seize
My eyes, and apprehensive faculties.
Lately in Delos (with a charge of men
Arriv'd, that render'd me most wretched then,
Now making me thus naked) I beheld 245
The burthen of a palm, whose issue swell'd
About Apollo's fane, and that put on
A grace like thee; for Earth had never none
Of all her sylvan issue so adorn'd.
Into amaze my very soul was turn'd, 250
To give it observation; as now thee
To view, O virgin, a stupidity
Past admiration strikes me, join'd with fear
To do a suppliant's due, and press so near,
As to embrace thy knees. Nor is it strange, 255
For one of fresh and firmest spirit would change
T' embrace so bright an object. But, for me,
A cruel habit of calamity
Præpar'd the strong impression thou hast made;
For this last day did fly night's twentieth shade 260

²³³ *Stupidity*—stupor, astonishment.

Since I, at length, escap'd the sable seas ;
When in the mean time th' unrelenting prease
Of waves and stern storms toss'd me up and down,
From th' isle Ogygia. And now God hath thrown
My wrack on this shore, that perhaps I may 26
My mis'ries vary here ; for yet their stay,
I fear, Heav'n hath not order'd, though, before
These late afflictions, it hath lent me store.
O queen, deign pity then, since first to you
My fate importunes my distress to vow. 270
No other dame, nor man, that this Earth own,
And neighbour city, I have seen or known.
The town then show me ; give my nakedness
Some shroud to shelter it, if to these sens
Linen or woollen you have brought to cleanse. 275
God give you, in requital, all th' amends
Your heart can wish, a husband, family,
And good agreement. Nought beneath the sky
More sweet, more worthy is, than firm consent
Of man and wife in household government. 280
It joys their wishers-well, their enemies wounds,
But to themselves the special good redounds."
She answer'd : " Stranger ! I discern in thee
Nor sloth, nor folly, reigns ; and yet I see
Th' art poor and wretched. In which I conclude, 285
That industry nor wisdom make endued
Men with those gifts that make them best to th' eye ;
Jove only orders man's felicity.
To good and bad his pleasure fashions still
The whole proportion of their good and ill. 290
And he, perhaps, hath form'd this plight in thee,
Of which thou must be patient, as he free.

But after all thy wand'rings, since thy way,
 Both to our earth, and near our city, lay,
 As being expos'd to our cares to relieve, 295
 Weeds, and what else a human hand should give
 To one so suppliant and tam'd with woe,
 Thou shalt not want. Our city I will show,
 And tell our people's name : This neighbour town,
 And all this kingdom, the Phæacians own. 300
 And (since thou seem'dst so fain to know my birth,
 And mad'st a question, if of heav'n or earth,)
 This earth hath bred me ; and my father's name
 Alcinous is, that in the pow'r and frame
 Of this isle's rule is supereminent." 305

Thus, passing him, she to the virgins went,
 And said : " Give stay both to your feet and fright.
 Why thus disperse ye for a man's mere sight ?
 Esteem you him a Cyclop, that long since 310
 Made use to prey upon our citizens ?
 This man no moist man is, (nor wat'rish thing,
 That's ever flitting, ever ravishing
 All it can compass ; and, like it, doth range
 In rape of women, never stay'd in change).
 This man is truly manly, wise, and stay'd, 315
 In soul more rich the more to sense decay'd,
 Who nor will do, nor suffer to be done,
 Acts lewd and abject ; nor can such a one

³¹¹ Διεπὸς βροτός. *Oui vitalis vel sensualis humiditas inest.* βροτός ἂν πῶ, ut dicatur quasi βροτός, i. e. ὁ ἐν βοῇ ὢν, quod nihil nil magis fluxum quam homo.—CHAPMAN.

³¹⁵ Ἀνὴρ τίρili animo πρæditus, fortis, magnanimus. Nor are those affirmed to be men, qui servile quidpiam et abjectum faciunt, vel, facere sustinent : according to this of Herodotus in Polym. πολλοὶ μὲν ἀνθρώποι εἰεν, ὀλίγοι δὲ ἀνδρες. Many men's forms sustain, but few are men.—CHAPMAN.

Greet the Phæacians with a mind envious,
 Dear to the Gods they are, and he is pious, 320
 Besides, divided from the world we are,
 The out-part of it, billows circular
 The sea revolving round about our shore ;
 Nor is there any man that enters more
 Than our own countrymen, with what is brought 325
 From other countries. This man minding nought
 But his relief, a poor unhappy wretch,
 Wrack'd here, and hath no other land to fetch,
 Him now we must provide for. From Jove come
 All strangers, and the needy of a home, 330
 Who any gift, though ne'er so small it be,
 Esteem as great, and take it gratefully.
 And therefore, virgins, give the stranger food,
 And wine ; and see ye bathe him in the flood,
 Near to some shore to shelter most inclin'd. 335
To cold-bath-bathers hurtful is the wind,
 Not only rugged making th' outward skin,
 But by his thin pow'rs pierceth parts within.

This said, their flight in a return they set,
 And did Ulysses with all grace entreat, 340
 Show'd him a shore, wind-proof, and full of shade,
 By him a shirt and utter mantle laid,
 A golden jug of liquid oil did add,
 Bad wash, and all things as Nausicaa bad.

Divine Ulysses would not use their aid ; 345
 But thus bespake them : " Ev'ry lovely maid,

339 According to another translator :

" *Ab Jove nam supplex pauper procedit et hospes,
 Res brevis, at chara est, magni quoque muneris, instar.*"
 Which I cite to show his good when he keeps him to the
 original, and near in any degree expounds it. —CHAPMAN.

Let me entreat to stand a little by,
 That I, alone, the fresh flood may apply
 To cleanse my bosom of the sea-wrought brine,
 And then use oil, which long time did not shine 350
 On my poor shoulders. I'll not wash in sight
 Of fair-hair'd maidens. I should blush outright,
 To bath^e all-bare by such a virgin light."

They mov'd, and mus'd a man had so much grace,
 And told their mistress what a man he was. 355

He cleans'd his broad soil'd shoulders, back, and head
 Yet never tam'd, but now had foam and weed
 Knit in the fair curls. Which dissolv'd, and he
 Slick'd all with sweet oil, the sweet charity
 The untouch'd virgin show'd in his attire 360
 He cloth'd him with. Then Pallas put a fire,
 More than before, into his sparkling eyes,
 His late soil set off with his soon fresh guise.
 His locks, cleans'd, curl'd the more, and match'd, in pow'r
 To please an eye, the hyacinthian flow'r. 365

And as a workman, that can well combine
 Silver and gold, and make both strive to shine,
 As being by Vulcan, and Minerva too,
 Taught how far either may be urg'd to go
 In strife of eminence, when work sets forth 370
 A worthy soul to bodies of such worth,

³⁴⁷ He taught their youths modesty by his aged judgment. As receiving the custom of maids then used to that entertainment of men, notwithstanding the modesty of that age, could not be corrupted inwardly for those outward kind observations of guests and strangers, and was therefore privileged. It is easy to avoid show; and those, that most curiously avoid the outward construction, are ever most tainted with the inward corruption.—CHAPMAN.

³⁶⁹ *Slick'd*—sleeked, made smooth.

No thought reproving th' act, in any place,
 Nor Art no debt to Nature's liveliest grace ;
 So Pallas wrought in him a grace as great
 From head to shoulders, and ashore did seat 375
 His goodly presence. To which such a guise
 He show'd in going, that it ravish'd eyes.
 All which continued, as he sat apart,
 Nausicaa's eye struck wonder through her heart,
 Who thus bespake her consorts : " Hear me, you 380
 Fair-wristed virgins ! This rare man, I know,
 Treads not our country-earth, against the will
 Of some God thronéd on th' Olympian hill.
 He show'd to me, till now, not worth the note,
 But now he looks as he had godhead got. 385
 I would to heav'n my husband were no worse,
 And would be call'd no better, but the course
 Of other husbands pleas'd to dwell out here.
 Observe and serve him with our utmost cheer."

She said, they heard and did. He drunk and eat
 Like to a harpy, having touch'd no meat 391
 A long before time. But Nausicaa now
 Thought of the more grace she did lately vow,
 Had horse to chariot join'd, and up she rose,
 Up cheer'd her guest, and said : " Guest, now dispose
 Yourself for town, that I may let you see 395
 My father's court, where all the peers will be
 Of our Phæacian state. At all parts, then,
 Observe to whom and what place y' are t' attain ;
 Though I need usher you with no advice, 400
 Since I suppose you absolutely wise.
 While we the fields pass, and men's labours there,
 So long, in these maids' guides, directly bear

Upon my chariot (I must go before
 For cause that after comes, to which this more 405
 Be my induction) you shall then soon end
 Your way to town, whose tow'rs you see ascend
 To such a steepness. On whose either side
 A fair port stands, to which is nothing wide
 An ent'rer's passage; on whose both hands ride 410
 Ships in fair harbours; which once past, you win
 The goodly market-place (that circles in
 A fane to Neptune, built of curious stone,
 And passing ample) where munition,
 Gables, and masts, men make, and polish'd oars; 115
 For the Phæacians are not conquerors
 By bows nor quivers; oars, masts, ships they are
 With which they plough the sea, and wage their war.
 And now the cause comes why I lead the way,
 Not taking you to coach: The men, that sway 120
 In work of those tools that so fit our state,
 Are rude mechanicals, that rare and late
 Work in the market-place; and those are they
 Whose bitter tongues I shun, who straight would say
 (For these vile vulgars are extremely proud, 125
 And foully-linguag'd) 'What is he, allow'd
 To coach it with Nausicaa, so large set,
 And fairly fashion'd? Where were these two met?
 He shall be sure her husband. She hath been
 Gadding in some place, and, of foreign men 130
 Fitting her fancy, kindly brought him home

⁴⁰⁷ The city's description so far forth as may in part, induce her promised reason, why she took not Ulysses to coach with her. —CHAPMAN.

⁴¹⁵ *Gables*—cables.

⁴²³ *Rare*—early. Still in use in the West of England.

In her own ship. He must, of force, be come
 From some far region ; we have no such man.
 It may be, praying hard, when her heart ran
 On some wish'd husband, out of heav'n some God 435
 Dropp'd in her lap ; and there lies she at road
 Her complete life time. But, in sooth, if she,
 Ranging abroad, a husband, such as he
 Whom now we saw, laid hand on, she was wise,
 For none of all our nobles are of prize 440
 Enough for her ; he must beyond sea come,
 That wins her high mind, and will have her home
 Of our peers many have importun'd her,
 Yet she will none.' Thus these folks will confer
 Behind my back ; or, meeting, to my face 445
 The foul-mouth rout dare put home this disgrace
 And this would be reproaches to my fame,
 For, ev'n myself just anger would inflame,
 If any other virgin I should see,
 Her parents living, keep the company 450
 Of any man to any end of love,
 Till open nuptials should her act approve.
 And therefore hear me, guest, and take such way,
 That you yourself may compass, in your stay,
 Your quick deduction by my father's grace, 455
 And means to reach the root of all your race.

We shall, not far out of our way to town,
 A never-fell'd grove find, that poplars crown,
 To Pallas sacred, where a fountain flows,
 And round about the grove a meadow grows, 460
 In which my father holds a manor-house,
 Deck'd all with orchards, green, and odorous,

435 *Lies at road*—i. e. is mired.

As far from town as one may hear a shout. -
 There stay, and rest your foot-pains, till full out
 We reach the city ; where, when you may guess 466
 We are arriv'd, and enter our access
 Within my father's court, then put you on
 For our Phæacian state, where, to be shown
 My father's house, desire. Each infant there
 Can bring you to it ; and yourself will clear 470
 Distinguish it from others, for no shows
 The city-buildings make compar'd with those
 That king Alcinous' seat doth celebrate.
 In whose roofs, and the court (where men of state,
 And suitors sit and stay) when you shall hide, 475
 Straight pass it, ent'ring further, where abide
 My mother, with her withdrawn housewif'ries,
 Who still sits in the fire-shine, and applies
 Her rock, all-purple, and of pompous show,
 Her chair plac'd 'gainst a pillar, all-a-row 480
 Her maids behind her set ; and to her here
 My father's dining-throne looks, seated where
 He pours his choice of wine in, like a God.
 This view once past, for th' end of your abode,
 Address suit to my mother, that her mean 485
 May make the day of your redition seen,
 And you may frolic straight, though far away
 You are in distance from your wish'd stay.
 For, if she once be won to wish you well,
 Your hope may instantly your passport seal, 490
 And thenceforth sure abide to see your friends,
 Fair house, and all to which your heart contends."

This said, she us'd her shining scourge, and lash'd

479 *Rock*—distaff.

486 *Redition*—(Lat.) return.

Her mules, that soon the shore left where she wash'd,
 And, knowing well the way, their pace was fleet, ⁴⁹⁵
 And thick they gather'd up their nimble feet.
 Which yet she temper'd so, and us'd her scourge
 With so much skill, as not to over-urge
 The foot behind, and make them straggle so
 From close society. Firm together go ⁵⁰⁰
 Ulysses and her maids. And now⁴ the sun
 Sunk to the waters, when they all had won
 The never-fell'd, and sound-exciting, wood,
 Sacred to Pallas; where the god-like good
 Ulysses rested, and to Pallas pray'd: ⁵⁰⁵

“Hear me, of goat-kept Jove th' unconquer'd Maid!
 Now thoroughly hear me, since, in all the time
 Of all my wrack, my pray'rs could never climb
 Thy far-off ears; when noisy Neptune toss'd
 Upon his watry bristles my emboss'd ⁵¹⁰
 And rock-torn body. Hear yet now, and deign
 I may of the Phæacian state obtain
 Pity, and grace.” Thus pray'd he, and she heard,
 By no means yet, expos'd to sight, appear'd,
 For fear t' offend her uncle, the supreme ⁵¹⁵
 Of all the Sea-Gods, whose wrath still extreme
 Stood to Ulysses, and would never cease,
 Till with his country shore he crown'd his peace.

⁴⁹⁷ Not without some little note of our omnisufficient Homer's general touch of the least fitness lying in his way, may this courtly discretion he describes in Nausicaa be observed, if you please. —CHAPMAN.

⁵⁰⁶ More of our Poet's curious and sweet piety. —CHAPMAN.

⁵¹⁰ *Emboss'd*—covered with foam. Chapman here uses a hunting term. When the deer foamed at the mouth from fatigue, it was said to be *embossed*.



THE SEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

NAUSICAA arrives at town ;
And then Ulysses. He makes known
His suit to Arete ; who view
Takes of his vesture, which she know,
And asks him from whose hands it came.
He tells, with all the hapless frame
Of his affairs in all the while
Since he forsook Calypso's isle.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

'Hra. The honour'd minds,
And welcome things,
Ulysses finds
In Scheria's kings.



CHUS pray'd the wise and God-observing
man.
The Maid, by free force of her palfreys,
wall
Access to town, and the renowned court
Reach'd of her father ; where, within the port,
She stay'd her coach, and round about her came
Her brothers, made as of immortal frame,

Who yet disdain'd not, for her love, mean deeds,
 But took from coach her mules, brought in her weeds.
 And she ascends her chamber; where purvey'd
 A quick fire was by her old chamber maid, 10
 Eurymedusa, th' Aperæan born,
 And brought by sea from Apera t' adorn
 The court of great Alcinous, because
 He gave to all the blest Phæacians laws,
 And, like a heav'n-born pow'r in speech, acquir'd 15
 The people's ears. To one then so admir'd,
 Eurymedusa was esteem'd no worse
 Than worth the gift; yet now, grow old, was nurse
 To ivory-arm'd Nausicaa, gave heat
 To all her fires, and dress'd her privy meat. 20

Then rose Ulysses, and made way to town;
 Which ere he reach'd, a mighty mist was thrown
 By Pallas round about him, in her care,
 Lest, in the sway of envies popular,
 Some proud Phæacian might foal language pass, 25
 Justle him up, and ask him what he was.

Ent'ring the lovely town yet, through the cloud
 Pallas appear'd, and like a young wench show'd
 Bearing a pitcher, stood before him so
 As if objected purposely to know 30
 What there he needed; whom he question'd thus:

"Know you not, daughter, where Alcinous,
 That rules this town, dwells? I, a poor distrest
 Mere stranger here, know none I may request
 To make this court known to me." She replied: 35

"Strange father, I will see you satisfied

** Hæc fuit illius sæculi simplicitas: nam vel fraternus quoque amor tantus fuit, ut libentes hanc redeunti charissimæ sorori operam præstiterint. Spond.—CHAPMAN.*

In that request. My father dwells just by
 The house you seek for ; but go silently,
 Nor ask, nor speak to any other, I
 Shall be enough to show your way. The men 40
 'That here inhabit do not entertain
 With ready kindness strangers, of what worth
 Or state soever, nor have taken forth
 Lessons of civil usage or respect
 To men beyond them. They, upon their pow'rs 45
 Of swift ships building, top the watry tow'rs,
 And Jove hath giv'n them ships, for sails so wrought,
 They cut a feather, and command a thought."

'Thus said, she usher'd him, and after he
 Trod in the swift steps of the Deity. 50
 The free-sail'd seamen could not get a sight
 Of our Ulysses yet, though he forthright
 Both by their houses and their persons past,
 Pallas about him such a darkness cast
 By her divine pow'r, and her rev'rend care, 55
 She would not give the town-born cause to stare.

He wonder'd, as he past, to see the ports ;
 The shipping in them ; and for all resorts
 The goodly market-steads ; and aisles beside
 For the heroes ; walls so large and wide ; 60
 Rampires so high, and of such strength withall,
 It would with wonder any eye appall.

At last they reach'd the court, and Pallas said :
 "Now, honour'd stranger, I will see obey'd

⁴⁸ Νῆες ὠκείαι ὥσπερ πτερόν τῃ νόημα, *naves veloces veluti penna, atque cogitatio.*—CHAPMAN.

⁵⁰ *Market-steads*—The composition *stead* meant place, thus *girdle-stead, gorget-stead, navel-stead, home-stead.* All which frequently occur in Chapman. *Aisles*—walks, *alleys.*

Your will, to show our ruler's house ; 'tis here ; 65
 Where you shall find kings celebrating cheer.
 Enter amongst them, nor admit a fear.
More bold a man is, he prevails the more,
Though man nor place he ever saw before.

You first shall find the queen in court, whose name
 Is Arete, of parents born the same 71
 That was the king her spouse ; their pedigree
 I can report. The great Earth-shaker, he
 Of Peribœa (that her sex out-shone,
 And youngest daughter was t' Eurymedon, 75
 Who of th' unmeasur'd-minded giants sway'd
 Th' imperial sceptre, and the pride allay'd
 Of men so impious with cold death, and died
 Himself soon after) got the magnified
 In mind, Nausithous ; whom the kingdom's state 80
 First held in supreme rule. Nausithous gat
 Rhexenor, and Alcinous, now king.
 Rhexenor (whose seed did no male fruit spring,
 And whom the silver-bow-giac'd Phœbus slew
 Young in the court) his shed blood did renew 85
 In only Arete, who now is spouse
 To him that rules the kingdom in this house,
 And is her uncle King Alcinous,
 Who honours her past equal. She may boast
 More honour of him than the honour'd most 90
 Of any wife in earth can of her lord,
 How many more soever realms afford,

⁷⁹ For the more perspicuity of this pedigree, I have here set down the diagram, as Spondanus hath it Neptune begat Nausithous of Peribœa. By Nausithous, Rhexenor, Alcinous were begot. By Rhexenor, Arete, the wife of her uncle Alcinous.—CHAPMAN.

⁸⁰ The honour of Arete (or virtue) alleg.—CHAPMAN.

That keep house under husbands. Yet no more
 Her husband honours her, than her blest store
 Of gracious children. All the city cast 95
 Eyes on her as a Goddess, and give taste
 Of their affections to her in their pray'rs,
 Still as she decks the streets ; for, all affairs
 Wrapt in contention, she dissolves to men.
 Whom she affects, she wants no mind to deign 100
 Goodness enough. If her heart stand inclin'd
 To your despatch, hope all you wish to find,
 Your friends, your longing family, and all
 That can 'within your most affections fall."

This said, away the grey-eyed Goddess flow 105
 Along th' untan'd sea, left the lovely hue
 Scheria presented, out-flew Marathon,
 And ample-streeted Athens lighted on ;
 Where to the house, that casts so thick a shade,
 Of Erechtheus she ingression made. 110

Ulysses to the lofty builded court
 Of king Alcinous made bold resort ;
 Yet in his heart cast many a thought, before
 The brazen pavement of the rich court bore
 His enter'd person. Like heav'n's two main lights,
 The rooms illustrated both days and nights. 116
 On ev'ry side stood firm a wall of brass,
 Ev'n from the threshold to the inmost pass,
 Which bore a roof up that all-sapphire was.
 The brazen thresholds both sides did enfold 120
 Silver pilasters, hung with gates of gold ;
 Whose portal was of silver ; over which
 A golden cornice did the front enrich.

100 *Casts so thick a shade*—*πυκινὸς σπινθήρ*.—CHAPMAN.

On each side, dogs, of gold and silver fram'd,
 The house's guard stood ; which the Deity lam'd 125
 With knowing inwards had inspir'd, and made
 That death nor age should their estates invade.

Along the wall stood ev'ry way a throne,
 From th' entry to the lobby, ev'ry one
 Cast over with a rich-wrought cloth of state. 130
 Beneath which the Phæacian princes sate
 At wine and food, and feasted all the year.
 Youths forg'd of gold, at ev'ry table there,
 Stood holding flaming torches, that, in night,
 Gave through the house each honour'd guest his light.

And, to encounter feast with housewifry, 135
 In one room fifty women did apply
 Their sev'ral tasks. Some apple-colour'd corn
 Ground in fair querns, and some did spindles turn,
 Some work in looms ; no hand least rest receives, 140
 But all had motion, apt as aspen leaves.
 And from the weeds they wove, so fast they laid,
 And so thick thrust together thread by thread,
 That th' oil, of which the wool had drunk his fill,
 Did with his moisture in light dewa distill. 145

As much as the Phæacian men excell'd
 All other countrymen in art to build
 A swift-sail'd ship ; so much the women there,
 For work of webs, past other women were.
 Past mean, by Pallas' means, they understood 150
 The grace of good works ; and had wits as good.

Without the hall, and close upon the gate,
 A goodly orchard-ground was situate,

¹²⁵ *Deity lam'd*—i.e. Vulcan.

¹³⁹ *Querns*—hand-mills. (Anglo-Sax. *weorn*.)

Of near ten acres ; about which was led
A lofty quickset. In it flourishéd 155
High and broad fruit trees, that pomegranates bore,
Sweet figs, pears, olives ; and a number more
Most useful plants did there produce their store,
Whose fruits the hardest winter could not kill,
Nor hottest summer wither. There was still 160
Fruit in his proper season all the year.
Sweet Zephyr breath'd upon them blasts that were
Of varied tempers. These he made to bear
Ripe fruits, these blossoms. Pear grew after pear,
Apple succeeded apple, grape the grape, 165
Fig after fig came ; time made never rape
Of any dainty there. A spritely vine
Spread here his root, whose fruit a hot sunshine
Made ripe betimes ; here grew another green.
Here some were gath'ring, here some pressing, seen.
A large-allotted sev'ral each fruit had ; 171
And all th' adorn'd grounds their appearance made
In flow'r and fruit, at which the king did aim
To the precisest order he could claim.

Two fountains grac'd the garden ; of which, one 175
Pour'd out a winding stream that over-run
The grounds for their use chiefly, th' other went
Close by the lofty palace gate, and lent
The city his sweet benefit. And thus
The Gods the court deck'd of Alcinous. 180

Patient Ulysses stood awhile at gaze,
But, having all observ'd, made instant pace
Into the court ; where all the peers he found,
And captains of Phæacia, with cups-crown'd

Off'ring to sharp-eyed Hermes, to whom last 195
 They us'd to sacrifice, when sleep had cast
 His inclination through their thoughts. But these
 Ulysses pass'd, and forth went ; nor their eyes
 Took note of him, for Pallas stopp'd the light
 With mists about him, that, unstay'd, he might 190
 First to Alcinous, and Arete,
 Present his person ; and, of both them, she,
 By Pallas' counsel, was to have the grace
 Of foremost greeting. Therefore his embrace
 He cast about her knee. And then off flew 195
 The heav'nly air that hid him. When his view,
 With silence and with admiration strook
 The court quite through ; but thus he silence broke :
 " Divine Rhexenor's offspring, Arete,
 To thy most honour'd husband, and to thee, 200
 A man whom many labours have distress
 Is come for comfort, and to ev'ry guest.
 To all whom heav'n vouchsafe delightful lives,
 And after to your issue that survives
 A good resignation of the goods ye leave, 205
 With all the honour that yourselves receive
 Amongst your people. Only this of me
 Is the ambition ; that I may but see
 (By your vouchsaf'd means, and betimes vouchsaf'd)
 My country-earth ; since I have long been left 210
 To labours, and to errors, barr'd from end,
 And far from benefit of any friend."

He said no more, but left them dumb with that,
 Went to the hearth, and in the ashes sat,

Aside the fire. At last their silence brake, 215
 And Echinëus, th' old heroe, spake ;
 A man that all Phæacians pass'd in years,
 And in persuasive eloquence all the peers,
 Knew much, and us'd it well ; and thus spake he :

“ Alcinous ! It shews not decently, 220
 Nor doth your honour what you see admit,
 That this your guest should thus abjectly sit,
 His chair the earth, the hearth his cushion,
 Ashes as it appos'd for food. A throne,
 Adorn'd with due rites, stands you more in hand 225
 To see his person plac'd in, and command
 That instantly your heralds fill-in wine,
 That to the God that doth in lightnings shine
 We may do sacrifice ; for he is there,
 Where these his rev'rend suppliants appear. 230
 Let what you have within be brought abroad,
 To sup the stranger. All these would have show'd
 This fit respect to him, but that they stay
 For your precedence, that should grace the way.”

When this had added to the well-inclin'd 235
 And sacred order of Alcinous' mind,
 Then of the great-in-wit the hand he seis'd,
 And from the ashes his fair person rais'd,
 Advanc'd him to a well-adorn'd throne,
 And from his seat rais'd his most lov'd son, 240
 Laodamas, that next himself was set,
 To give him place. The handmaid then did get
 An ewer of gold, with water fill'd, which plac'd
 Upon a caldron, all with silver grac'd,
 She pour'd out on their hands. And then was spread
 A table, which the butler set with bread, 245

As others serv'd with other food the board,
 In all the choice the present could afford.
 Ulysses meat and wine took ; and then thus
 The king the herald call'd : " Pontonous ! 250
 Serve wine through all the house, that all may pay
 Rites to the Lightner, who is still in way
 With humble suppliants, and them pursues
 With all benign and hospitable dues."

Pontonous gave act to all he will'd, 255
 And honey-sweetness-giving-minds wine fill'd,
 Disposing it in cups for all to drink.
 All having drunk what either's heart could think
 Fit for due sacrifice, Alcinous said :
 " Hear me, ye dukes that the Phæacians lead, 260
 And you our counsellors, that I may now
 Discharge the charge my mind suggests to you,
 For this our guest: Feast past, and this night's sleep,
 Next morn, our senate summon'd, we will keep
 Justs, sacred to the Gods, and this our guest 265
 Receive in solemn court with fitting feast ;
 Then think of his return, that, under hand
 Of our deduction, his natural land
 (Without more toil or care, and with delight,
 And that soon giv'n him, how far hence dissite 270
 Soever it can be) he may ascend ;
 And in the mean time without wrong attend,
 Or other want, fit means to that ascent.

What, after, austere Fates shall make th' event

²⁵⁰ The word that bears this long epithet is translated only *dulce* : which signifies more. *Μελίχρορα οἶνον ἐκίρνα Vinum quod mellea dulcedine animum perfundit, et oblectat.* CHAPMAN.

²⁶⁵ Justs—games, tournaments. (French *jou-te.*)

²⁷⁰ Dissite—distant, sundered apart.

²⁷⁵ Ascent to his country's shore. CHAPMAN.

Of his life's thread, now spinning, and began 275
 When his pain'd mother freed his root of man,
 He must endure in all kinds. If some God
 Perhaps abides with us in his abode,
 And other things will think upon than we,
 The Gods' wills stand, who ever yet were free 280
 Of their appearance to us, when to them
 We offer'd hecatombs of fit esteem,
 And would at least sit with us, ev'n where we
 Order'd our session. They would likewise be
 Encount'ers of us, when in way alone 285
 About his fit affairs went any one.
 Nor let them cloak themselves in any care
 To do us comfort, we as near them are,
 As were the Cyclops, or the impious race
 Of earthy giants, that would heav'n outface." 290

Ulysses answer'd ; " Let some other doubt
 Employ your thoughts than what your words give out,
 Which intimate a kind of doubt that I
 Should shadow in this shape a Deity.

²⁹⁰ Eustathius will have this comparison of the Phœacians with the Giants and Cyclops to proceed out of the inveterate virulency of Antinous to the Cyclops, who were cause (as is before said) of their remove from their country ; and with great endeavour labours the approbation of it ; but (under his peace) from the purpose : for the sense of the Poet is clear, that the Cyclops and Giants being in part the issue of the Gods, and yet afterward their defiers, (as Polyp. hereafter dares profess) Antinous (out of bold and manly reason, even to the face of one that might have been a God, for the past manly appearance he made there) would tell him, and the rest in him, that if they graced those Cyclops with their open appearance, that, though descended from them, durst yet deny them, they might much more do them the honour of their open presence that adored them.—CHAPMAN.

I bear no such least semblance, or in wit, 305
 Virtue, or person. What may well befit
 One of those mortals, whom you chiefly know
 Bears up and down the burthen of the woe
 Appropriate to poor man, give that to me ;
 Of whose moans I sit in the most degree, 310
 And might say more, sustaining griefs that all
 The Gods consent to ; no one 'twixt their fall
 And my unpitied shoulders letting down
 The least diversion. Be the grace then shown,
 To let me taste your free-giv'n food in peace. 315
Through greatest grief the belly must have ease ;
Worse than an envious belly nothing is.
 It will command his strict necessities,
 Of men most griev'd in body or in mind,
 That are in health, and will not give their kind 320
 A desp'rate wound. When most with cause I grieve,
 It bids me still, Eat, man, and drink, and live ;
 And this makes all forgot. Whatever ill
 I ever bear, it ever bids me fill.
 But this ease is but forc'd, and will not last, 325
 Till what the mind likes be as well embrac'd ;
 And therefore let me wish you would partake
 In your late purpose ; when the morn shall make
 Her next appearance, deign me but the grace,
 Unhappy man, that I may once embrace 330
 My country-earth. Though I be still thrust at
 By ancient ills, yet make me but see that.
 And then let life go, when withal I see
 My high-roof'd large house, lands, and family."
 This all approv'd ; and each will'd ev'ry one, 335
 Since he hath said so fairly, set him gone.

Feast past and sacrifice, to sleep all vow
Their eyes at either's house. Ulysses now
Was left here with Alcinous, and his Queen,
The all-lov'd Arete. The handmaids then 330
The vessel of the banquet took away.
When Arete set eye on his array ;
Knew both his out and under weed, which she
Made with her maids ; and mus'd by what means he
Obtain'd their wearing ; which she made request 335
To know, and wings gave to these speeches : " Guest !
First let me ask, what, and from whence you are ?
And then, who grac'd you with the weeds you wear ?
Said you not lately, you had err'd at seas,
And thence arriv'd here ? " Laertiades 340
To this thus answer'd : " 'Tis a pain, O Queen,
Still to be op'ning wounds wrought deep, and green,
Of which the Gods have open'd store in me ;
Yet your will must be serv'd. Far hence, at sea,
There lies an isle, that bears Ogygia's name, 345
Where Atlas' daughter, the ingenious dame,
Fair-hair'd Calypso lives ; a Goddess grave,
And with whom men nor Gods society have ;
Yet I, past man unhappy, liv'd alone,
By Heav'n's wrath forc'd, her house-companion. 350
For Jove had with a fervent lightning cleft
My ship in twain, and far at black sea left
Me and my soldiers ; all whose lives I lost.
I in mine arms the keel took, and was tost
Nine days together up from wave to wave. 355
The tenth grim night, the angry Deities drave
Me and my wrack on th' isle, in which doth dwell
Dreadful Calypso, who exactly well

Receiv'd and nourish'd me, and promise made
 To make me deathless, nor should age invade 360
 My pow'rs with his deserts through all my days.
 All mov'd not me, and therefore, on her stays,
 Sev'n years she made me lie ; and there spent I
 The long time, steeping in the misery
 Of ceaseless tears the garments I did wear, 365
 From her fair hand. The eighth revolv'd year
 (Or by her chang'd mind, or by charge of Jove)
 She gave provok'd way to my wish'd remove,
 And in a many-jointed ship, with wine
 Dainty in savour, bread, and weeds divine, 370
 Sign'd, with a harmless and sweet wind, my pass.
 Then sev'nteen days at sea I homeward was,
 And by the eighteenth the dark hills appear'd
 That your earth thrusts up. Much my heart was
 cheer'd,
 Unhappy man, for that was but a beam, 375
 To show I yet had agonies extreme
 To put in suff'rance, which th' Earth-shaker sent,
 Crossing my way with tempests violent,
 Unmeasur'd seas up-lifting, nor would give
 The billows leave to let my vessel live 380
 The least time quiet, that ev'n sigh'd to bear
 Their bitter outrage, which, at last, did tear
 Her sides in pieces, set on by the winds.
 I yet through-swum the waves that your shore binds,
 Till wind and water threw me up to it ; 385
 When, coming forth, a ruthless billow smit
 Against huge rocks, and an accessless shore,
 My mangl'd body. Back again I bore,
³⁸² On her stays—by her staying mo.

And swum till I was fall'n upon a flood,
 Whose shores, methought, on good advantage stood
 For my receipt, rock-free, and fenc'd from wind ; 391
 And this I put for, gath'ring up my mind.
 Then the divine night came, and treading earth,
 Close by the flood that had from Jove her birth,
 Within a thicket I repos'd ; when round 395
 I ruffled up fall'n leaves in heap ; and found,
 Let fall from heav'n, a sleep interminate.
 And here my heart, long time excruciate,
 Amongst the leaves I rested all that night,
 Ev'n till the morning and meridian light. 400
 The sun declining then, delightful sleep
 No longer laid my temples in his steep,
 But forth I went, and on the shore might see
 Your daughter's maids play. Like a Deity
 She shin'd above them ; and I pray'd to her, 405
 And she in disposition did prefer
 Noblesse, and wisdom, no more low than night
 Become the goodness of a Goddess' height.
 Nor would you therefore hope, suppos'd distrest
 As I was then, and old, to find the least 410
 Of any grace from her, being younger far.
With young folks Wisdom makes her commerce rare.
 Yet she in all abundance did bestow
 Both wine, that makes the blood in humans grow,
 And food, and bath'd me in the flood, and gave 415
 The weeds to me which now ye see me have.
 This through my griefs I tell you, and 'tis true."
 Alcinous answer'd : " Guest ! my daughter knew

Least of what most you give her ; nor became
The course she took, to let with ev'ry dame 420
Your person lackey ; nor hath with them brought
Yourself home too ; which first you had besought."

"O blame her not," said he, "heroical lord,
Nor let me hear against her worth a word.
She faultless is, and wish'd I would have gone 425
With all her women home, but I alone
Would venture my receipt here, having fear
And rev'rend awe of accidents that were
Of likely issue ; both your wrath to move,
And to inflame the common people's love 430
Of speaking ill, to which they soon give place.
We men are all a most suspicious race."

"My guest," said he, "I use not to be stirr'd
To wrath too rashly ; and where are preferr'd
To men's conceits things that may both ways fail, 435
The noblest ever should the most prevail.
Would Jove our Father, Pallas, and the Sun,
That, were you still as now, and could but run
One fate with me, you would my daughter wed,
And be my son-in-law, still vow'd to lead 440
Your rest of life here ! I a house would give,
And household goods, so freely you would live,
Confin'd with us. But 'gainst your will shall none
Contain you here, since that were violence done
To Jove our Father. For your passage home, 445
That you may well know we can overcome
So great a voyage, thus it shall succeed :
To-morrow shall our men take all their heed,
While you securely sleep, to see the seas
In calmest temper, and, if that will please, 450

Show you your country and your house ere night,
Though far beyond Eubœa be that sight.
And this Eubœa, as our subjects say
That have been there and seen, is far away,
Farthest from us of all the parts they know ; 455
And made the trial when they help'd to row
The gold-lock'd Rhadamanth, to give him view
Of earth-born Titus ; whom their speeds did show
In that far-off Eubœa, the same day
They set from hence ; and home made good their way
With ease again, and him they did convey. 461
Which I report to you, to let you see
How swift my ships are, and how matchlessly
My young Phæacians with their oars prevail,
To beat the sea through, and assist a sail." 465

This cheer'd Ulysses, who in private pray'd :
" I would to Jove our Father, what he said,
He could perform at all parts ; he should then
Be glor'ied for ever, and I gain
My natural country." This discourse they had ; 470
When fair-arm'd Arete her handmaids baul
A bed make in the portico, and ply
With clothes, the cov'ring tapestry,
The blankets purple ; well-napp'd waistcoats too,
To wear for more warmth. What these had to do, 475
They torches took and did. The bed purvey'd,
They mov'd Ulysses for his rest, and said :

" Come guest, your bed is fit, now frame to rest."
Motion of sleep was gracious to their guest ;
Which now he took profoundly, being laid 480
Within a loop-hole tow'r, where was convey'd

The sounding portico. The King took rest
 In a retir'd part of the house ; where drest
 The Queen her self a bed, and trundlebed,
 And by her lord repos'd her rev'rend head.

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⁴⁸⁴ *Trundle-bed*—this was the same as *truckle-bed*, a small, low bedstead, moving on wheels or castors, which ran in under the principal bed. The allusions to the *trundle-bed* are numerous in old writers. Bp. Hall, in his Satires, says, one of the conditions prescribed to a humble chaplain and tutor in an esquire's family was,

“First that he lie upon the *truckle-bed*,
 While his young maister lieth o'er his head.”

Warton says, in the Statutes of Corpus Christi Coll. Oxford. given in 1516, the Scholars are ordered to sleep respectively under the beds of the Fellows in a *truckle-bed*, or small bed shifted about on wheels. Similar curious injunctions are given in the Statutes of Magdalen and Trinity Colleges. In an old comedy, “The Return from Parnassus,” acted at Cambridge in 1606, Amoretto says, “When I was in Cambridge, and lay in a *trundle-bed* under my tutor.”—Act II. sc. 6. It was generally appropriated to a servant or attendant.



THE EIGHTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Peers of the Phæacian State
A Council call, to console
Ulysses with all means for home.
The Council to a banquet come,
Invited by the King. Which done,
Assays for hurling of the stone
The youths make with the stranger-king.
Demodocus, at feast, doth sing
Th' adult'ry of the God of Arms
With Her that rules in amorous charms ;
And after sings the entercourse
Of acts about th' Epæan horse.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Θῆρα. The council's frame
At fleet applied.
In strifes of game
Ulysses tried.



OW when the rosy-finger'd Morn arose,
The sacred pow'r Alcinous did dispose
Did likewise rise ; and, like him, left his
ease

The city-razer Laertiades.

The Council at the navy was design'd ;
To which Alcinous, with the sacred mind,

Came first of all. On polish'd stones they sate,
 Near to the navy. To increase the state,
 Minerva took the herald's form on her,
 That serv'd Alcinous, studious to prefer 10
 Ulysses' suit for home. About the town
 She made quick way, and fill'd with the renown
 Of that design the ears of ev'ry man,
 Proclaiming thus : "Peers Phæacensian !
 And Men of Council, all haste to the court, 15
 To hear the stranger that made late resort
 To King Alcinous, long time lost at sea,
 And is in person like a Deity."

This all their pow'rs set up, and spirit instill'd,
 And straight the court and seats with men were fill'd.
 The whole state wonder'd at Lacertes' son, 20
 When they beheld him. Pallas put him on
 A supernatural and heav'nly dress,
 Enlarg'd him with a height, and goodliness
 In breast and shoulders, that he might appear 25
 Gracious, and grave, and reverend, and bear
 A perfect hand on his performance there
 In all the trials they resolv'd t' impose.

All met, and gather'd in attention close,
 Alcinous thus bespake them : "Dukes, and lords, 30
 Hear me digest my hearty thoughts in words.
 This stranger here, whose travels found my court,
 I know not, nor can tell if his resort
 From East or West comes ; but his suit is this :
 That to his country-earth we would dismiss 35
 His hither-forc'd person, and doth bear
 The mind to pass it under ev'ry peer ;

To pass it under every peer, &c.—desires to lay it before every peer, for his assistance, advice, &c.

Whom I prepare, and stir up, making known
 My free desire of his deduction.
 Nor shall there ever any other man 40
 That tries the goodness Phæacensian
 In me, and my court's entertainment, stay,
 Mourning for passage, under least delay.
 Come then, a ship into the sacred seas,
 New-built, now launch we ; and from out our prease 45
 Choose two-and-fifty youths, of all, the best
 To use an oar. All which see straight imprest,
 And in their oar-bound seats. Let others hie
 Home to our court, commanding instantly
 The solemn preparation of a feast, 50
 In which provision may for any guest
 Be-made at my charge. Charge of these low things
 I give our youth. You, sceptre-bearing kings,
 Consort me home, and help with grace to use
 This guest of ours : no one man shall refuse. 55
 Some other of you haste, and call to us
 The sacred singer, grave Demodocus,
 To whom hath God giv'n song that can excite
 The heart of whom he listeth with delight.
 This said, he led. The sceptre-bearers lent 60
 Their free attendance ; and with all speed went
 The herald for the sacred man-in-song.
 Youths two-and-fifty, chosen from the throng,
 Went, as was will'd, to the untam'd sea's shore ;
 Where come, they launch'd the ship, the mast it bore
 Advanc'd, sails hois'd, ev'ry seat his oar 66
 Gave with a leather thong. The deep moist then
 They further reach'd. The dry streets flow'd with men,

²² Deduction—conveyance home. See *infra*, 202.

That troop'd up to the king's capacious court,
 Whose porticos were chok'd with the resort, 70
 Whose walls were hung with men, young, old, thrust
 there

In mighty concourse ; for whose promis'd cheer
 Alcinous slew twelve sheep, eight white-tooth'd swine,
 Two crook-haunch'd beeves ; which flay'd and dress'd,
 divine

The show was of so many a jocund guest, 75
 All set together at so set a feast.

To whose accomplish'd state the herald then
 The lovely singer led ; who past all mean
 The Muse affected, gave him good, and ill,
 His eyes put out, but put in soul at will. 80

His place was giv'n him in a chair all grac'd
 With silver studs, and 'gainst a pillar plac'd ;
 Where, as the centre to the state, he rests,
 And round about the circle of the guests.

The herald on a pin above his head 85
 His soundful harp hung, to whose height he led
 His hand for taking of it down at will,
 A board set by with food, and forth did fill
 A bowl of wine, to drink at his desire.

The rest then fell to feast, and, when the fire 90
 Of appetite was quench'd, the Muse inflam'd
 The sacred singer. Of men highest fam'd
 He sung the glories, and a poem penn'd,
 That in applause did ample heav'n ascend.

Whose subject was, the stern Contentión 95
 Betwixt Ulysses and great Thetis' son,
 As, at a banquet sacred to the Gods,
 In dreadful language they express'd their odds.

When Agamemnon sat rejoic'd in soul
 To hear the Greek peers jar in terms so foul ; 100
 For augur Phœbus in presage had told
 The King of men (desirous to unfold
 The war's perplex'd end, and being therefore gone
 In heav'nly Pythia to the porch of stone,) 105
 That then the end of all griefs should begin
 'Twixt Greece and Troy, when Greece (with strife to win
 That wish'd conclusion) in her kings should jar,
 And plead, if force or wit must end the war.

This brave Contention did the poet sing,
 Expressing so the spleen of either king, 110
 That his large purple weed Ulysses held
 Before his face and eyes, since thence distill'd
 Tears uncontain'd ; which he obscur'd, in fear
 To let th' observing presence note a tear.
 But, when his sacred song the mere divine 115
 Had giv'n an end, a goblet crown'd with wine
 Ulysses, drying his wet eyes, did seize,
 And sacrific'd to those Gods that would please
 T' inspire the poet with a song so fit
 To do him honour, and renown his wit. 120
 His tears then stay'd. But when again began,
 By all the kings' desires, the moving man,
 Again Ulysses could not choose but yield
 To that soft passion, which again, withheld,
 He kept so cunningly from sight, that none, 125
 Except Alcinous himself alone,

¹¹⁵ *Mere*—entire. This word occurs so frequently in both the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, that there will be no further necessity to notice it.

¹¹⁷ The continued piety of Ulysses through all places, times, and occasions. —CHAPMAN.

Discern'd him mov'd so much. But he sat next,
 And heard him deeply sigh ; which his pretext
 Could not keep hid from him. Yet he conceal'd
 His utterance of it, and would have it held 130
 From all the rest, brake off the song, and this
 Said to those oar-affecting peers of his :

“ Princes, and peers ! We now are satiate
 With sacred song that fits a feast of state,
 With wine and food. Now then to field, and try 135
 In all kinds our approv'd activity,
 That this our guest may give his friends to know,
 In his return, that we as little owe
 To fights and wrastlings, leaping, speed of race,
 As these our court-rites ; and commend our grace 140
 In all to all superior.” Forth he led,
 The peers and people troop'd up to their head.
 Nor must Demodocus be left within ;
 Whose harp the herald hung upon the pin,
 His hand in his took, and abroa'd he brought 145
 The heav'nly poet, out the same way wrought
 That did the princes, and what they would see
 With admiration, with his company
 They wish'd to honour. To the place of game
 These throng'd ; and after routs of other came, 150
 Of all sort, infinite. Of youths that strove.
 Many and strong rose to their trial's love.
 Up rose Acronous, and Ocyalus,
 Elatreus, Prynneus, and Anchialus,

¹³⁴ Since the Phæacians were not only dwellers by sea, but studious also of sea qualities, their names seem to usurp their faculties therein. All consisting of sea-faring signification, except Laodamas. As Acronous, *summa seu extrema navis pars*. Ocyalus, *velox in mari*. Elatreus, or *Ἐλατήρ, ἐλατήριος, Remex, &c.*—CHAPMAN.

Nauteus, Eretineus, Thoon, Proreüs, 155
 Pontëus, and the strong Amphialus
 Son to Tectonides Polyneüs.

Up rose to these the great Euryalus,
 In action like the Homicide of War.
 Naubolides, that was for person far 160

Past all the rest, but one he could not pass,
 Nor any thought improve, Laodamas.

Up Anabesinëus then arose ;
 And three sons of the Sceptre-state; and those
 Were Halius, the fore-prais'd Laodamas, 165

And Clytonëus like a God in grace.

These first the foot-game tried, and from the lists
 Took start together. Up the dust in mists

They hurl'd about, as in their speed they flew ;
 But Clytonëus first of all the crew 170

A stitch's length in any fallow field
 Made good his pace ; when, where the judges yield
 The prize and praise, his glorious speed arriv'd.

Next, for the boist'rous wrastling game they striv'd ;
 At which Euryalus the rest outshone. 175

At leap Amphialus. At the hollow stone

Elatreüs excell'd. At buffets, last,
 Laodamas, the king's fair son, surpast.

When all had striv'd in these assays their fill,
 Laodamas said : " Come friends, let's prove what skill
 This stranger hath attain'd too in our sport. 181

Methinks, he must be of the active sort,
 His calves, thighs, hands, and well-knit shoulders show
 That Nature disposition did bestow

To fit with fact their form. Nor wants he prime. 185

¹⁵⁹ Mars.

¹⁶⁴ Sceptre-state—king, viz. Alcinous.

But sour affliction, made a mate with time,
 Makes time the more seen. Nor imagine I,
 A worse thing to enforce debility
 Than is the sea, though nature no'er so strong
 Knits one together." "Nor conceive you wrong," 190
 Replied Euryalus, "but prove his blood
 With what you question." In the midst then stood
 Renown'd Laodamas, and prov'd him thus :

"Come, stranger-father, and assay with us
 Your pow'rs in these contentions. If your show 195
 Be answer'd with your worth, 'tis fit that you
 Should know these conflicts. Nor doth glory stand
 On any worth more, in a man's command,
 Than to be strenuous both of foot and hand.
 Come then, make proof with us, discharge your mind
 Of discontentments ; for not far behind 201
 Comes your deduction, ship is ready now,
 And men, and all things." "Why," said he, "dost thou
 Mock me, Laodamas, and these strifes bind
 My pow'rs to answer ? I am more inclin'd 205
 To cares than conflict. Much sustain'd I have,
 And still am suff'ring. I come here to crave,
 In your assemblies, means to be dismiss,
 And pray both kings and subjects to assist."

Euryalus an open brawl began, 210
 And said : "I take you, sir, for no such man
 As fits these honour'd strifes. A number more
 Strange men there are that I would choose before.
 To one that loves to lie aship-board much, "

²⁰³ The word is *πομπή*, signifying, *deductio, quâ transvehendum curamus eum qui nobiscum aliquando est versatus.*

Or is the prince of sailors ; or to such 215
 As traffic far and near, and nothing mind
 But freight, and passage, and a foreright wind ;
 Or to a victualler of a ship ; or men
 That set up all their pow'rs for rampant gain ;
 I can compare, or hold you like to be : 220
 But, for a wrestler, or of quality
 Fit for contentions noble, you abhor
 From worth of any such competitor."
 Ulysses, frowning, answer'd : " Stranger, far
 Thy words are from the fashions regular 225
 Of kind or honour. Thou art in thy guise
 Like to a man that authors injuries.
 I see, the Gods to all men give not all
 Manly addiction, wisdom, words that fall,
 Like dice, upon the square still. Some man takes 230
 Ill form from parents, but God often makes
 That fault of form up with observ'd repair
 Of pleasing speech, that makes him held for fair,
 That makes him speak securely, makes him shine
 In an assembly with a grace divine. 235
 Men take delight to see how ev'nly lie
 His words asteeep in honey modesty.
 Another, then, hath fashion like a God,
 But in his language he is foul and broad.
 And such art thou. A person fair is giv'n, 240
 But nothing else is in thee sent from heav'n ;
 For in thee lurks a base and earthy soul,
 And t' hast' compell'd me, with a speech most foul,
 To be thus bitter. I am not unseen
 In these fair strifes, as thy words overween, 245

227 Ἀδόσθαλος *damnorum magnorum auctor*.—CHAPMAN.

But in the first rank of the best I stand ;
 At least I did, when youth and strength of hand
 Made me thus confident, but now am worn
 With woes and labours, as a human born
 To bear all anguish. Suffer'd much I have. 250
 The war of men, and the inhuman wave,
 Have I driv'n through at all parts. But with all
 My waste in suff'rance, what yet may fall
 In my performance, at these strifes I'll try.
 Thy speech hath mov'd, and made my wrath run high."

This said, with robe and all, he grasp'd a stone, 256
 A little graver than was ever thrown
 By these Phæacians in their wrastling rout,
 More firm, more massy ; which, turn'd round about,
 He hurried from him with a hand so strong 260
 It sung, and flew, and over all the throng,
 That at the others' marks stood, quite it went ;
 Yet down fell all beneath it, fearing spent
 The force that drove it flying from his hand,
 As it a dart were, or a walking wand ; 265
 And far past all the marks of all the rest
 His wing stole way ; when Pallas straight imprest
 A mark at fall of it, resembling then
 One of the navy-giv'n Phæacian men,
 And thus advanc'd Ulysses : " One, though blind, 270
 O stranger, groping, may thy stone's fall find,
 For not amidst the rout of marks it fell,
 But far before all. Of thy worth think well,
 And stand in all strifes. No Phæacian here
 This bound can either better or come near." 375

Ulysses joy'd to hear that one man yet
 Us'd him benignly, and would truth abet
 In those contentions ; and then thus smooth
 He took his speech down : " Reach me that now, youth,
 You shall, and straight, I think, have one such more, ²⁸⁰
 And one beyond it too. And now, whose core
 Stands sound and great within him, since ye have
 Thus put my spleen up, come again and brave
 The guest ye tempted, with such gross disgrace,
 At wrastling, buffets, whirlbat, speed of race ; ²⁸⁵
 At all, or either, I except at none,
 But urge the whole state of you ; only one,
 I will not challenge in my forc'd boast,
 And that's Laodamas, for he's mine host.
 And who will fight, or wrangle, with his friend ? ²⁹⁰
 Unwise he is, and base, that will contend
 With him that feeds him in a foreign place ;
 And takes all edge off from his own sought grace.
 None else except I here, nor none despise,
 But wish to know, and prove his faculties, ²⁹⁵
 That dares appear now. No strife ye can name
 Am I unskill'd in ; reckon any game
 Of all that are, as many as there are
 In use with men.' For archery I dare
 Affirm myself not mean. Of all a troop ³⁰⁰
 I'll make the first foe with mine arrow stoop,

²⁸¹ *Core*—(Fr. cœur) heart.

²⁸⁹ He names Laodamas only for all the other brothers ; since in his exception, the other's envies were curbed : for brothers either are or should be of one acceptation in all fit things. And Laodamas, he calls his host, being eldest son to Alcinous : the heir being ever the young master ; nor might he conveniently prefer Alcinous in his exception, since he stood not in competition at these contentions.

Though with me ne'er so many fellows bend
 Their bows at mark'd men, and affect their end.
 Only was Philoctetes with his bow
 Still my superior, when we Greeks would show 305
 Our archery against our foes of Troy.
 But all, that now by bread frail life enjoy,
 I far hold my inferiors. Men of old,
 None now alive shall witness me so bold,
 To vaunt equality with, such men as these, 310
 (Echalián Eurytus, Hercules,
 Who with their bows durst with the Gods contend ;
 And therefore caught Eurytus soon his end,
 Nor died at home, in age, a rev'rend man.
 But by the great incenséd Delphian 315
 Was shot to death, for daring competence
 With him in all an archer's excellence.
 A spear I'll hurl as far as any man
 Shall shoot a shaft. How at a race I can
 Bestir my feet, I only yield to fear, 320
 And doubt to meet with my superior here.
 So many seas so too much have misus'd
 My limbs for race, and therefore have diffus'd
 A dissolution through my lovéd knees."
 This said, he still'd all talking properties. 325
 Alcinous only answer'd : " O my guest,
 In good part take we what you have been prest
 With speech to answer. You would make appear
 Your virtues therefore, that will still shine where
 Your only look is. Yet must this man give " 330
 Your worth ill language ; when, he does not live
 In sort of mortals (whencesoe'er he springs,
 335 Appollo. 327 *Prest.*—See Bk. ix. 124

That judgment hath to speak becoming things)
 That will deprave your virtues. Note then now
 My speech, and what my love presents to you, 335
 That you may tell heroës, when you come
 To banquet with your wife and birth at home,
 (Mindful of our worth) what deservings Jove
 Hath put on our parts likewise, in remove
 From sire to son, as an inherent grace 340
 Kind, and perpetual. We must needs give place
 To other countrymen, and freely yield
 We are not blameless in our fights of field,
 Buffets, nor wrastlings; but in speed of feet,
 And all the equipage that fits a fleet, 345
 We boast us best; for table ever spread
 With neighbour feasts, for garments variëd,
 For poesy, music, dancing, baths, and beds.
 And now, Phæacians, you that bear your heads
 And feet with best grace in enamouring dance, 350
 Enflame our guest here, that he may advance
 Our worth past all the world's to his home-friends,
 As well for the unmatched grace that commends
 Your skill in footing of a dance, as theirs
 That fly a race best. And so, all affairs, 355
 At which we boast us best, he best may try,
 As sea-race, land-race, dance, and poesy.
 Some one with instant speed to court retire,
 And fetch Demodocus's soundful lyre."

This said the God-grac'd king; and quick resort 360
 Pontonous made for that fair harp to court.

Nine of the lot-choos'd public rulers rose,
 That all in those contentions did dispose,
 Commanding a most smooth ground, and a wide,

And all the people in fair game aside.

363

Then with the rich harp came Pontonous,

And in the midst took place Demodocus.

About him then stood forth the choice young men,

That on man's first youth made fresh entry then,

Had art to make their natural motion sweet,

370

And shook a most divine dance from their feet,

That twinkled star-like, mov'd as swift, and fine,

And beat the air so thin, they made it shine.

Ulysses wonder'd at it, but amaz'd

He stood in mind to hear the dance so phras'd.

375

For, as they danc'd, Demodocus did sing,

The bright-crown'd Venus' love with Battle's King ;

As first they closely mix'd in th' house of fire.

What worlds of gifts won her to his desire,

Who then the night-and-day-bed did defile

380

Of good king Vulcan. But in little while

The Sun their mixture saw, and came and told.

The bitter news did by his ears take hold

Of Vulcan's heart. Then to his forge he went,

And in his shrewd mind deep stuff did invent.

385

His mighty anvil in the stock he put,

And forg'd a net that none could lose or cut,

That when it had them it might hold them fast.

Which having finish'd, he made utmost haste

Up to the dear room where his wife he woo'd,

390

And, madly wrath with Mars, he all bestrow'd

The bed, and bed-posts, all the beam above,

That cross'd the chamber ; and a circle strove

³⁰⁸ *Μαρμαρυγὰς ῥοδῶν.* *Μαρμαρυγή* signifies *splendor vibrans* ; a twinkled splendor : *μαρμαρύσσειν*, *vibrare veluti radios solares.*—CHAPMAN.

Of his device to wrap in all the room.
 And 'twas as pure, as of a spider's loom 395
 The woof before 'tis wov'n. No man nor God
 Could set his eye on it, a sleight so odd
 His art show'd in it. All his craft bespent
 About the bed, he feign'd as if he went
 To well-built Lemnos, his most lov'd town 400
 Of all towns earthly; nor left this unknown
 To golden-bridle-using Mars, who kept
 No blind watch over him, but, seeing slept
 His rival so aside, he hasted home
 With fair-wreath'd Venus' love stung, who was come
 New from the court of her most mighty Sire. 405
 Mars enter'd, wrung her hand, and the retire
 Her husband made to Lemnos told, and said:
 "Now, love, is Vulcan gone, let us to bed,
 He's for the barbarous Sintians." Well appay'd 410
 Was Venus with it; and afresh assay'd
 Their old encounter. Down they went; and straight
 About them cling'd the artificial sleight
 Of most wise Vulcan; and were so ensnar'd,
 That neither they could stir their course prepar'd 415
 In any limb about them, nor arise.
 And then they knew, they would no more disguise
 Their close conveyance, but lay, forc'd, stone-still.
 Back rush'd the both-foot-cook'd, but straight in skill,
 From his near scout-hole turn'd, nor ever went 420
 To any Lemnos, but the sure event
 Left Phœbus to discover, who told all.
 Then home hopp'd Vulcan, full of grief and gall,

419 *Both-foot-cook'd*.—Perhaps we ought to read *both-foot-crook'd*.

Stood in the portal and cried out so high,
 That all the Gods heard : " Father of the sky, 425
 And ev'ry other deathless God," said he,
 " Come all, and a ridiculous object see,
 And yet not sufferable neither. Come,
 And witness how, when still I step from home,
 Lame that I am, Jove's daughter doth profess 430
 To do me all the shameful offices,
 Indignites, despites, that can be thought ;
 And loves this all-things-making-come-to-nought,
 Since he is fair forsooth, foot-sound, and I
 Took in my brain a little, legg'd awry ; 435
 And no fault mine, but all my parent's fault,
 Who should not get, if mock me, with my halt.
 But see how fast they sleep, while I, in moan,
 Am only made an idle looker on.
 One bed their turn serves, and it must be mine ; 440
 I think yet, I have made their self-loves shine.
 They shall no more wrong me, and none perceive ;
 Nor will they sleep together, I believe,
 With too hot haste again. Thus both shall lie
 In craft, and force, till the extremity 445
 Of all the dow'r I gave her sire (to gain
 A dogg'd set-fac'd girl, that will not stain
 Her face with blushing, though she shame her head)
 He pays me back. She's fair, but was no maid."

While this long speech was making, all were come
 To Vulcan's wholly-brazen founded home, 451
 Earth-shaking Neptune, useful Mercury,
 And far-shot Phœbus. No She-Deity,
 For shame, would show there. All the give-good Gods
 Stood in the portal, and past periods 455

Gave length to laughters, all rejoic'd to see
 That which they said, that no impiety
 Finds good success at th' end. "And now," said one,
 "The slow outgoes the swift. Lame Vulcan, known
 To be the slowest of the Gods, outgoes 465
 Mars the most swift. And this is that which grows
 To greatest justice : that adultery's sport,
 Obtain'd by craft, by craft of other sort
 (And lame craft too) is plagued, which grieves the more,
 That sound limbs turning lame the lame restore." 465

This speech amongst themselves they entertain'd,
 When Phœbus thus ask'd Hermes : "Thus enchain'd
 Wouldst thou be, Hermes, to be thus disclos'd?
 Though with thee golden Venus were repos'd?"

He soon gave that an answer : "O," said he, 470
 "Thou king of archers, would 'twere thus with me !
 Though thrice so much shame ; nay, though infinite
 Were pour'd about me, and that ev'ry light,
 In great heav'n shining, witness'd all my harms,
 So golden Venus slumber'd in mine arms." 475

The Gods again laugh'd ; even the Watery State
 Wrung out a laughter, but propitiate
 Was still for Mars, and pray'd the God of Fire
 He would dissolve him, off'ring the desire
 He made to Jove to pay himself, and said, 480
 All due debts should be by the Gods repaid.

"Pay me, no words," said he, "where deeds lend
 pain,
 Wretched the words are giv'n for wretched men.

⁴⁶⁵ Intending the sound of foot, when they outgo the soundest.—CHAPMAN.

⁴⁷⁵ *Watery State*—Neptune.

How shall I bind you in th' Immortals' sight,
If Mars be once loos'd, nor will pay his right ?" 485

"Vulcan," said he, "if Mars should fly, nor see
Thy right repaid, it should be paid by me."

"Your word, so giv'n, I must accept," said he
Which said, he loos'd them. Mars then rush'd from sky,
And stoop'd cold Thrace. The laughing Deity 490
For Cyprus was, and took her Paphian state.
Where she a grove, ne'er cut, had consecrate,
All with Arabian odours fum'd, and hath
An altar there, at which the Graces bathe,
And with immortal balms besmooth, her skin, 495
Fit for the bliss Immortals solace in ;
Deck'd her in to-be-studiéd attire,
And apt to set beholders' hearts on fire.

This sung the sacred muse, whose notes and words
The dancers' feet kept as his hands his chords. 500
Ulysses much was pleas'd, and all the crew.

This would the king have varied with a new
And pleasing measure, and performéd by
Two, with whom none would strive in dancery ;
And those his sons were, that must therefore dance 505
Alone, and only to the harp advance,
Without the words. And this sweet couple was
Young Halius, and divine Laodamas ;
Who danc'd a ball-dance. Then the rich-wrought
ball,

That Polybus had made, of purple all, 510
They took to hand. One threw it to the sky,
And then danc'd back ; the other, capering high,

485 This is τὸ τὰ μικρὰ μεγάλως, &c. *Parva magnè dicere* ;
grave sentence out of lightest vapour.—CHAPMAN.

Would surely catch it ere his foot touch'd ground,
And up again advanc'd it, and so found
The other cause of dance ; and then did he 515
Dance lofty tricks, till next it came to be
His turn to catch, and serve the other still.
When they had kept it up to either's will,
They then danc'd ground tricks, oft mix'd hand in
hand,

And did so gracefully their change command, 520
That all the other youth that stood at pause,
With deaf'ning shouts, gave them the great applause.

Then said Ulysses : " O, past all men here
Clear, not in pow'r, but in desert as clear,
You said your dancers did the world surpass, 525
And they perform it clear, and to amaze."

This won Alcinous' heart, and equal prize
He gave Ulysses, saying : " Matchless wise,
Princes and rulers, I perceive our guest,
And therefore let our hospitable best 530
In fitting gifts be giv'n him : Twelve chief kings
There are that order all the glorious things
Of this our kingdom ; and, the thirteenth, I
Exist, as crown to all. Let instantly
Be thirteen garments giv'n him, and of gold 535
Precious, and fine, a talent. While we hold
This our assembly, be all fetch'd, and giv'n,
That to our feast prepar'd, as to his heav'n,
Our guest may enter. And, that nothing be
Left unperform'd that fits his dignity, 540

Euryalus shall here conciliate
Himself with words and gifts, since past our rate
He gave bad language." This did all commend

And give in charge ; and ev'ry king did send
 His herald for his gift. Euryalus, 545
 Answering for his part, said : " Alcinous !
 Our chief of all, since you command, I will
 To this our guest by all means reconcile,
 And give him this entirely-metall'd sword,
 The handle massy silver, and the board, 550
 That gives it cover, all of ivory,
 New, and in all kinds worth his quality."

This put he straight into his hand, and said :
 " Frolic, O guest and father ; if words fled
 Have been offensive, let swift whirlwinds take 555
 And ravish them from thought. May all Gods make
 Thy wife's sight good to thee, in quick retreat
 To all thy friends, and best-lov'd breeding seat,
 Their long miss quitting with the greater joy ;
 In whose sweet vanish all thy worst annoy." 560

" And frolic thou to all height, friend," said he,
 " Which heav'n confirm with wish'd felicity ;
 Nor ever give again desire to thee
 Of this sword's use, which with affects so free,
 In my reclaim, thou hast bestow'd on me." 565

This said, athwart his shoulders he put on
 The right fair sword ; and then did set the sun.
 When all the gifts were brought, which back again
 (With king Alcinous in all the train)
 Were by the honour'd heralds borne to court ; 570
 Which his fair sons took, and from the resort
 Laid by their rev'rend mother. Each his throne
 Of all the peers (which yet were overshadowed
 In king Alcinous' command) ascended ;
 Whom he to pass as much in gifts contended, 575

And to his queen said : " Wife ! See brought me here
The fairest cabinet I have, and there
Impose a well-cleans'd in, and utter, weed.
A caldron heat with water, that with speed
Our guest well-bath'd, and all his gifts made sure, 550
It may a joyful appetite procure
To his succeeding feast, and make him hear
The poet's hymn with the securer ear.
To all which I will add my bowl of gold,
In all frame curious, to make him hold 555
My memory always dear, and sacrifice
With it at home to all the Deities."

Then Arete her maids charg'd to set on
A well-siz'd caldron quickly. Which was done,
Clear water pour'd in, flame made so entire, 560
It gilt the brass, and made the water fire.
In mean space, from her chamber brought the queen
A wealthy cabinet, where, pure and clean,
She put the garments, and the gold bestow'd
By that free state, and then the other vow'd 565
By her Alcinous, and said : " Now, guest,
Make close and fast your gifts, lest, when you rest
Aship-board sweetly, in your way you meet
Some loss, that less may make your next sleep sweet."

This when Ulysses heard, all sure he made 600
Enclos'd and bound safe ; for the saving trade
The rev'rend-for-her-wisdom, Circe, had
In foreyears taught him. Then the handmaid bad
His worth to bathing ; which rejoic'd his heart,
For, since he did with his Calypso part, 605
He had no hot baths ; none had favour'd him,
Nor been so tender of his kingly limb.

But all the time he spent in her abode,
He liv'd respected as he were a God.

Cleans'd then and balm'd, fair shirt and robe put on,
Fresh come from bath, and to the feasters gone, 11
Nausicaa, that from the God's hands took
The sov'reign beauty of her bless'd look,
Stood by a well-carv'd column of the room,
And through her eye her heart was overcome 615
With admiration of the port imprest
In his aspect, and said : "God save you, guest !
Be cheerful, as in all the future state
Your home will show you in your better fate.
But yet, ev'n then, let this remember'd be, 620
Your life's price I lent, and you owe it me."

The varied-in-all-counsels gave reply :
"Nausicaa ! Flow'r of all this empery !
So Juno's husband, that the strife for noise
Makes in the clouds, bless me with strife of joys, 625
In the desir'd day that my house shall show,
As I, as I to a Goddess there shall vow,
To thy fair hand that did my being give,
Which I'll acknowledge ev'ry hour I live."

This said, Alcinous plac'd him by his side. 630
Then took they feast, and did in parts divide
The sev'ral dishes, fill'd out wine, and then
The striv'd-for-for-his-worth of worthy men,
And rev'renc'd-of-the-state, Demodocus
Was brought in by the good Pontonous. 635
In midst of all the guests they gave him place,
Against a lofty pillar, when this grace

¹¹ Ἐπὶ ῥον ἀειδόν, *Poetam cuius hominibus digna est societas.*
CHAPMAN.

The grac'd-with-wisdom did him : From the chine,
That stood before him, of a white-tooth'd swine,
Being far the daintiest joint, mix'd through with fat,
He carv'd to him, and sent it where he sat 641
By his old friend the herald, willing thus :
" Herald, reach this to grave Demodocus,
Say, I salute him, and his worth embrace.
Poets deserve, past all the human race, 645
Rev'rend respect and honour, since the queen
Of knowledge, and the supreme worth in men,
The Muse, informs them, and loves all their race."

This reach'd the herald to him, who the grace
Receiv'd encourag'd ; which, when feast was spent, 650
Ulysses amplified to this ascent :

" Demodocus ! I must prefer you far,
Past all your sort, if, or the Muse of war,
Jove's daughter, prompts you, that the Greeks respects,
Or if the Sun, that those of Troy affects. 655
For I have heard you, since my coming, sing
The fate of Greece to an admir'd string.
How much our suff'rance was, how much we wrought,
How much the actions rose-to when we fought.
So lively forming, as you had been there, 660
Or to some free relater lent your ear.
Forth then, and sing the wooden horse's frame,
Built by Epeus, by the martial Dame
Taught the whole fabric ; which, by force of sleight,
Ulysses brought into the city's height, 665
When he had stuff'd it with as many men
As levell'd lofty Ilion with the plain.
With all which if you can as well enchant,
As with expression quick and elegant

You sung the rest, I will pronounce you clear 670
Inspir'd by God, past all that ever were."

This said, ev'n stirr'd by God up, he began,
And to his song fell, past the forms of man,
Beginning where the Greeks aship-board went,
And ev'ry chief had set on fire his tent, 675
When th' other kings, in great Ulysses' guide,
In 'Troy's vast market place the horse did hide,
From whence the Trojans up to Ilion drew
The dreadful engine. Where sat all arew
Their kings about it; many counsels giv'n 680
How to dispose it. In three ways were driv'n
Their whole distractions. First, if they should feel
The hollow wood's heart, search'd with piercing steel;
Or from the battlements drawn higher yet
Deject it headlong; or that counterfeit 685
So vast and novel set on sacred fire,
Vow'd to appease each anger'd Godhead's ire.
On which opinion, they, thereafter, saw,
They then should have resolv'd; th' unalter'd law
Of fate presaging, that Troy then should end, 690
When th' hostile horse she should receive to friend,
For therein should the Grecian kings lie hid,
To bring the fate and death they after did.

He sung, besides, the Greeks' eruption
From those their hollow crafts, and horse foregone; 695
And how they made depopulation tread
Beneath her feet so high a city's head.
In which affair, he sung in other place,
That of that ambush some man else did race
The Ilion tow'rs than Laertiades; 700

But here he sung, that he alone did seize,
 With Menelaus, the ascended roof
 Of prince Deiphobus, and Mars-like proof
 Made of his valour, a most dreadful fight
 Daring against him ; and there vanquish'd quite, 705
 In little time, by great Minerva's aid,
 All Ilion's remnant, and Troy level laid.
 This the divine expressor did so give
 Both act and passion, that he made it live,
 And to Ulysses' facts did breathe a fire 710
 So deadly quick'ning, that it did inspire
 Old death with life, and render'd life so sweet,
 And passionate, that all there felt it fleet ;
 Which made him pity his own cruelty,
 And put into that ruth so pure an eye 715
 Of human frailty, that to see a man
 Could so revive from death, yet no way can
 Defend from death, his own quick pow'rs it made
 Feel there death's horrors, and he felt life fade,
 In tears his feeling brain wet ; for, in things 720
 That move past utterance, tears ope all their springs.
 Nor are there in the pow'rs that all life bears
 More true interpreters of all than tears.
 And as a lady mourns her sole-lov'd lord,
 That fall'n before his city by the sword, 725
 Fighting to rescue from a cruel fate
 His town and children, and in dead estate

⁷⁰¹ As by the divine fury directly inspired so, for Ulysses glory.—CHAPMAN.

⁷¹¹ In that the slaughters he made were expressed so lively.—CHAPMAN.

⁷²⁰ *Τήκετο Ὀδυσσεύς.* *Τήκω*, metaph. signifying, *consumo*, *tabesco*.—CHAPMAN.

Yet panting seeing him, wraps him in her arms,
 Weeps, shrieks, and pours her health into his arms,
 Lies on him, striving to become his shield 730
 From foes that still assail him, spears impell'd
 Through back and shoulders, by whose points embrued,
 They raise and lead him into servitude,
 Labour, and languor ; for all which the dame
 Eats down her cheeks with tears, and feeds life's flame
 With miserable suff'rance ; so this king 736
 Of tear-swet anguish op'd a boundless spring ;
 Nor yet was seen to any one man there
 But king Alcinous, who sat so near
 He could not 'scape him, sighs, so chok'd, so brake
 From all his tempers ; which the king did take 741
 Both note and grave respect of, and thus spake :
 " Hear me, Phæacian councillors and peers,
 And cease Demodocus ; perhaps all ears
 Are not delighted with his song, for, ever 745
 Since the divine Muse sung, our guest hath never
 Contain'd from secret mournings. It may fall,
 That something sung he hath been grieved withall,
 As touching his particular. Forbear,
 That feast may jointly comfort all hearts here, 750
 And we may pheer our guest up ; 'tis our best
 In all due honour. For our rev'rend guest
 Is all our celebration, gifts, and all,
 His love hath added to our festival.
 A guest, and suppliant too, we should esteem 756
 Dear as our brother, one that doth but dream
 " He hath a soul, or touch but at a mind

730 *Pours her health into his arms.*—So the folio. It is one of Chapman's interpolations, and to me unintelligible. Should we read, "*pours her health into his harms ?*"

Deathless and manly, should stand so inclin'd.
 Nor cloak you longer with your curious wit,
 Lov'd guest, what ever we shall ask of it. 760
 It now stands on your honest state to tell,
 And therefore give your name, nor more conceal
 What of your parents, and the town that bears
 Name of your native, or of foreigners
 That near us border, you are call'd in fame. 765
 There's no man living walks without a name,
 Noble nor base, but had one from his birth
 Impos'd as fit as to be borne. What earth,
 People, and city, own you, give to know.
 Tell but our ships all, that your way must show. 770
 For our ships know th' express'd minds of men,
 And will so most intently retain
 Their scopes appointed, that they never err,
 And yet use never any man to steer,
 Nor any rudders have, as others need. 775
 They know men's thoughts, and whithertend their speed,
 And there will set them ; for you cannot name
 A city to them, nor fat soil, that Fame
 Hath any notice giv'n, but well they know,
 And will fly to them, though they ebb and flow 780
 In blackest clouds and nights ; and never bear
 Of any wrack or rock the slend'rest fear.
 But this I heard my sire Nausithous say
 Long since, that Neptune, seeing us convey

τῇ This *τεπατολογία* or *affirmation of miracles*, how impossible soever in these times assured, yet in those ages they were neither absurd nor strange. Those inanimate things having (it seemed) certain Genii, in whose powers, they supposed, their ships' faculties. As others have affirmed oaks to have sense of hearing ; and so the ship of Argos, was said to have a mast made of Dodonean oak, that was vocal, and could speak.—CHAPMAN.

So safely passengers of all degrees, 785
 Was angry with us ; and upon our seas
 A well-built ship we had, near harbour come
 From safe deduction of some stranger home,
 Made in his fitting billows stick stone still ;
 And dimm'd our city, like a mighty hill 790
 With shade cast round about it. This report,
 The old king made ; in which miraculous sort,
 If God had done such things, or left undone,
 At his good pleasure be it. But now, on,
 And truth relate us, both [from] whence you err'd, 795
 And to what clime of men would be transferr'd,
 With all their fair towns, be they as they are,
 If rude, unjust, and all irregular,
 Or hospitable, bearing minds that please
 The mighty Deity. Which one of these 800
 You would be set at, say, and you are there.
 And therefore what afflicts you ? Why, to hear
 The fate of Greece and Ilion, mourn you so ?
 The Gods have done it ; as to all they do
 Destine destruction, that from thence may rise 805
 A poem to instruct posterities.
 Fell any kinsman before Ilion ?
 Some worthy sire-in-law, or like-near son,
 Whom next our own blood and self-race we love ?
 Or any friend perhaps, in whom did move 810
 A knowing soul, and no unpleasing thing ?
 Since such a good one is no underling
 To any brother ; for, what fits true friends,
 True wisdom is, that blood and birth transcends.

⁷⁹² Intending his father Nausithous.—CHAPMAN.

⁷⁹⁶ [From].—The metre would require this word.



THE NINTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ULYSSES here is first made known ;
 Who tells the stern contention
 His pow'rs did 'gainst the Cicons try ;
 And thence to the Lotophagi
 Extends his conquest ; and from them
 Assays the Cyclop Polypheme,
 And, by the crafts his wits apply,
 He puts him out his only eye.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Iôra. The strangely fed
 Lotophagi.
 The Cicons fled.
 The Cyclop's eye.

ULYSSES thus resolv'd the king's demands:
 " Alcinous, in whom this empire stands,
 You should not of so natural right disherit
 Your princely feast, as take from it the
 spirit.

To hear a poet, that in accent brings 5
 The Gods' breasts down, and breathes them as he sings,
 Is sweet, and sacred ; nor can I conceive,
 In any common-weal, what more doth give

Note of the just and bless'd empery,
 Than to see comfort universally 10
 Cheer up the people, when in ev'ry roof
 She gives observers a most human proof
 Of men's contents. To see a neighbour's feast
 Adorn it through ; and thereat hear the breast
 Of the divine Muse ; men in order set ; 15
 A wine-page waiting ; tables crown'd with meat,
 Set close to guests that are to use it skill'd ;
 The cup-boards furnish'd, and the cups still fill'd ;
 This shows, to my mind, most humanely fair.
 Nor should you, for me, still the heav'nly air, 20
 That stirr'd my soul so ; for I love such tears
 As fall from fit notes, beaten through mine ears
 With repetitions of what heav'n hath done,
 And break from hearty apprehension
 Of God and goodness, though they show my ill. 25
 And therefore doth my mind excite me still,
 To tell my bleeding moan ; but much more now,
 To serve your pleasure, that to over-flow
 My tears with such cause may by sighs be driv'n,
 Though ne'er so much plagued I may seem by heav'n.
 And now my name ; which way shall lead to all 31
 My mis'ries after, that their sounds may fall
 Through your ears also, and show (having fled
 So much affliction) first, who rests his head
 In your embraces, when, so far from home, 35
 I knew not where t' obtain it resting room.
 I am Ulysses Laertiades,
 The fear of all the world for policies,
 For which my facts as high as heav'n resound.
 I dwell in Ithaca, earth's most renown'd, 40

All over-shadow'd with the shake-leaf ill,
 Tree-fam'd Neritus ; whose near confines fill
 Islands a number, well-inhabited,
 That under my observance taste their bread ;
 Dulichius, Samos, and the full-of-food 45
 Zacynthus, likewise grac'd with store of wood.
 But Ithaca, though in the seas it lie,
 Yet lies she so aloft she casts her eye
 Quite over all the neighbour continent ;
 Far northward situate, and, being lent 50
 But little favour of the morn and sun,
 With barren rocks and cliffs is over-run ;
 And yet of hardy youths a nurse of name ;
 Nor could I see a soil, where'er I came,
 More sweet and wishful. Yet, from hence was I 55
 Withheld with horror by the Deity,
 Divine Calypso, in her cavy house,
 Enflam'd to make me her sole lord and spouse.
 Circe A'æa too, that knowing dame,
 Whose veins the like affections did enflame, 60
 Detain'd me likewise. But to neither's love
 Could I be tempted ; which doth well approve,
 Nothing so sweet is as our country's earth,
 And joy of those from whom we claim our birth.
 Though roofs far richer we far off possess, 65
 Yet, from our native, all our more is less.

To which as I contended, I will tell
 The much-distress-conferring facts that fell
 By Jove's divine prevention, since I set

⁴¹ *Εἰς σφύλλον, quatientem seu agitantem frondes.*—CHAPMAN

⁴² *Quædam quibus corpus alitur et vita sustentatur ὅλην appellantur.*—CHAPMAN.

⁴³ *Amor patriæ.*—CHAPMAN.

⁴⁴ *Prevention*—anticipation.

From ruin'd Troy my first foot in retreat. 70
 From Ilion ill winds cast me on the coast
 The Cicons hold, where I employ'd mine host
 For Ismarus, a city built just by
 My place of landing ; of which victory
 Made me expugner. I depeopled it, 75
 Slew all the men, and did their wives remit,
 With much spoil taken ; which we did divide,
 That none might need his part. I then applied
 All speed for flight ; but my command therein,
 Fools that they were, could no observance win 80
 Of many soldiers, who, with spoil fed high,
 Would yet fill higher, and excessively
 Fell to their wine, gave slaughter on the shore
 Clov'n-footed beeves and sheep in mighty store.
 In mean space, Cicons did to Cicons cry, 85
 When, of their nearest dwellers, instantly
 Many and better soldiers made strong head,
 That held the continent, and manag'd
 Their horse with high skill, on which they would fight,
 When fittest cause serv'd, and again alight, 90
 With soon seen vantage, and on foot contend.
 Their concourse swift was, and had never end ;
 As thick and sudden 'twas, as flow'rs and leaves
 Dark spring discovers, when she light receives.
 And then began the bitter Fate of Jove 95
 To alter us unhappy, which ev'n strove
 To give us suff'rance. At our fleet we made
 Enforc'd stand ; and there did they invade
 Our thrust-up forces ; darts encounter'd darts,
 With blows on both sides ; either making parts 100

⁹⁴ After night, in the first of the morning.—CHAPMAN.

Good upon either, while the morning shone,
 And sacred day her bright increase held on,
 Though much out-match'd in number ; but as soon
 As Phœbus westward fell, the Cicons won
 Much hand of us ; six provéd soldiers fell, 105
 Of ev'ry ship, the rest they did compell
 To seek of Flight escape from Death and Fate.

Thence sad in heart we sail'd ; and yet our state
 Was something cheer'd, that (being o'er-match'd so much
 In violent number) our retreat was such 110
 As sav'd so many. Our dear loss the less,
 That they surviv'd, so like for like success.
 Yet left we not the coast, before we call'd
 Home to our country-earth the souls exhal'd
 Of all the friends the Cicons overcame. 115
 Thrice call'd we on them by their sev'ral name,
 And then took leave. Then from the angry North
 Cloud-gath'ring Jove a dreadful storm call'd forth
 Against our navy, cover'd shore and all
 With gloomy vapours. Night did headlong fall 120
 From frowning heav'n. And then hurl'd here and there
 Was all our navy ; the rude winds did tear
 In three, in four parts, all their sails ; and down
 Driv'n under hatches were we, prest to drown.
 Up rush'd we yet again, and with tough hand 125
 (Two days, two nights, entail'd) we gat near land,
 Labours and sorrows eating up our minds.
 The third clear day yet, to more friendly winds
 We masts advanc'd, we white sails spread, and sate.
 Forewinds and guides again did iterate 130

¹¹⁶ The ancient custom of calling home the dead.—

¹²⁴ *Prest*—ready.

Our ease and home-hopes ; which we clear had reach'd,
Had not, by chance, a sudden north-wind fetch'd,
With an extreme sea, quite about again
Our whole endeavours, and our course constrain
To giddy round, and with our bow'd sails greet 135
Dreadful Maleia, calling back our fleet
As far forth as Cythera. Nine days more
Adverse winds toss'd me ; and the tenth, the shore,
Where dwelt the blossom-fed Lotophagi,
I fetch'd, fresh water took in, instantly 140
Fell to our-food aship-board, and then sent
Two of my choice men to the continent
(Adding a third, a herald) to discover
What sort of people were the rulers over
The land next to us. Where, the first they met, 145
Were the Lotophagi, that made them eat
Their country-diet, and no ill intent
Hid in their hearts to them ; and yet th' event
To ill converted it, for, having eat
Their dainty viands, they did quite forget 150
(As all men else that did but taste their feast)
Both countrymen and country, nor addrest
Any return t' inform what sort of men
Made fix'd abode there, but would needs maintain
Abode themselves there, and eat that food over. 155
I made out after, and was feign to sever
Th' enchanted knot by forcing their retreat,
That striv'd, and wept, and would not leave their meat
For heav'n itself. But, dragging them to fleet,
I wrapt in sure bands both their hands and feet, 160
And cast them under hatches, and away
Commanded all the rest without least stay,

Lest they should taste the lot too, and forget
With such strange raptures their despis'd retreat.

All then aboard, we beat the sea with oars, 165
And still with sad hearts sail'd by out-way shores,
Till th' out-law'd Cyclop's land we fetch'd ; a race
Of proud-liv'd loiterers, that never sow,

Nor put a plant in earth, nor use a plow,
But trust in God for all things ; and their earth, 170
Unsown, unplow'd, gives ev'ry offspring birth
That other lands have ; wheat, and barley, vines
That bear in goodly grapes delicious wines ;

And Jove sends show'rs for all. No councils there,
Nor councillors, nor laws ; but all men bear 175

Their heads aloft on mountains, and those steep,
And on their tops-too ; and their houses keep
In vaulty caves, their households govern'd all
By each man's law, impos'd in several,
Nor wife, nor child awed, but as he thinks good, 180
None for another caring. But there stood

Another little isle, well stor'd with wood,
Betwixt this and the ontry ; neither nigh
The Cyclop's isle, nor yet far off doth lie.

Men's want it suffer'd, but the men's supplies 185
The goats made with their inarticulate cries.

Goats beyond number this small island breeds,
So tame, that no access disturbs their feeds,
No hunters, that the tops of mountains scale,
And rub through woods with toil, seek them at all. 190
Nor is the soil with flocks fed down, nor plow'd,
Nor ever in it any seed was sow'd.

Nor place the neighbour Cyclops their delights
In brave vermilion-prow-deck'd ships ; nor wrights

Useful, and skilful in such works as need 195
 Perfection to those traffics that exceed
 Their natural confines, to fly out and see
 Cities of men, and take in mutually
 The prease of others ; to themselves they live,
 And to their island that enough would give 200
 A good inhabitant ; and time of year
 Observe to all things art could order there.
 There, close upon the sea, sweet meadows spring,
 That yet of fresh streams want no watering
 To their soft burthens, but of special yield. 205
 Your vines would be there ; and your common field
 But gentle work made for your plow, yet bear
 A lofty harvest when you came to shear ;
 For passing fat the soil is. In it lies
 A harbour so oppórtune, that no ties, 210
 Halsers, or gables need, nor anchors cast.
 Whom storms put in there are wíth stay embrac'd,
 Or to their full wills safe, or winds aspire
 To pilots' uses their more quick desire.
 At entry of the haven, a silver ford 215
 Is from a rock impressing fountain pour'd,
 All set with sable poplars. And this port
 Were we arriv'd at, by the sweet resort
 Of some God guiding us, for 'twas a night
 So ghastly dark all port was past our sight, 220
 Clouds hid our ships, and would not let the moon
 Afford a beam to us, the whole isle won
 By not an eye of ours. None thought the blore,
 That then was up, shov'd waves against the shore,

²¹³ The description of all these countries have admirable allegories besides their artly and pleasing rélation.

That then to an unmeasur'd height put on ; 225
 We still at sea esteem'd us, till alone
 Our fleet put in itself. And then were strook
 Our gather'd sails ; our rest ashore we took,
 And day expected. When the morn gave fire,
 We rose, and walk'd, and did the isle admire ; 230
 The Nymphs, Jove's daughters, putting up a herd
 Of mountain goats to us, to render cheer'd
 My fellow soldiers. To our fleet we flew,
 Our crookéd bows took, long-pil'd darts, and drew
 Ourselves in three parts out ; when, by the grace 235
 That God vouchsaf'd, we made a gainful chace.
 Twelve ships we had, and ev'ry ship had nine
 Fat goats allotted [it], ten only mine.
 Thus all that day, ev'n till the sun was set,
 We sat and feasted, pleasant wine and meat 240
 Plenteously taking ; for we had not spent
 Our ruddy wine aship-board, supplement
 Of large sort each man to his vessel drew,
 When we the sacred city overthrew
 That held the Cicons. Now then saw we near 245
 The Cyclops' late-prais'd island, and might hear
 The murmur of their sheep and goats, and see
 Their smokes ascend. The sun then set, and we,
 When night succeeded, took our rest ashore.
 And when the world the morning's favour wore, 250
 I call'd my friends to council, charging them
 To make stay there, while I took ship and stream,
 With some associates, and explor'd what men
 The neighbour isle held ; if of rude disdain,
 Churlish and tyrannous, or minds bewray'd 255
 Pious and hospitable. Thus much said,

* [It]—The metre requires this word.

I boarded, and commanded to ascend
 My friends and soldiers, to put off, and lend
 Way to our ship. They boarded, sat, and beat
 The old sea forth, till we might see the seat 260
 The greatest Cyclop held for his abode,
 Which was a deep cave, near the common road
 Of ships that touch'd there, thick with laurels spread,
 Where many sheep and goats lay shadowéd ;
 And, near to this, a hall of torn-up stone, 265
 High built with pines, that heav'n and earth attone,
 And lofty-fronted oaks ; in which kept house
 A man in shape immane, and monstrous,
 Fed all his flocks alone, nor would afford
 Commerce with men, but had a wit abhorr'd, 270
 His mind his body answ'ring. Nor was he
 Like any man that food could possibly
 Enhance so hugely, but, beheld alone,
 Show'd like a steep hill's top, all overgrown
 With trees and brambles ; little thought had I 275
 Of such vast objects. When, arriv'd so nigh,
 Some of my lov'd friends I made stay aboard,
 To guard my ship, and twelve with me I shor'd,
 The choice of all. I took besides along
 A goat-skin flagon of wine, black and strong, 280
 That Maro did present, Evantheus' son,
 And priest to Phœbus, who had mansion
 In Thracian Ismarus (the town I took).
 He gave it me, since I (with rev'rence strook
 Of his grave place, his wife and children's good) 285
 Freed all of violence. Amidst a wood,

²⁸⁶ *Attone*—make one, *at-one*. The reader need hardly be reminded that this is the etymology of *atone*, and *atonement*.

Sacred to Phœbus, stood his house ; from whence
 He fetch'd me gifts of varied excellence ;
 Sev'n talents of fine gold ; a bowl all fram'd
 Of massy silver ; but his gift most fam'd 290
 Was twelve great vessels, fill'd with such rich wine
 As was incorruptible and divine.
 He kept it as his jewel, which none knew
 But he himself, his wife, and he that drew.
 It was so strong that never any fill'd 295
 A cup, where that was but by drops instill'd,
 And drunk it off, but 'twas before allay'd
 With twenty parts in water ; yet so sway'd
 The spirit of that little, that the whole
 A sacred odour breath'd about the bowl. 300
 Had you the odour smelt and scent it cast,
 It would have vex'd you to forbear the taste.
 But then, the taste gain'd too, the spirit it wrought
 To dare things high set-up-an-end my thought.
 Of this a huge great flagon full I bore, 305
 And, in a good large knapsack, victuals store ;
 And long'd to see this heap of fortitude,
 That so illit'rate was and upland rude
 That lays divine nor human he had learn'd.
 With speed we reach'd the cavern ; nor discern'd 310
 His presence there, his flocks he fed at field.
 Ent'ring his den, each thing beheld did yield
 Our admiration ; shelves with cheeses heap'd ;
 Sheds stuff'd with lambs and goats, distinctly kept,
 Distinct the biggest, the more mean distinct, 315
 Distinct the youngest. And in their precinct,
 Proper and placeful, stood the troughs and pails,
 In which he milk'd ; and what was giv'n at meals,

Set up a creaming ; in the ev'ning still
All scouring bright as dew upon the hill. 320

Then were my fellows instant to convey
Kids, cheeses, lambs, aship-board, and away
Sail the salt billow. I thought the best not so,
But better otherwise ; and first would know,
What guest-gifts he would spare me. Little knew 325
My friends on whom they would have prey'd. His view
Prov'd after, that his inwards were too rough
For such bold usage. We were bold enough
In what I suffer'd ; which was there to stay,
Make fire and feed there, though bear none away. 330
There sat we, till we saw him feeding come,
And on his neck a burthen lugging home,
Most highly huge, of sere-wood, which the pile
That fed his fire supplied all supple while.
Down by his den he threw it, and up rose 335
A tumult with the fall. Afraid, we close
Withdrew ourselves, while he into a cave
Of huge receipt his high-fed cattle drave,
All that he milk'd ; the males he left without
His lofty roofs, that all bestrow'd about 340
With rams and buck-goats were. And then a rock
He lift aloft, that damm'd up to his flock
The door they enter'd ; 'twas so hard to wield,
That two-and-twenty waggons, all four-wheel'd,
(Could they be loaded, and have teams that were 345
Proportion'd to them) could not stir it there.
Thus making sure, he kneel'd and milk'd his ewes,
And braying goats, with all a milker's dues ;
Then let in all their young. Then quick did dress
His half milk up for cheese, and in a press 350

Of wicker press'd it ; put in bowls the rest,
To drink and eat, and serve his supping feast.

All works dispatch'd thus, he began his fire ;
Which blown, he saw us, and did thus inquire : 354

‘ Ho ! guests ! What are ye ? Whence sail ye these
seas ?

Traffic, or rove ye, and like thieves oppress
Poor strange adventurers, exposing so
Your souls to danger, and your lives to woe ?’

This utter'd he, when fear from our hearts took
The very life, to be so thunder-strook 360

With such a voice, and such a monster see ;
But thus answer'd : ‘ Erring Grecians, we
From Troy were turning homewards, but by force
Of adv winds, in far diverted course,
Such unknown ways took, and on rude seas toss'd, 365
As Jove decreed, are cast upon this coast.

Of Agamemnon, famous Atreus' son,
We boast ourselves the soldiers ; who hath won
Renown that reacheth heav'n, to overthrow
So great a city, and to ruin so 370

So many nations. Yet at thy knees lie
Our prostrate bosoms, forc'd with pray'rs to try
If any hōspitable right, or boon
Of other nature, such as have been won

³⁶³ This his relation of Agamemnon, and his glory and theirs for Troy's sack, with the piety of suppliants' receipt, to him that was so barbarous and impious, must be intended spoken by Ulysses, with supposition that his hearers would note, still as he spake, how vain they would show to the Cyclops ; who respected little Agamemnon, or their valiant exploit against Troy, or the Gods themselves. For otherwise, the serious observation of the words (though good and grave, if spoken to another) want their intentional sharpness and life.—CHAPMAN.

By laws of other houses, thou wilt give. 375
Rev'rence the Gods, thou great'st of all that live.
We supplicants are ; and hospitable Jove
Pours wreak on all whom pray'rs want pow'r to move
And with their plagues together will provide
That humble guests shall have their wants supplied.'

He cruelly answer'd : ' O thou fool,' said he, 381
' To come so far, and to importune me
With any God's fear, or observ'd love !
We Cyclops care not for your goat-fed Jove,
Nor other Bless'd ones ; we are better far. 385
To Jove himself dare I bid open war,
To thee, and all thy fellows, if I please.
But tell me, where's the ship, that by the seas
Hath brought thee thither ? If far off, or near,
Inform me quickly.' These his temptings were ; 390
But I too much knew not to know his mind,
And craft with craft paid, telling him the wind
(Thrust up from sea by Him that shakes the shore)
Had dash'd our ships against his rocks, and tore
Her ribs in pieces close upon his coast, 395
And we from high wrack sav'd, the rest were lost.'

He answer'd nothing, but rush'd in, and took
Two of my fellows up from earth, and strook
Their brains against it. Like two whelps they flew
About his shoulders, and did all embrue 400
The blushing earth. No mountain lion tore
Two lambs so sternly, lapp'd up all their gore
Gush'd from their torn-up bodies, limb by limb
(Trembling with life yet) ravish'd into him.
Both flesh and marrow-stuff'd bones he eat, 405

And ev'n th' uncleans'd entrails made his meat.
 We, weeping, cast our hands to heav'n, to view
 A sight so horrid. Desperation flew,
 With all our after lives, to instant death,
 In our believ'd destruction. But when breath 410
 The fury of his appetite had got,
 Because the gulf his belly reach'd his throat,
 Man's flesh, and goat's milk, laying lay'r on lay'r,
 Till near chok'd up was all the pass for air,
 Along his den, amongst his cattle, down 415
 He rush'd, and streak'd him. When my mind was grown
 Desp'rate to step in, draw my sword, and part
 His bosom where the strings about the heart
 Circle the liver, and add strength of hand. 419
 But that rash thought, more stay'd, did countermand,
 For there we all had perish'd, since it past
 Our pow'rs to lift aside a log so vast,
 As barr'd all outscape ; and so sigh'd away
 The thought all night, expecting active day.
 Which come, he first of all his fire enflames, 425
 Then milks his goats and ewes, then to their dams
 Lets in their young, and, wondrous orderly,
 With manly haste dispatch'd his housewif'ry.
 Then to his breakfast, to which other two
 Of my poor friends went ; which eat, out then go 430
 His herds and fat flocks, lightly putting by
 The churlish bar, and clos'd it instantly ;
 For both those works with ease as much he did,
 As you would ope and shut your quiver lid.

With storms of whistlings then his flock he drave 435
 Up to the mountains ; and occasion gave

418 *Streak'd*—stretched.—See Bk. XII. 148.

For me to use my wits, which to their height
I striv'd to screw up, that a vengeance might
By some means fall from thence, and Pallas now
Afford a full ear to my neediest vow. 440
This then my thoughts preferr'd : A huge club lay
Close by his milk-house, which was now in way
To dry and season, being an olive-tree
Which late he fell'd, and, being green, must be
Made lighter for his manage. 'Twas so vast, 445
That we resembled it to some fit mast,
To serve a ship of burthen that was driv'n
With twenty oars, and had a bigness giv'n
To bear a huge sea. Full so thick, so tall,
We judg'd this club ; which I, in part, hew'd small, 450
And cut a fathom off. The piece I gave
Amongst my soldiers, to take down, and shave ;
Which done, I sharpen'd it at top. and then,
Harden'd in fire, I hid it in the den
Within a nasty dunghill reeking there, 455
Thick, and so moist it issued ev'rywhere.
Then made I lots cast by my friends to try
Whose fortune serv'd to dare the boi'd out eye
Of that man-eater ; and the lot did fall
On four I wish'd to make my aid of all, 460
And I the fifth made, chosen like the rest.
Then came the even, and he came from the feast
Of his fat cattle, drave in all, nor kept
One male abroad ; if, or his memory slept
By Gods' direct will, or of purpose was 465
His driving in of all then, doth surpass
My comprehension. But he clos'd again
The mighty bar, milk'd, and did still maintain

All other observation as before.

His work all done, two of my soldier: more 470

At once he snatch'd up, and to supper went.

Then dar'd I words to him, and did present

A bowl of wine, with these words: 'Cyclop! take

A bowl of wine, from my hand, that may make 475

Way for the man's flesh thou hast eat, and show

What drink our ship held; which in sacred vow

I offer to thee to take ruth on me

In my dismissal home. Thy rages be

Now no more sufferable. How shall men,

Mad and inhuman that thou art, again 480

Greet thy abode, and get thy actions grace,

If thus thou ragost, and eat'st up their race.'

He took, and drunk, and vehemently joy'd

To taste the sweet cup; and again employ'd

My flagon's pow'rs, entreating more, and said: 485

'Good guest, again afford my taste thy aid,

And let me know thy name, and quickly now,

That in thy recompense I may bestow

A hospitable gift on thy desert,

And such a one as shall rejoice thy heart. 490

For to the Cyclops too the gentle earth

Bears gen'rous wine, and Jove augments her birth,

In store of such, with show'rs; but this rich wine

Fell from the river, that is mere divine,

Of nectar and ambrosia.' This again 495

I gave hint, and again; nor could the fool abstain,

But drunk as often. When the noble juice

Had wrought upon his spirit, I then gave use

To fairer language, saying: 'Cyclop! now,

As thou demand'st, I'll tell my name, do thou 500

Make good thy hospitable gift to me.
 My name is No-Man ; No-Man each-degree
 Of friends, as well as parents, call my name."
 He answer'd, as his cruel soul became :
 ' No-Man ! I'll eat thee last of all thy friends ; 503
 And this is that in which so much amends
 I vow'd to thy deservings, thus shall be
 My hospitable gift made good to thee.'
 This said, he upwards fell, but then bent round
 His fleshy neck ; and Sleep, with all crowns crown'd, 510
 Subdued the savage. From his throat brake out
 My wine, with man's-flesh gobbets, like a spout,
 When, loaded with his cups, he lay and snor'd ;
 And then took I the club's end up, and gor'd
 The burning coal-heap, that the point might heat ; 515
 Confirm'd my fellow's minds, lest Fear should let
 Their vow'd assay, and make them fly my aid.
 Straight was the olive-lever, I had laid
 Amidst the huge fire to get hard'ning, hot, 519
 And glow'd extremely, though 'twas green ; which got
 From forth the cinders, close about me stood
 My hardy friends ; but that which did the good
 Was God's good inspiration, that gave
 A spirit beyond the spirit they us'd to have ;
 Who took the olive spar, made keen before, 525
 And plung'd it in his eye, and up I bore,
 Bent to the top close, and help'd pour it in,

⁵⁰⁸ *No-man*.—It may be necessary to explain to the reader who is unacquainted with the original, that the play is upon the word No-man, Ulysses telling Polyphemus that his name is such. This pun occasions the misconception of his brother Cyclops in lines 560-1. Euripides has adopted the passage in his satyric drama of "*The Cyclops*."

With all my forces. And as you have seen
 A ship-wright bore a naval beam, he oft
 Thrusts at the auger's froofe, works still aloft, 530
 And at the shank help others, with a cord
 Wound round about to make it sooner bor'd,
 All plying the round still; so into his eye
 The fiery stake we labour'd to imply.
 Out gush'd the blood that scalded, his eye-ball 535
 Thrust out a flaming vapour, that scorch'd all
 His brows and eye-lids, his eye-strings did crack,
 As in the sharp and burning rafter brake.
 And as a smith, to harden any tool,
 Broad axe, or mattock, in his trough doth cool 540
 The red-hot substance, that so fervent is
 It makes the cold wave straight to seethe and hiss;
 So sod and hiss'd his eye about the stake.
 He roar'd withal, and all his cavern brake
 In claps like thunder. We did frighted fly, 545
 Dispers'd in corners. He from forth his eye
 The fix'd stake pluck'd; after which the blood
 Flow'd freshly forth; and, mad, he hurl'd the wood
 About his hovel. Out he then did cry
 For other Cyclops, that in caverns by 550
 Upon a windy promontory dwell'd;
 Who, hearing how impetuously he yell'd,
 Rush'd ev'ry way about him, and inquir'd,
 What ill afflicted him, that he exspir'd
 Such horrid clamours, and in sacred Night 555
 To break their sleeps so? Ask'd him, if his fright

⁵³⁰ *Froofe*.—I cannot understand this word. It is probably a misprint, but for what? *Proof*, *trial*, seems the nearest.

⁵⁵⁴ *Exspir'd*—breathed forth.

Came from some mortal that his flocks had driv'n ?
 Or if by craft, or might, his death were giv'n ?
 He answer'd from his den : ' By craft, nor might,
 No-Man hath giv'n me death.' They then said right,
 If no man hurt thee, and thyself alone, 561
 That which is done to thee by Jove is done ;
 And what great Jove inflicts no man can fly.
 Pray to thy Father yet, a Deity,
 And prove, from him if thou canst help acquire.' 565

Thus spake they, leaving him ; when all-on-fire
 My heart with joy was, that so well my wit
 And name deceiv'd him ; whom now pain did split,
 And groaning up and down he groping tried
 To find the stone, which found, he put aside ; 570
 But in the door sat, feeling if he could
 (As his sheep issued) on some man lay hold ;
 Esteeming me a fool, that could devise
 No stratagem to 'scape his gross surprise.
 But I, contending what I could invent 575
 My friends and me from death so eminent
 To get deliver'd, all my wiles I wove
 (Life being the subject) and did this approve :
 Fat fleecy rams, most fair, and great, lay there
 That did a burden like a violet bear. 580
 These, while this learn'd-in-villainy did sleep,
 I yok'd with osiers cut there, sheep to sheep,
 Three in a rank, and still the mid sheep bore
 A man about his belly, the two more
 March'd on his each side for defence. I then 585
 Choosing myself the fairest of the den,

⁵⁶⁴ Neptune.

⁵⁸⁰ Wool of a violet colour.—CHAPMAN.

His fleecy belly under-cropt, embrac'd
His back, and in his rich wool wrapt me fast
With both my hands, arm'd with as fast a mind.
And thus each man hung, till the morning shin'd ; 590
Which come, he knew the hour, and let abroad
His male-flocks first, the females un milk'd stood
Bleating and braying, their full bags so sore
With being unemptied, but their shepherd more
With being unsighted ; which was cause his mind 595
Went not a milking. He, to wreak inclin'd,
The backs felt, as they pass'd, of those male dams,
Gross fool ! believing, we would ride his rams !
Nor ever knew that any of them bore
Upon his belly any man before. 600
The last ram came to pass him, with his wool
And me together loaded to the full,
For there did I hang ; and that ram he stay'd,
And me withal had in his hands, my head
Troubled the while, not causelessly, nor least. 605
This ram he grop'd, and talk'd to : ' Lazy beast !
Why last art thou now ? Thou hast never us'd
To lag thus hindmost, but still first hast bruise'd
The tender blossom of a flow'r, and held
State in thy steps, both to the flood and field, 610
First still at fold at even, now last remain ?
Dost thou not wish I had mine eye again,
Which that abhor'd man No-Man did put out,
Assisted by his execrable rout,
When he had wrought me down with wine ? But he
Must not escape my wreak so cunningly. 615
I would to heav'n thou knew'st, and could but speak,
To tell me where he lurks now ! I would break

His brain about my cave, strew'd here and there,
 To ease my heart of those foul ills, that were 620
 Th' inflictions of a man I priz'd at nought.'

Thus let he him abroad ; when I, once brought
 A little from his hold, myself first los'd,
 And next my friends. Then drave we, and dispos'd,
 His straight-legg'd fat fleec-bearers over land, 625
 Ev'n till they all were in my ship's command ;
 And to our lov'd friends show'd our pray'd-for sight,
 Escap'd from death. But, for our loss, outright
 They brake in tears ; which with a look I stay'd,
 And bade them take our boot in. They obey'd, 630
 And up we all went, sat, and us'd our oars.
 But having left as far the savage shores
 As one might hear a voice, we then might see
 The Cyclop at the haven , when instantly
 I stay'd our oars, and this insultance us'd : 635
 'Cyclop ! thou shouldst not have so much abus'd
 Thy monstrous forces, to oppose their least
 Against a man immortal, and a guest,
 And eat his fellows. Thou mightst know there were
 Some ills behind, rude swain, for thee to bear, 640
 That fear'd not to devour thy guests, and break
 All laws of humans. Jove sends therefore wreak,
 And all the Gods, by me.' This blew the more
 His burning fury ; when the top he tore
 From off a huge rock, and so right a throw 645
 Made at our ship, that just before the prow
 It overflow and fell, miss'd mast and all
 Exceeding little ; but about the fall
 So fierce a wave it rais'd, that back it bore

Our ship so far, it almost touch'd the shore. , 650
 A bead-hook then, a far-extended one,
 I snatch'd up, thrust hard, and so set us gone
 Some little way ; and straight commanded all
 To help me with their oars, on pain to fall
 Again on our confusion. But a sign 655
 I with my head made, and their oars were mine
 In all performance. When we off were set,
 (Then first, twice further) my heart was so great,
 It would again provoke him, but my men
 On all sides rush'd about me, to contain, 660
 And said : ' Unhappy ! why will you provoke
 A man so rude, that with so dead a stroke,
 Giv'n with his rock-dart, made the sea thrust back
 Our ship so far, and near hand forc'd our wrack ?
 Should he again but hear your voice resound, 665
 And any word reach, thereby would be found
 His dart's direction, which would, in his fall,
 Crush piece-meal us, quite split our ship and all ;
 So much dart wields the monster.' Thus urg'd they
 Impossible things, in fear ; but I gave way 670
 To that wrath which so long I held deprest,
 By great necessity conquer'd, in my breast :
 ' Cyclop ! if any ask thee, who impos'd
 Th' unsightly blemish that thine eye enclos'd,
 Say that Ulysses, old Laertes' son, 675
 Whose seat is Ithaca, and who hath won
 Surname of City-razer, bor'd it out.'

At this, he bray'd so loud, that round about

⁶⁷³ Ulysses' continued insolence, no more to repeat what he said to the Cyclop, than to let his hearers know epithets, and estimation in the world.—CHAPMAN.

He drave affrighted echoes through the air,
 And said : ' O beast ! I was premonish'd fair, 680
 By aged prophecy, in one that was
 A great and good man, this should come to pass ;
 And how 'tis prov'd now ! Augur Telemus,
 Surnam'd Eurymidēs (that spent with us
 His age in augury, and did exceed 685
 In all presage of truth) said all this deed
 Should this event take, author'd by the hand
 Of one Ulysses, who I thought was mann'd
 With great and goodly personage, and bore 690
 A virtue answerable ; and this shore
 Should shake with weight of such a conqueror ;
 When now a weakling came, a dwarfy thing,
 A thing of nothing ; who yet wit did bring,
 That brought supply to all, and with his wine
 Put out the flame where all my light did shine. 695
 Come, land again, Ulysses ! that my hand
 May guest-rites give thee, and the great command,
 That Neptune hath at sea, I may convert
 To the deduction where abides thy heart,
 With my solicitings, whose son I am, 700
 And whose fame boasts to bear my father's name.
 Nor think my hurt offends me, for my sire
 Can soon repose in it the visual fire,
 At his free pleasure ; which no pow'r beside
 Can boast, of men, or of the Deified.' 705

I answer'd : ' Would to God I could compell
 Both life and soul from thee, and send to hell
 Those spoils of nature ! Hardly Neptune then
 Could cure thy hurt, and give thee all again.'

Then flew fierce vows to Neptune, both his hands ⁷¹⁰
 To star-born heav'n cast : ' O thou that all lands
 Gird'st in thy ambient circle, and in air
 Shak'st the curl'd tresses of thy sapphire hair,
 If I be thine, or thou mayst justly vaunt
 Thou art my father, hear me now, and grant 715
 That this Ulysses, old Laertes' son,
 That dwells in Ithaca, and name hath won
 Of City-ruiner, may never reach
 His natural region. Or if to fetch
 That, and the sight of his fair roofs and friends, 720
 Be fatal to him, let him that amends
 For all his miseries, long time and ill,
 Smart for, and fail of ; nor that fate fulfill,
 Till all his soldiers quite are cast away
 In others' ships. And when, at last, the day 725
 Of his sole-landing, shall his dwelling show,
 Let Detriment prepare him wrongs enow.'

Thus pray'd he Neptune ; who, his sire, appear'd,
 And all his pray'r to ev'ry syllable heard.
 But then a rock, in size more amplified 730
 Than first, he ravish'd to him, and implied
 A dismal strength in it, when, wheel'd about,
 He sent it after us ; nor flew it out
 From any blind aim, for a little pass
 Beyond our fore-deck from the fall there was, 735
 With which the sea our ship gave back upon,
 And shrunk up into billows from the stone,
 Our ship again repolling, near as near
 The shore as first. But then our rowers were,

⁷²¹ *Fatal*—ordained by fate.

Being warn'd, more arm'd, and stronglier stemm'd the
flood 740

That bore back on us, till our ship made good
The other island, where our whole fleet lay,
In which our friends lay mourning for our stay,
And ev'ry minute look'd when we should land.
Where, now arriv'd, we drew up to the sand, 745
The Cyclops' sheep dividing, that none there
Of all our privates might be wrung, and bear
'Too much on pow'r. The ram yet was alone
By all my friends made all my portion
Above all others ; and I made him then 750
A sacrifice for me and all my men
To cloud-compelling Jove that all commands,
To whom I burn'd the thighs ; but my sad hands
Receiv'd no grace from him, who studied how
To offer men and fleet to overthrow. 755

All day, till sun-set, yet, we sat and eat,
And lib'ral store took in of wine and meat.
The sun then down, and place resign'd to shade,
We slept. Morn came, my men I rais'd, and made
All go aboard, weigh anchor, and away. 760
They boarded, sat, and beat the aged sea ;
And forth we made sail, sad for loss before,
And yet had comfort since we lost no more."

⁷¹⁵ No occasion let pass to Ulysses' piety in our Poet's
singular wit and wisdom.—CHAPMAN.



THE TENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ULYSSES now relates to us
The grace he had with Æolus,
Great Guardian of the hollow Winds ;
Which in a leather bag he binds,
And gives Ulysses ; all but one,
Which Zephyr was, who fill'd alone
Ulysses' sails. The bag once seen,
While he slept, by Ulysses' men,
They thinking it did gold enclose,
To find it, all the winds did loose,
Who back flew to their Guard again.
Forth sail'd he ; and did next attain
To where the Læstrygonians dwell.
Where he eleven ships lost, and fell
On the Ææan coast, whose shore
He sends Eurylochus t' explore,
Dividing with him half his men.
Who go, and turn no more again,
All, save Eurylochus, to swine
By Circe turn'd. Their stays incline
Ulysses to their search ; who got
Of Mercury an antidote,
Which moly was, 'gainst Circe's charms,
And so avoids his soldiers' harms.
A year with Circe all remain,
And then their native forms regain.
On utter shores a time they dwell,
While Ithacus descends to hell.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Kárra. Great Æolus,
And Circe, friends
Finds Ithacus ;
And hell descends.



O the Æolian island we attain'd,
That swum about still on the sea, where
reign'd
The God-lov'd Æolus Hippotades.
A wall of steel it had ; and in the seas
A wave-beat-smooth rock mov'd about the wall. 5
Twelve children in his house imperial
Were born to him ; of which six daughters were,
And six were sons, that youth's sweet flow'r did bear.
His daughters to his sons he gave as wives ;
Who spent in feastful comforts all their lives, 10
Close seated by their sire and his grave spouse.
Past number were the dishes that the house
Made ever savour ; and still full the hall
As long as day shin'd ; in the night-time, all
Slept with their chaste wives, each his fair carv'd bed
Most richly furnish'd ; and this life they led. 15
We reach'd the city and fair roofs of these,
Where, a whole month's time, all things that might please
The king vouchsaf'd us ; of great Troy inquir'd,
The Grecian fleet, and how the Greeks retir'd. 20
To all which I gave answer as behov'd.
The fit time come when I dismissal mov'd,
He nothing would deny me, but addrest
My pass with such a bounty, as might best
Teach me contentment ; for he did enfold 25
Within an ox-hide, flay'd at nine years old,

All th' airy blasts that were of stormy kinds.
 Saturnius made him Steward of his Winds,
 And gave him pow'r to raise and to assuage.
 And these he gave me, curb'd thus of their rage, 30
 Which in a glitt'ring silver band I bound,
 And hung-up in my ship, enclos'd so round
 That no egression any breath could find ;
 Only he left abroad the Western Wind,
 To speed our ships, and us with blasts secure. 35
 But our securities made all unsure ;
 Nor could he consummate our course alone,
 When all the rest had got egression ;
 Which thus succeeded : Nine whole days and nights
 We sail'd in safety ; and the tenth, the lights 40
 Borne on our country-earth we might descry,
 So near we drew ; and yet ev'n then fell I,
 Being overwatch'd, into a fatal sleep,
 For I would suffer no man else to keep
 The foot that rul'd my vessel's course, to lead 45
 The faster home. My friends then Envy fed
 About the bag I hung-up, and suppos'd
 That gold and silver I had there enclos'd,
 As gift from Æolus, and said : ' O heav'n !
 What grace and grave price is by all men giv'n 50
 To our commander ! Whatsoever coast
 Or town he comes to, how much he engrost
 Of fair and precious prey, and brought from Troy !
 We the same voyage went, and yet enjoy
 In our return these empty hands for all. 55
 This bag, now, Æolus was so liberal

45 *Πόδα ἡνέος*—He calls the stern the foot of the ship.
 CHAPMAN.

To make a guest-gift to him ; let us try
Of what consists the fair-bound treasury,
And how much gold and silver it contains.'

Ill counsel present approbation gains.

60

They op'd the bag, and out the vapours brake,
When instant tempest did our vessel take,

That bore us back to sea, to mourn anew

Our absent country. Up amaz'd I flow,

And desp'rate things discours'd ; if I should cast

65

Myself to ruin in the seas, or taste

Amongst the living more moan, and sustain ?

Silent, I did so, and lay hid again

Beneath the hatches, while an ill wind took

My ships back to Æolia, my men strook

70

With woe enough. We pump'd and landed then,

Took food, for all this ; and of all my men

I took a herald to me, and away

Went to the court of Æolus, where they

Were feasting still ; he, wife, and children, set

75

Together close. We would not at their meat

Thrust in ; but humbly on the threshold sat.

He then, amaz'd, my presence wonder'd at,

And call'd to me : ' Ulysses ! How thus back

Art thou arriv'd here ? What foul spirit brake

80

Into thy bosom, to retire thee thus ?

We thought we had deductions curious

Giv'n thee before, to reach thy shore and home ;

Did it not like thee ?' I, ev'n overcome

With worthy sorrow, answer'd : ' My ill men

85

Have done me mischief, and to them hath been

My sleep th' unhappy motive ; but do you,

Dearest of friends, deign succour to my vow.

Your pow'rs command it.' Thus endeavour'd I
With soft speech to repair my misery. 90

The rest with ruth sat dumb. But thus spake he :
'Avaunt, and quickly quit my land of thee,
Thou worst of all that breathe. It fits not me
To convoy, and take-in, whom Heav'n's expose.
Away, and with thee go the worst of woes, 95
That seek'st my friendship, and the Gods thy foes.'

Thus he dismiss'd me sighing. Forth we sail'd,
At heart afflicted. And now wholly fail'd
The minds my men sustain'd, so spent they were
With toiling at their oars, and worse did bear 100
Their growing labours ; and they caus'd their grought
By self-will'd follies ; nor now ever thought
To see their country more. Six nights and days
We sail'd ; the seventh we saw fair Lamos raise
Her lofty tow'rs, the Læstrygonian state 105
That bears her ports so far disterninate ;
Where shepherd shepherd calls out, he at home
Is call'd out by the other that doth come
From charge abroad, and then goes he to sleep,
The other issuing ; he whose turn doth keep 110

¹⁰¹ *Grought*—growth. So spelt for rhyme's sake.

¹⁰⁷ This place suffers different construction in all the Commentors ; in which all err from the mind of the Poet, as in a hundred other places (which yet I want time to approve) especially about *ἐγγὺς γὰρ νυκτός*, &c. *Prope enim noctis et diei sunt viæ* (or *similiter*, which *ἐγγὺς* signifies) which they will have to be understood, that the days in that region are long, and the nights short ; where Homer intends, that the equinoctial is there ; for how else is the course of day and night near or equal ? But therefore the night's-man hath his double hire, being as long about his charge as the other ; and the night being more dangerous, &c. And if the day were so long, why should the night's-man be preferred in wages ?—CHAPMAN.

The night observance hath his double hire,
 Since day and night in equal length expire
 About that region, and the night's watch weigh'd
 At twice the day's ward, since the charge that's laid
 Upon the night's-man (besides breach of sleep) 115
 Exceeds the days-man's ; for one oxen keep,
 The other sheep. But when the haven we found,
 (Exceeding famous, and environ'd round
 With one continue rock, which so much bent
 That both ends almost met, so prominent 120
 They were, and made the haven's mouth passing strait)
 Our whole fleet in we got ; in whose receipt
 Our ships lay anchor'd close. Nor needed we
 Fear harm on any stays, Tranquillity
 So purely sat there, that waves great nor small 125
 Did ever rise to any height at all.
 And yet would I no entry make, but stay'd
 Alone without the haven, and thence survey'd,
 From out a lofty watch-tow'r rais'd there,
 The country round about ; nor anywhere 130
 The work of man or beast appear'd to me,
 Only a smoke from earth break I might see.
 I then made choice of two, and added more,
 A herald for associate, to explore
 What sort of men liv'd there. They went, and saw 135
 A beaten way, through which carts us'd to draw
 Wood from the high hills to the town, and met
 A maid without the port, about to get
 Some near spring-water. She the daughter was
 Of mighty Læstrygonian Antiphas, 140

¹²⁴ For being cast on the stays, as ships are by weather.

And to the clear spring call'd Artacia went,
 To which the whole town for their water sent.
 To her they came, and ask'd who govern'd there,
 And what the people whom he order'd were ?
 She answer'd not, but led them through the port, 145
 As making haste to show her father's court.
 Where enter'd, they beheld, to their affright,
 A woman like a mountain-top in height,
 Who rush'd abroad, and from the council-place
 Call'd home her horrid husband Antiphas. 150
 Who, deadly-minded, straight he snatch'd up one,
 And fell to supper. Both the rest were gone ;
 And to the fleet came. Antiphas a cry
 Drave through the city ; which heard, instantly
 This way and that innumerable sorts, 155
 Not men, but giants, issued through the ports,
 And mighty flints from rocks tore, which they threw
 Amongst our ships ; through which an ill noise flew
 Of shiver'd ships, and life-expiring men,
 That were, like fishes, by the monsters slain, 160
 And borne to sad feast. While they slaughter'd these,
 That were engag'd in all th' advantages
 The close-mouth'd and most dead-calm haven could
 give,
 I, that without lay, made some means to live,
 My sword drew, cut my gables, and to oars 165
 Set all my men ; and, from the plagues those shores
 Let fly amongst us, we made haste to fly,
 My men close working as men loth to die.
 My ship flew freely off ; but theirs that lay
 On heaps in harbours could enforce no way 170

150 Antiphas was king there.—CHAPMAN.

Through these stern fates that had engag'd them there,
 Forth our sad remnant sail'd, yet still retain'd
 The joys of men, that our poor few remain'd.

Then to the isle *Ææa* we attain'd,
 Where fair-hair'd, dreadful, eloquent *Circe* reign'd, 175
Ææta's sister both by dame and sire,
 Both daughters to Heav'n's man-enlight'ning Fire,
 And *Perse*, whom *Oceanus* begat.
 The ship-fit port here soon we landed at,
 Some God directing us. Two days, two nights, 180
 We lay here pining in the fatal spights
 Of toil and sorrow ; but the next third day
 When fair *Aurora* had inform'd, quick way
 I made out of my ship, my sword and lance
 Took for my surer guide, and made advance 185
 Up to a prospect ; I assay to see
 The works of men, or hear mortality
 Exspire a voice. When I had climb'd a height,
 Rough and right hardly accessible, I might
 Behold from *Circe's* house, that in a grove 190
 Set thick with trees stood, a bright vapour move.
 I then grew curious in my thought to try
 Some fit inquiry, when so spritely fly
 I saw the yellow smoke ; but my discourse
 A first retiring to my ship gave force, 195
 To give my men their dinner, and to send
 (Before th' adventure of myself) some friend.
 Being near my ship, of one so desolate
 Some God had pity, and would recreate

¹⁷⁵ *Μεγαλπω, curiosè cogito.*—CHAPMAN.

¹⁹⁴ *Αἰθώρα καπνός.* *Αἰθώρα* signifying *rutilus*, by reason of the fire mixed with it. *Fumus qui fit dum aliquid accenditur.*
 CHAPMAN.

My woes a little, putting up to me 200
A great and high-palm'd hart, that (fatally,
Just in my way, itself to taste a flood)
Was then descending ; the sun heat had sure
Importun'd him, besides the temperature
His natural heat gave. Howsoever, I 205
Made up to him, and let my jav'lin fly,
That struck him through the mid-part of his chine,
And made him, braying, to the dust confine
His flying forces. Forth his spirit flew ;
When I stept in, and from the death's wound drew 210
My shrewdly-bitten lance ; there let him lie
Till I, of cut-up osiers, did imply
A withe a fathom long, with which his feet
I made together in a sure league meet,
Stoop'd under him, and to my neck I heav'd 215
The mighty burden, of which I receiv'd
A good part on my lance, for else I could
By no means with one hand alone uphold
(Join'd with one shoulder) such a deathful load.
And so, to both my shoulders, both hands stood 220
Needful assistants ; for it was a deer
Goodly•well-grown. When (coming something near
Where rode my ships) I cast it down, and rear'd
My friends with kind words ; whom by name I cheer'd
In note particular, and said : ' See friends, 225
We will not yet to Pluto's house ; our ends
Shall not be hasten'd, though we be declin'd
In cause of comfort, till the day design'd
By Fate's fix'd finger. Come, as long as food
Or wine lasts in our ship, let's spirit our blood, 230
And quit our care and hunger both in one.'

This said, they frolick'd, came, and look'd upon
 With admiration the huge-bodied beast ;
 And when their first-serv'd eyes had done their feast,
 They wash'd, and made a to-be-striv'd for meal 235
 In point of honour. On which all did dwell
 The whole day long. And, to our venison's store,
 We added wine till we could wish no more.

Sun set, and darkness up, we slept, till light
 Put darkness down ; and then did I excite 240
 My friends to counsel, utt'ring this : ' Now, friends,
 Afford unpassionate ear ; though ill Fate lends
 So good cause to your passion, no man knows
 The reason whence and how the darkness grows ;
 The reason how the morn is thus begun ; 245
 The reason how the man-enlight'ning sun
 Dives under earth ; the reason how again
 He rears his golden head. Those counsels, then,
 That pass our comprehension, we must leave
 To him that knows their causes ; and receive 250
 Direction from him in our acts, as far
 As he shall please to make them regular,
 And stoop them to our reason. In our state
 What then behoves us ? Can we estimate,
 With all our counsels, where we are ? Or know 255
 (Without instruction, past our own skills) how,

235 *Ἐπικύδεια δαίτρα*.—CHAPMAN.

241 The whole end of this counsel was to persuade his soldiers to explore those parts, which he knew would prove a most displeasing motion to them : for their fellows' terrible entertainment with Antiphas, and Polyph. and therefore he prepares the little he hath to say with this long circumstance ; implying a necessity of that service, and necessary resolution to add the trial of the event to their other adventures.—CHAPMAN.

Put off from hence, to steer our course the more ?
I think we cannot. We must then explore
These parts for information ; in which way
We thus far are : Last morn I might display 260
(From off a high-raiſ'd cliff) an island lie
Girt with th' unmeasur'd sea, and is so nigh
That in the midst I saw the smoke arise
Through tufts of trees. This rests then to advise,
Who shall explore this ? This struck dead their hearts,
Rememb'ring the most execrable parts 265
That Læstrygonian Antiphas had play'd,
And that foul Cyclop that their fellows bray'd
Betwixt his jaws ; which mov'd them so, they cried.
But idle tears had never wants supplied. 270
I in two parts divided all, and gave
To either part his captain. I must have
The charge of one ; and one of God-like look,
Eurylochus, the other. Lots we shook,
Put in a casque together, which of us 275
Should lead th' attempt ; and 'twas Eurylochus.
He freely went, with two-and-twenty more ;
All which took leave with tears ; and our eyes wore
The same wet badge of weak humanity.
These in a dale did Circe's house descry, 280
Of bright stone built, in a conspicuous way.
Before her gates hill-wolves, and lions, lay ;
Which with her virtuous drugs so tame she made,
That wolf nor lion would one man invade
With any violence, but all arose, 285
Their huge long tails wagg'd, and in fawns would close,
As loving dogs, when masters bring them home
Relics of feast, in all observance come,

And soothe their entries with their fawns and bounds,
 All guests still bringing some scraps for their hounds;
 So, on these men, the wolves and lions ramp'd, 291
 Their horrid paws set up. Their spirits were damp'd
 To see such monstrous kindness, stay'd at gate,
 And heard within the Goddess elevate
 A voice divine, as at her web she wrought, 295
 Subtle, and glorious, and past earthly thought,
 As all the housewif'ries of Deities are.
 To hear a voice so ravishingly rare,
 Polités (one exceeding dear to me,
 A prince of men, and of no mean degree 300
 In knowing virtue, in all acts whose mind
 Discreet cares all ways us'd to turn, and wind)
 Was yet surpris'd with it, and said: 'O friends,
 Some one abides within here, that commends
 The place to us, and breathes a voice divine, 305
 As she some web wrought, or her spindle's twine
 She cherish'd with her song; the pavement rings
 With imitation of the tunes she sings.
 Some woman, or some Goddess, 'tis. Assay
 To see with knocking.' Thus said he, and they 310
 Both knock'd, and call'd; and straight her shining gates
 She open'd, issuing, bade them in to cates.
 Led, and unwise, they follow'd; all but one,
 Which was Eurylochos, who stood alone
 Without the gates, suspicious of a sleight. 315
 They enter'd, she made sit; and her deceit
 She cloak'd with thrones, and goodly chairs of state;
 Set herby honey, and the delicate
 Wine brought from Smyrna, to them; meal and cheese;

²⁹¹ *Kēphos, cujus animus curas prudentes regnat.*—CHAPMAN.

But harmful venoms she commix'd with these, 320
That made their country vanish from their thought.
Which eat, she touch'd them with a rod that wrought
Their transformation far past human wonts ;
Swine's snouts, swine's bodies, took they, bristles, grunts,
But still retain'd the souls they had before, 325
Which made them mourn their bodies' change the more.
She shut them straight in styes, and gave them meat,
Oak-mast, and beech, and cornel-fruit, they eat,
Gro'ling like swine on earth, in foulest sort.
Eurylochus straight hasted the report 330
Of this his fellows' most remorseful fate,
Came to the ships, but so excruciate
Was with his woe, he could not speak a word,
His eyes stood full of tears, which show'd how stor'd
His mind with moan remain'd. We all admir'd, 335
Ask'd what had chanc'd him, earnestly desir'd
He would resolve us. At the last, our eyes
Enflam'd in him his fellows' memories,
And out his grief burst thus : ' You will'd ; we went
Through those thick woods you saw ; when a descent
Show'd us a fair house, in a lightsome ground, 341
Where, at some work, we heard a heav'nly sound
Breath'd from a Goddess', or a woman's, breast.
They knock'd, she op'd her bright gates ; each her guest
Her fair invitement made ; nor would they stay, 345
Fools that they were, when she once led the way.
I enter'd not, suspecting some deceit.
When all together vanish'd, nor the sight
Of any one (though long I look'd) mine eye
Could any way discover.' Instantly, 350

236 Seeing them, he thought of his fellows.--CHAPMAN.

My sword and bow reach'd, I bad show the place,
 When down he fell, did both my knees embrace,
 And pray'd with tears thus : ' O thou kept of God,
 Do not thyself lose, nor to that abode
 Lead others rashly ; both thyself, and all 355
 Thou ventur'st thither, I know well, must fall
 In one sure ruin. With these few then fly ;
 We yet may shun the others' destiny.'

I answer'd him : ' Eurylochus ! Stay thou,
 And keep the ship then, eat and drink ; I now 360
 Will undertake th' adventure ; there is cause
 In great Necessity's unalter'd laws.'
 This said, I left both ship and seas, and on
 Along the sacred valleys all alone
 Went in discov'ry, till at last I came 365
 Where of the main-med'cine-making Dame
 I saw the great house ; where encounter'd me
 The golden-rod-sustaining Mercury,
 Ev'n ent'ring Circe's doors He met me in
 A young man's likeness, of the first-flow'r'd chin, 370
 Whose form hath all the grace of one so young.
 He first call'd to me, then my hand he wrung,
 And said : ' Thou no-place-finding-for-repose, •
 Whither, alone, by these hill-confines, goes
 Thy erring foot ? Th' art ent'ring Circe's house, 375
 Where, by her med'cines, black, and sorcerous,
 Thy soldiers all are shut in well-arm'd styes,
 And turn'd to swine. Art thou arriv'd with prize
 Fit for their ransoms ? Thou com'st out no more,
 If once thou ent'rest, like thy men before 380
 Made to remain here. But I'll guard thee free,
 And save thee in her spite. Receive of me

This fair and good receipt ; with which once arm'd,
 Enter her roofs, for th' art to all proof charm'd
 Against the ill day. I will tell thee all 335
 Her baneful counsel : With a festival
 She'll first receive thee, but will spice thy bread
 With flow'ry poisons ; yet unalter'd
 Shall thy firm form be, for this remedy
 Stands most approv'd 'gainst all her sorcery, 340
 Which thus particularly shun : when she
 Shall with her long rod strike thee, instantly
 Draw from thy thigh thy sword, and fly on her
 As to her slaughter. She, surpris'd with fear
 And love, at first, will bid thee to her bed. 345
 Nor say the Goddess nay, that welcom'd
 Thou may'st with all respect be, and procure
 Thy fellows' freedoms. But before, make sure
 Her favours to thee ; and the great oath take
 With which the bless'd Gods assurance make 350
 Of all they promise ; that no prejudice
 (By stripping thee of form, and faculties)
 She may so much as once attempt on thee.'
 This said, he gave his antidote to me,
 Which from the earth he pluck'd, and told me all 355
 The virtue of it, with what Deities call
 The name it bears ; and Moly they impose
 For name to it. The root is hard to loose
 From hold of earth by mortals ; but God's pow'r
 Can all things do. 'Tis black, but bears a flow'r 360

360 The Herb Moly, which, with Ulysses' whole narration,
 hath in chief an allegorical exposition. Notwithstanding I
 say with our Spondanus, *Credo in hoc vasto mundi ambitu
 exulare res innumeras mirandæ facultatis ; adeo, ut ne quidem
 ista quæ ad transformanda corpora pertinet, jure è mundo
 eximi possit.* &c.—CHAPMAN. For an account of the μῶλυ
 see Classical Mus. vol. v. p. 58.

As white as milk. And thus flew Mercury
Up to immense Olympus, gliding by
The sylvan island. I made back my way
To Circe's house, my mind of my assay
Much thought revolving. At her gates I stay'd 415
And call'd ; she heard, and her bright doors display'd,
Invited, led ; I follow'd in, but trac'd
With some distraction. In a throne she plac'd
My welcome person ; of a curious frame
'Twas, and so bright I sat as in a flame ; 420
A foot-stool added. In a golden bowl
She then suborn'd a potion, in her soul
Deform'd things thinking ; for amidst the wine
She mix'd her man-transforming medicine ;
Which when she saw I had devour'd, she then 425
No more observ'd me with her soothing vein,
But struck me with her rod, and to her styè
Bad, out, away, and with thy fellows lie.
I drew my sword, and charg'd her, as I meant
To take her life. When out she cried, and bent 430
Beneath my sword her knees, embracing mine,
And, full of tears, said : ' Who ? Of what high line
Art thou the issue ? Whence ? What shores sustain
Thy native city ? I amaz'd remain
That, drinking these my venoms, th' art not turn'd. 435
Never drunk any this cup but he mourn'd
In other likeness, if it once had pass'd
The ivory bounders of his tongue and taste.
All but thyself are brutishly declin'd.
Thy breast holds firm yet, and unchang'd thy mind.
Thou canst be therefore none else but the man 441
Of many virtues, Ithacensian,

Deep-soul'd Ulysses, who, I oft was told,
 By that sly God that bears the rod of gold,
 Was to arrive here in retreat from Troy. 445
 Sheathe then thy sword, and let my bed enjoy
 So much a man, that when the bed we prove,
 We may believe in one another's love.'

I then : 'O Circe, why entreat'st thou me
 To mix in any human league with thee, 450
 When thou my friends hast beasts turn'd ; and thy bed
 Tender'st to me, that I might likewise lead
 A beast's life with thee, soften'd, naked stripp'd
 That in my blood thy banes may more be steep'd ?
 I never will ascend thy bed, before, 455
 I may affirm, that in heav'n's sight you swore
 The great oath of the Gods, that all attempt
 To do me ill is from your thoughts exempt.'

I said, she swore, when, all the oath-rites said,
 I then ascended her adorned bed, 460
 But thus prepar'd : Four handmaids serv'd her there,
 That daughters to her silver fountains were,
 To her bright-sea-observing sacred floods,
 And to her uncut consecrated woods.
 One deck'd the throne-tops with rich cloths of state, 465
 And did with silks the foot-pace consecrate.
 Another silver tables set before
 The pompous throne, and golden dishes' store
 Serv'd in with sev'ral feast. A third fill'd wine.
 The fourth brought water, and made fuel shine 470
 In-ruddy fires beneath a womb of brass.
 Which heat, I bath'd ; and od'rous water was
 Disperpled lightly on my head and neck,
 That might my late heart-hurting sorrows check

Disperpled—sprinkled.

With the refreshing sweetness ; and, for that, 475
 Men sometimes may be something delicate.
 Bath'd, and adorn'd, she led me to a throne
 Of massy silver, and of fashion
 Exceeding curious. A fair foot-stool set,
 Water appos'd, and ev'ry sort of meat 480
 Set on th' elaborately-polish'd board,
 She wish'd my taste employ'd ; but not a word
 Would my ears taste of taste ; my mind had food
 That must digest ; eye-meat would do me good.
 Circe (observing that I put no hand 485
 To any banquet, having countermand
 From weightier cares the light cates could excuse)
 Bowing her near me, these wing'd words did use :
 ' Why sits Ulysses like one dumb, his mind
 Less'ning with languors ? Nor to food inclin'd, 490
 Nor wine ? Whence comes it ? Out of any fear
 Of more illusion ? You must needs forbear
 That wrongful doubt, since you have heard me swear.'
 ' O Circe ! ' I replied, ' what man is he,
 Aw'd with the rights of true humanity, 495
 That dares taste food or wine, before he sees
 His friends redeem'd from their deformities ?
 If you be gentle, and indeed incline
 To let me taste the comfort of your wine,
 Dissolve the charms that their fore'd forms enchain, 500
 And show me here my honour'd friends like men.'
 This said, she left her throne, and took her rod,
 Went to her sty, and let my men abroad,
 Like swine of nine years old. They opposite stood,
 Observ'd their brutish form, and look'd for food ; 505
 When, with another med'cine, ev'ry one

All over smear'd, their bristles all were gone,
 Produc'd by malice of the other bane,
 And ev'ry one, afresh, look'd up a man,
 Both younger than they were, of stature more, 510
 And all their forms much goodlier than before.
 All knew me, cling'd about me, and a cry
 Of pleasing mourning flew about so high
 The horrid roof resounded ; and the queen
 Herself was mov'd to see our kind so keen, 515
 Who bad me now bring ship and men ashore,
 Our arms, and goods in caves hid, and restore
 Myself to her, with all my other men.
 I granted, went, and op'd the weeping vein
 In all my men ; whose violent joy to see 520
 My safe return was passing kindly free
 Of friendly tears, and miserably wept.
 You have not seen young heifers (highly kept,
 Fill'd full of daisies at the field, and driv'n
 Home to their hovels, all so spritely giv'n 525
 That no room can contain them, but about
 Bace by the dams, and let their spirits out
 In ceaseless bleating) of more jocund plight
 Than my kind friends, ev'n crying out with sight
 Of my return so doubted ; circled me 530
 With all their welcomes, and as cheerfully
 Dispos'd their rapt minds, as if there they saw
 Their natural country, cliffy Ithaca,
 And ev'n the roofs where they were bred and born,
 And vow'd as much, with tears : 'O your return 535

⁵³⁷ *Bace*—run by. So the game of Prisoners' Base. Cotgrave says under the word "*barres*," "the play at *Bace*, or Prison Bars."

As much delights us as in you had come
 Our country to us, and our natural home.
 But what unhappy fate hath reft our friends ?
 I gave unlook'd-for answer, that amends
 Made for their mourning, bad them first of all 710
 Our ship ashore draw, then in caverns stall
 Our foody cattle, hide our mutual prize,
 'And then,' said I, 'attend me, that your eyes,
 In Circe's sacred house, may see each friend
 Eating and drinking banquets out of end.' 715

They soon obey'd ; all but Eurylochus,
 Who needs would stay them all, and counsell'd thus :
 'O wretches ! whither will ye ? Why are you
 Fond of your mischiefs, and such gladness show
 For Circe's house, that will transform ye all 720
 To swine, or wolves, or lions ? Never shall
 Our heads get out, if once within we be,
 But stay compell'd by strong necessity.
 So wrought the Cyclop, when t' his cave our friends
 This bold one led on, and brought all their ends 565
 By his one indiscretion.' I for this
 Thought with my sword (that desp'rate head of his
 Hewn from his neck) to gash upon the ground
 His mangled body, though my blood was bound
 In near alliance to him. But the rest 560
 With humble suit contain'd me, and request,
 That I would leave him with my ship alone,
 And to the sacred palace lead them on.

I led them ; nor Eurylochus would stay .
 From their attendance on me, our late fray 565
 Struck to his heart so. But mean time, my men,

In Circe's house, were all, in sev'ral bain,
 Studiously sweeten'd, smug'd with oil, and deck'd
 With in and out weeds, and a feast secret
 Serv'd in before them ; at which close we found 570
 They all were set, cheer'd, and carousing round.
 When mutual sight had, and all thought on, then
 Feast was forgotten, and the moan again
 About the house flew, driv'n with wings of joy.
 But then spake Circe : ' Now, no more annoy. 575
 I know myself what woes by sea, and shore,
 And men unjust have plagued enough before
 Your injur'd virtues. Here then feast as long,
 And be as cheerful, till ye grow as strong
 As when ye first forsook your country-earth. 580
 Ye now fare all like exiles ; not a mirth,
 Flash'd in amongst ye, but is quench'd again
 With still-renew'd tears, though the beaten vein
 Of your distresses should, methink, be now
 Benumb with suff'rance.' We did well allow 585
 Her kind persuasions, and the whole year stay'd
 In varied feast with her. When, now array'd
 The world was with the spring, and orby hours
 Had gone the round again through herbs and flow'rs,
 The months absolv'd in order, till the days 590
 Had run their full race in Apollo's rays,
 My friends remember'd me of home, and said,
 If ever fate would sign my pass, delay'd
 It should be now no more. I heard them well,
 Yet that day spent in feast, till darkness fell, 595

⁵⁶⁷ *In sev'ral bain*—each in a bath. (French.)

⁵⁷³ *Φρόσσαντο τε πάντα. Commemorabantque omnia.* Intending all their miseries, escapes, and meetings.—CHAPMAN.

⁵⁹³ *Remembered*—reminded.

And sleep his virtues through our vapours shed.
 When I ascended sacred Circe's bed,
 Implor'd my pass, and her perform'd vow
 Which now my soul urg'd, and my soldiers now
 Afflicted me with tears to get them gone. 600

All these I told her, and she answer'd these :
 ' Much-skill'd Ulysses Laertiades !
 Remain no more against your wills with me,
 But take your free way ; only this must be
 Perform'd before you steer your course for home : 605
 You must the way to Pluto overcome,
 And stern Persephoné, to form your pass,
 By th' aged Theban soul Tiresias,
 The dark-brow'd prophet, whose soul yet can see
 Clearly, and firmly ; grave Persephoné, 610
 Ev'n dead, gave him a mind, that he alone
 Might sing truth's solid wisdom, and not one
 Prove more than shade in his comparison.'

This broke my heart ; I sunk into my bed,
 Mourn'd, and would never more be comforted 615
 With light, nor life. But having now exprest
 My pains enough to her in my unrest,
 That so I might prepare her ruth, and get
 All I held fit for an affair so great,
 I said : ' O Circe, who shall steer my course 620
 To Pluto's kingdom ? Never ship had force
 To make that voyage.' The divine-in-voice
 Said : ' Seek no guide, raise you your mast, and hoise
 Your ship's white sails, and then sit you at peace,
 The fresh North Spirit shall waft ye through the seas.
 But, having past the ocean, you shall see 625
 A little shore, that to Persephoné

Puts up a consecrated wood, where grows
 Tall firs, and salallows that their fruits soon lose.
 Cast anchor in the gulfs, and go alone 630
 To Pluto's dark house, where, to Acheron
 Cocytus runs, and Pyriphlegethon,
 Cocytus born of Styx, and where a rock
 Of both the met floods bears the roaring shock.
 The dark heroë, great Tiresias, 635
 Now coming near, to gain propitious pass,
 Dig of a cubit ev'ry way a pit,
 And pour to all that are deceas'd in it
 A solemn sacrifice. For which, first take
 Honey and wine, and their commixtion make ; 640
 Then sweet wine neat ; and thirdly water pour ;
 And lastly add to these the whitest flour.
 Then vow to all the weak necks of the dead
 Off'rings a number ; and, when thou shalt tread
 The Ithacensian shore, to sacrifice 645
 A heifer never-tam'd, and most of prize,
 A pile of all thy most esteem'd goods
 Enflaming to the dear streams of their bloods ;
 And, in secret rites, to Tiresias vow
 A ram coal-black at all parts, that doth flow 650
 With fat and fleece, and all thy flocks doth lead.
 When the all-calling nation of the dead
 Thou thus hast pray'd to, offer on the place
 A ram and ewe all black ; being turn'd in face
 To dreadful Erebus, thyself aside 655
 The flood's shore walking. And then, gratified

652 Κλυτὰ ἔθνεα νεκρῶν. Which is expounded *Inclita ex-*
amina mortuorum ; but κλυτὸς is the epithet of Pluto, and
 by analogy belongs to the dead, *quod ad se omnes advocat.*

With flocks of souls of men and dames deceas'd
 Shall all thy pious rites be. Straight address'd
 See then the off'ring that thy fellows slew,
 Flay'd, and impos'd in fire ; and all thy crew 660
 Pray to the state of either Deity,
 Grave Pluto, and severe Persephoné.
 Then draw thy sword, stand firm, nor suffer one
 Of all the faint shades of the dead and gone
 T' approach the blood, till thou hast heard their king,
 The wise Tiresias ; who thy offering 665
 Will instantly do honour, thy home-ways,
 And all the measure of them by the seas,
 Amply unfolding.' 'This the Goddess told ;
 And then the Morning in her throne of gold 670
 Survey'd the vast world ; by whose orient light
 The Nymph adorn'd me with attires as bright,
 Her own hands putting on both shirt and weed,
 Robes fine, and curious, and upon my head
 An ornament that glitter'd like a flame, 675
 Girt me in gold ; and forth betimes I came
 Amongst my soldiers, rous'd them all from sleep,
 And bad them now no more observance keep
 Of ease, and feast, but straight a-shipboard fall,
 For now the Goddess had inform'd me all. 680
 Their noble spirits agreed ; nor yet so clear
 Could I bring all off, but Elpenor there
 His heedless life left. He was youngest man
 Of all my company, and one that wan
 Least fame for arms, as little for his brain ; 685
 Who (too much steep'd in wine, and so made fain
 To get refreshing by the cool of sleep,
 Apart his fellows, plung'd in vapours deep,

And they as high in tumult of their way)
 Suddenly wak'd and (quite out of the stay 690
 A sober mind had giv'n him) would descend
 A huge long ladder, forward, and an end
 Fell from the very roof, full pitching on
 The dearest joint his head was plac'd upon,
 Which, quite dissolv'd, let loose his soul to hell. 695
 I to the rest, and Circe's means did tell
 Of our return, as crossing clean the hope
 I gave them first, and said: 'You think the scope
 Of our endeavours now is straight for home;
 No, Circe otherwise design'd, whose doom 700
 Enjoin'd us first to greet the dreadful house
 Of austere Pluto and his glorious spouse,
 To take the counsel of Tiresias,
 The rev'rend Theban, to direct our pass.'

This brake their hearts, and grief made tear their hair.
 But grief was never good at great affair; 706
 It would have way yet. We went woful on
 To ship and shore, where was arriv'd as soon
 Circe unseen, a black ewe and a ram
 Binding for sacrifice, and, as she came, 710
 Vanish'd again unwitness'd by our eyes;
 Which griev'd not us, nor check'd our sacrifice,
 For who would see God, loth to let us see,
 This way or that bent; still his ways are free.

700 *Doom*—decision.



THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ULYSSES' way to Hell appears ;
Where he the grave Tiresias hears ;
Enquires his own and others' fates ;
His mother sees, and th' after states
In which were held by sad decease
Heroës, and Heroesses,
A number, that at Troy wag'd war ;
As Ajax that was still at jar
With Ithacus, for th' arms he lost ;
And with the great Achilles' ghost.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Λέμβδα. Ulysses here
Invokes the dead.
Tho lives appear
Hereafter led.



ARRIV'D now at our ship, we launch'd,
and set
Our mast up, put forth sail, and in did get
Our late-got cattle. Up our sails, we
went,

My wayward fellows mourning now th' event.
A good companion yet, a foreright wind,
Circe (the excellent utt'rer of her mind)

6

* They mourned the event before they knew it.—CHAPMAN.

Supplied our inurmuring consorts with, that was
Both speed and guide to our adventurous pass.
All day our sails stood to the winds, and made
Our voyage prosp'rous. Sun then set, and shade 10
All ways obscuring, on the bounds we fell
Of deep Oceanus, where people dwell
Whom a perpetual cloud obscures outright,
To whom the cheerful sun lends never light,
Nor when he mounts the star-sustaining heaven, 15
Nor when he stoops earth, and sets up the even,
But night holds fix'd wings, feather'd all with banes,
Above those most unblest Cimmerians.
Here drew we up our ship, our sheep withdrew,
And walk'd the shore till we attain'd the view, 20
Of that sad region Circe had foreshow'd ;
And then the sacred off'rings to be vow'd
Eurylochus and Persimedes bore.
When I my sword drew, and earth's womb did gore
Till I a pit digg'd of a cubit round, 25
Which with the liquid sacrifice we crown'd,
First honey mix'd with wine, then sweet wine neat,
Then water pour'd in, last the flour of wheat.
Much I importun'd then the weak-neck'd dead,
And vow'd, when I the barren soil should tread 30
Of cliffy Ithaca, amidst my hall
To kill a heifer, my clear best of all,
And give in off'ring, on a pile compos'd
Of all the choice goods my whole house enclos'd.
And to Tiresias himself, alone, 35
A sheep coal-black, and the selectest one
Of all my flocks. When to the Pow'rs beneath,
The sacred nation that survive with death,

My pray'rs and vows had done devotions fit,
I took the off'rings, and upon the pit 40
Bereft their lives. Out gush'd the sable blood.
And round about me fled out of the flood
The souls of the deceas'd. There cluster'd then
Youths, and their wives, much-suff'ring aged men,
Soft tender virgins that but new came there 45
By timeless death, and green their sorrows were.
There men-at-arms, with armours all embrew'd,
Wounded with lances, and with faulchions hew'd,
In numbers, up and down the ditch, did stalk,
And threw unmeasur'd cries about their walk, 50
So horrid that a bloodless fear surpris'd
My daunted spirits. Straight then I advis'd
My friends to flay the slaughter'd sacrifice,
Put them in fire, and to the Deities,
Stern Pluto and Persephoné, apply 55
Exciteful pray'rs. Then drew I from my thigh
My well-edg'd sword, stept in, and firmly stood
Betwixt the prease of shadows and the blood,
And would not suffer any one to dip
Within our off'ring his unsolid lip, 60
Before Tiresias that did all controul.
The first that press'd in was Elpenor's soul,
His body in the broad-way'd earth as yet
Unmourn'd, unburied by us, since we swet
With other urgent labours. Yet his smart 65
I wept to see, and rued it from my heart,
Enquiring how he could before me be
That came by ship? He, mourning, answer'd me :
'In Circe's house, the spite some spirit did bear,
And the unspeakable good liquor there, 70

Hath been my bane ; for, being to descend
 A ladder much in height, I did not tend
 My way well down, but forwards made a proof
 To tread the rounds, and from the very roof
 Fell on my neck, and brake it ; and this made 75
 My soul thus visit this infernal shade.

And here, by them that next thyself are dear,
 Thy wife, and father, that a little one
 Gave food to thee, and by thy only son
 At home behind thee left, Telemachus, 80
 Do not depart by stealth, and leave me thus,
 Unmourn'd, unburied, lest neglected I
 Bring on thyself th' incens'd Deity.

I know that, sail'd from hence, thy ship must touch
 On th' isle *Æsea* ; where vouchsafe thus much, 85
 Good king, that, landed, thou wilt instantly
 Bestow on me thy royal memory
 To this grace, that my body, arms and all,
 May rest consum'd in fiery funeral ;
 And on the foamy shore a sepulchre 90
 Erect to me, that after-times may hear
 Of one so hapless. Let me these implore
 And fix upon my sepulchre the oar
 With which alive I shook the aged seas,
 And had of friends the dear societies.' 95

I told the wretched soul I would fulfill
 And execute to th' utmost point his will ;
 And, all the time we sadly talk'd, I still
 My sword above the blood held, when aside
 The idol of my friend still amplified 100
 His plaint, as up and down the shades he err'd.

⁸⁵ Misenus apud Virgilium, *ingenti mole*, &c.—CHAPMAN.
 (*Æn.* VI. 282.)

Then my deceased mother's soul appear'd,
 Fair daughter of Autolycus the great,
 Grave Anticlea, whom, when forth I set
 For sacred Ilion, I had left alive. 105
 Her sight much mov'd me, and to tears did drive
 My note of her decease ; and yet not she
 (Though in my ruth she held the high'st degree)
 Would I admit to touch the sacred blood,
 Till from Tiresias I had understood 110
 What Circe told me. At the length did land
 Theban Tiresias' soul, and in his hand
 Sustain'd a golden sceptre, knew me well,
 And said : ' O man unhappy, why to hell
 Admitt'st thou dark arrival, and the light 115
 The sun gives leav'st, to have the horrid sight
 Of this black region, and the shadows here ?
 Now sheathe thy sharp sword, and the pit forbear,
 That I the blood may taste, and then relate
 The truth of those acts that affect thy fate.' 120
 I sheath'd my sword, and left the pit, till he,
 The black blood tasting, thus instructed me :
 ' Renown'd Ulysses ! All unask'd I know
 That all the cause of thy arrival now
 Is to enquire thy wish'd retreat for home ; 125
 Which hardly God will let thee overcome,
 Since Neptune still will his opposure try,
 With all his laid-up anger, for the eye
 His lov'd son lost to thee. And yet through all
 Thy suff'ring course (which must be capital) 130
 If both thine own affections, and thy friends,
 Thou wilt contain, when thy access ascends
 The three-fork'd island, having 'scap'd the seas,

Where ye shall find fed on the flow'ry leas
 Fat flocks, and oxen, which the Sun doth own, 135
 To whom are all things as well heard as shown,
 And never dare one head of those to slay,
 But hold unharmful on your wishéd way,
 Though through enough affliction, yet secure
 Your Fates shall land ye ; but presage says sure, 140
 If once ye spoil them, spoil to all thy friends,
 Spoil to thy fleet, and if the justice ends
 Short of thyself, it shall be long before,
 And that length forc'd out with inflictions store,
 When, losing all thy fellows, in a sail 145
 Of foreign built (when most thy Fates prevail
 In thy deliv'rance) thus th' event shall sort :
 Thou shalt find shipwrack raging in thy port,
 Proud men thy goods consuming, and thy wife
 Urging with gifts, give charge upon thy life. 150
 But all these wrongs revenge shall end to thee,
 And force, or cunning, set with slaughter free
 The house of all thy spoilers. Yet again
 Thou shalt a voyage make, and come to men
 That know no sea, nor ships, nor oars that are 155
 Wings to a ship, nor mix with any fare
 Salt's sàvoury vapour. Where thou first shalt land,
 This clear-giv'n sign shall let thee understand,
 That there those men remain : Assume ashore
 Up to thy royal shoulder a ship oar, 160
 With which, when thou shalt meet one on the way
 That will in county admiration say

¹⁴⁸ *Built*—build.

¹⁵⁶ Men that never eat salt with their food.—CHAPMAN.

¹⁶² *County*.—So the folio, but *country* is evidently the word.

What dost thou with that wan upon thy neck?
 There fix that wan thy oar, and that shore deck
 With sacred rites to Neptune; slaughter there 165
 A ram, a bull, and (who for strength doth bear
 The name of husband to a herd) a boar.
 And, coming home, upon thy natural shore,
 Give pious hecatombs to all the Gods,
 Degrees observ'd. And then the periods 170
 Of all thy labours in the peace shall end
 Of easy death; which shall the less extend
 His passion to thee, that thy foe, the Sea,
 Shall not enforce it, but Death's victory
 Shall chance in only-earnest-pray-vow'd age, 175
 Obtain'd at home, quite emptied of his rage,
 Thy subjects round about thee, rich and blest.
 And here hath Truth summ'd up thy vital rest.'

I answer'd him: 'We will suppose all these
 Decreed in Deity; let it likewise please 180
 Tiresias to resolve me, why so near
 The blood and me my mother's soul doth bear,
 And yet nor word, nor look, vouchsafe her son?
 Doth she not know me?' 'No,' said he, 'nor none
 Of all these spirits, but myself alone, 185
 Knows anything till he shall taste the blood.
 But whomsoever you shall do that good,
 He will the truth of all you wish unfold;
 Who you envy it to will all withhold.'

Thus said the kingly soul, and made retreat 190

163 *Wan*—a provincialism for *wand*.

173 ἴθρα ὑπὸ λιπαρῶ. Which all translate *senectute sub molli*. The epithet λιπαρῶ not of λιπαρὸς, viz. *pinguis*, or λιπαρῶς, *pinguiter*, but λιπαρῶς signifying *flagitanter orando*. To which pious age is ever altogether addicted.—CHAPMAN.

183 *Envy*—grudge, deny.

Amidst the inner parts of Pluto's seat,
When he had spoke thus by divine instinct.
Still I stood firm, till to the blood's precinct
My mother came, and drunk ; and then she knew
I was her son, had passion to renew 195
Her natural plaints, which thus she did pursue :
'How is it, O my son, that you alive
This deadly-darksome region underdive ?
'Twixt which, and earth, so many mighty seas,
And horrid currents, interpose their prease, 200
Oceanus in chief ? Which none (unless
More help'd than you) on foot now can transgress.
A well-built ship he needs that ventures there.
Com'st thou from Troy but now, enforc'd to err
All this time with thy soldiers ? Nor has seen, 205
Ere this long day, thy country, and thy queen ?'
I answer'd : 'That a necessary end
To this infernal state made me contend ;
That from the wise Tiresias' Theban soul
I might an oracle involv'd unroll ; 210
For I came nothing near Achaia yet,
Nor on our lov'd earth happy foot had set,
But, mishaps suff'ring, err'd from coast to coast,
Ever since first the mighty Grecian host
Divine Atrides led to Ilion, 215
And I his follower, to set war upon
The rapeful Trojans ; and so pray'd she would
The fate of that ungentle death unfold,
That fore'd her thither ; if some long disease,
Or that the spleen of her-that-arrows-please, 220
Diana, envious of most eminent dames,
Had made her th' object of her deadly aims ?

My father's state and sons I sought, if they
Kept still my goods? Or they became the prey
Of any other, holding me no more 225
In pow'r of safe return? Or if my store
My wife had kept together with her son?
If she her first mind held, or had been won
By some chief Grecian from my love and bed?'
All this she answer'd: 'That affliction fed 230
On her blood still at home, and that to grief
She all the days and darkness of her life
In tears had consecrate. That none possess
My famous kingdom's throne, but th' interest
My son had in it still he held in peace, 235
A court kept like a prince, and his increase
Spent in his subjects' good, administ'ring laws
With justice, and the general applause
A king should merit, and all call'd him king.
My father kept the upland, labouring, 240
And shunn'd the city, us'd no sumptuous beds,
Wonder'd-at furnitures, nor wealthy weeds,
But in the winter strew'd about the fire
Lay with his slaves in ashes, his attire
Like to a beggar's; when the summer came, 245
And autumn all fruits ripen'd with his flame,
Where grape-charg'd vines made shadows most abound,
His couch with fall'n leaves made upon the ground,
And here lay he, his sorrow's fruitful state
Increasing as he faded for my fate; 250
And now the part of age that irksome is
Lay sadly on him. And that life of his
She led, and perish'd in; not slaughter'd by
The Dame that darts lov'd, and her archery:

Nor by disease invaded, vast and foul, 255
 That wastes the body, and sends out the soul
 With shame and horror ; only in her moan,
 For me and my life, she consum'd her own.'

She thus, when I had great desire to prove
 My arms the circle where her soul did move. 260
 Thrice prov'd I, thrice she vanish'd like a sleep,
 Or fleeting shadow, which struck much more deep
 The wounds my woes made, and made ask her why
 She would my love to her embraces fly,
 And not vouchsafe that ev'n in hell we might 265
 Pay pious Nature her unalter'd right,
 And give Vexation here her cruel fill?
 Should not the Queen here, to augment the ill
 Of ev'ry suff'rance, which her office is,
 Enforce thy idol to afford me this? 270

'O son,' she answer'd, 'of the race of men
 The most unhappy, our most equal Queen
 Will mock no solid arms with empty shade,
 Nor suffer empty shades again t' invade
 Flesh, bones, and nerves ; nor will defraud the fire 275
 Of his last dues, that, soon as spirits expire
 And leave the white bone, are his native right,
 When, like a dream, the soul assumes her flight.
 The light then of the living with most haste,
 O son, contend to. This thy little taste 280
 Of this state is enough ; and all this life
 Will make a tale fit to be told thy wife.'

This speech we had ; when now repair'd to me
 More female spirits, by Persephoné
 Driv'n on before her. All th' heroës' wives, 285

286 Proserpine.

And daughters, that led there their second lives,
 About the black blood throng'd. Of whom yet more
 My mind impell'd me to inquire, before
 I let them altogether taste the gore,
 For then would all have been dispers'd, and gone 290
 Thick as they came. I, therefore, one by one
 Let taste the pit, my sword drawn from my thigh,
 And stand betwixt them made, when, sev'rally,
 All told their stocks. The first, that quench'd her fire,
 Was Tyro, issued of a noble sire. 295
 She said she sprung from pure Salmonæus' bed,
 And Cretheus, son of Æolus, did wed ;
 Yet the divine flood Enipæus lov'd,
 Who much the most fair stream of all floods mov'd.
 Near whose streams Tyro walking, Neptune came, 300
 Like Enipæus, and enjoy'd the dame.
 Like to a hill, the blue and snaky flood
 Above th' immortal and the mortal stood,
 And hid them both, as both together lay,
 Just where his current falls into the sea. 305
 Her virgin waist dissolv'd, she slumber'd then ;
 But when the God had done the work of men,
 Her fair hand gently wringing, thus he said :
 ' Woman ! rejoice in our combinéd bed,
 For when the year hath run his circle round 310
 (Because the Gods' loves must in fruit abound)
 My love shall make, to cheer thy teeming moans,
 Thy one dear burden bear two famous sons ;
 Love well, and bring them up. Go home, and see
 That, though of more joy yet I shall be free, 315
 Thou dost not tell, to glorify thy birth ;
 Thy love is Neptune, shaker of the earth.'
 This said, he plung'd into the sea ; and she,

Begot with child by him, the light let see
 Great Pelias, and Neleus, that became 320
 In Jove's great ministry of mighty fame.
 Pelias in broad Iolcus held his throne,
 Wealthy in cattle; th' other royal son
 Ru'd sandy Pylos. To these issue more
 This queen of women to her husband bore, 325
 Æson, and Pheres, and Amythaon
 That for his fight on horseback stoop'd to none.

Next her, I saw admir'd Antiope,
 Asopus' daughter, who (as much as she
 Boasted attraction of great Neptune's love) 330
 Boasted to slumber in the arms of Jove,
 And two sons likewise at one burden bore
 To that her all-controlling paramour,
 Amphion, and fair Zethus; that first laid
 Great Thebes' foundations, and strong walls convey'd
 About her turrets, that seven ports enclos'd, 336
 For though the Thebans much in strength repos'd,
 Yet had not they the strength to hold their own,
 Without the added aids of wood and stone.

Alcmena next I saw, that famous wife 340
 Was to Amphitryo, and honour'd life
 Gave to the lion-hearted Hercules,
 That was of Jove's embrace the great increase.

I saw, besides, proud Creon's daughter there,
 Bright Megara, that nuptial yoke did wear 346
 With Jove's great son, who never field did try
 But bore to him the flow'r of victory.

The mother then of Oedipus I saw,
 Fair Epicasta, that, beyond all law,
 Her own son married, ignorant of kind, 350
 And he, as darkly taken in his mind,

His mother wedded, and his father slew.
 Whose blind act Heav'n expos'd at length to view,
 And he in all-lov'd Thebes the supreme state
 With much moan manag'd, for the heavy fate 355
 The Gods laid on him. She made violent flight
 To Pluto's dark house from the loathéd light,
 Beneath a steep beam strangled with a cord,
 And left her son, in life, pains as abhorr'd
 As all the Furies pour'd on her in hell. 360
 Then saw I Chloris, that did so excell
 In answering beauties, that each part had all.
 Great Neleus married her, when gifts not small
 Had won her favour, term'd by name of dow'r.
 She was of all Amphion's seed the flow'r ; 365
 Amphion, call'd Iasides, that then
 Rul'd strongly Myniæan Orchomen,
 And now his daughter rul'd the Pylian throne,
 Because her beauty's empire overshone.
 She brought her wife-awed husband, Neleüs, 370
 Nestor much honour'd, Periclymenus,
 And Chromius, sons with sov'reign virtues grac'd ;
 But after brought a daughter that surpass'd,
 Rare-beautied Pero, so for form exact
 That Nature to a miracle was rack'd 375
 In her perfections, blaz'd with th' eyes of men ;
 That made of all the country's hearts a chain,
 And drew them suitors to her. Which her sire
 Took vantage of, and, since he did aspire
 To nothing more than to the broad-brow'd heird 380
 Of oxen, which the common fame so rear'd,
 Own'd by Iphiclus, not a man should be
 His Pero's husband; that from Phylace

Those never-yet-driv'n oxen could not drive.
Yet these a strong hope held him to achieve, 335
Because a prophet, that had never err'd,
Had said, that only he should be preferr'd
To their possession. But the equal fate
Of God withstood his stealth ; inextricate
Imprisoning bands, and sturdy churlish swains 340
That were the herdsmen, who withheld with chains
The stealth-attempter ; which was only he
That durst abet the act with prophecy,
None else would undertake it, and he must ;
The king would needs a prophet should be just. 345
But when some days and months expir'd were,
And all the hours had brought about the year,
The prophet did so satisfy the king
(Iphichus, all his cunning questioning)
That he enfranchis'd him ; and, all worst done, 350
Jove's counsel made th' all-safe conclusion.

Then saw I Leda, link'd in nuptial chain
With Tyndarus, to whom she did sustain
Sons much renown'd for wisdom ; Castor one,
That pass'd for use of horse comparison ; 355
And Pollux, that excell'd in whirlbat fight ;
Both these the fruitful earth bore, while the light
Of life inspir'd them ; after which, they found
Such grace with Jove, that both liv'd under ground,
By change of days ; life still did one sustain, 360
While th' other died ; the dead then liv'd again,
The living dying ; both of one self date
Their lives and deaths made by the Gods and Fate.

Iphimedia after Leda came,
That did derive from Neptune too the name 365

(Of father to two admirable sons.
 Life yet made short their admirations,
 Who God oppos'd Otus had to name,
 And Ephialtes far in sound of fame.
 The prodigal earth so fed them, that they grew 420
 To most huge stature, and had fairest hue
 Of all men, but Orion, under heav'n.
 At nine years old nine cubits they were driv'n
 Abroad in breadth, and sprung nine fathoms high.
 They threaten'd to give battle to the sky, 425
 And all th' Immortals. They were setting on
 Ossa upon Olympus, and upon
 Steep Ossa leavy Pelius, that ev'n
 They might a highway make with lofty heav'n ;
 And had perhaps perform'd it, had they liv'd 430
 Till they were striplings ; but Jove's son depriv'd
 Their limbs of life, before th' age that begins
 The flow'r of youth, and should adorn their chins.

Phædra and Procris, with wise Minos' flame,
 Bright Ariadne, to the off'ring came. 435
 Whom whilome Theseus made his prise from Crete,
 That Athens' sacred soil might kiss her feet,
 But never could obtain her virgin flow'r,
 Till, in the sea-girt Dia, Dian's pow'r
 Detain'd his homeward haste, where (in her fane, 440
 By Bacchus witness'd) was the fatal wane
 Of her prime glory. Mæra, Clymene,
 I witness'd there ; and loath'd Eriphyle,
 That honour'd gold more than she lov'd her spouse.

But, all th' heroesses in Pluto's house 445

444 Amphiaras was her husband, whom she betrayed to
 his ruin at Thebes, for gold taken of Adrastus her brother.

CHAPMAN.

That then encounter'd me, exceeds my might
 To name or number, and ambrosian night
 Would quite be spent, when now the formal hours
 Present to sleep our all-dispos'd pow'rs,
 If at my ship, or here. My home-made vow 450
 I leave for fit grace to the Gods and you."

This said ; the silence his discourse had made
 With pleasure held still through the house's shade,
 When white-arm'd Areté this speech began :
 "Phæacians ! How appears to you this man, 455
 So goodly-person'd, and so match'd with mind ?
 My guest he is, but all you stand combin'd
 In the renown he doth us. Do not then
 With careless haste dismiss him, nor the main
 Of his dispatch to one so needy maim, 460
 The Gods' free bounty gives us all just claim
 To goods enow." This speech, the oldest man
 Of any other Phæacensian,

The grave heröü, Echineüs, gave
 All approbation, saying : "Friends ! ye have 465
 The motion of the wise queen in such words
 As have not miss'd the mark, with which accords
 My clear opinion. But Alcinous,
 In word and work, must be our rule." He thus ;
 And then Alcinous said : "This then must stand, 470
 If while I live I rule in the command
 Of this well-skill'd-in-navigation state :
 Endure, then, guest, though most importunate
 Be your affects for home. A little stay
 If your expectance bear, perhaps it may 475
 Our gifts make more complete. The cares of all
 Your due deduction asks ; but principal

I am therein the ruler." He replied :

" Alcinous, the most duly glorified
 With rule of all of all men, if you lay 480
 Commandment on me of a whole year's stay,
 So all the while your preparations rise,
 As well in gifts as time, ye can devise
 No better wish for me ; for I shall come
 Much fuller-handed, and more honour'd, home, 485
 And dearer to my people, in whose loves
 The richer evermore the better proves."

He answer'd : " There is argued in your sight
 A worth that works not men for benefit,
 Like prollers or impostors ; of which crew, 490
 The gentle black earth feeds not up a few,
 Here and there wand'rers, blanching tales and lies,
 Of neither praise, nor use. You move our eyes
 With form, our minds with matter, and our ears
 With elegant oration, such as bears 495
 A music in the order'd history
 It lays before us. Not Democlocus
 With sweeter strains hath us'd to sing to us
 All the Greek sorrows, wept out in your own.
 But say : Of all your worthy friends, were none 500
 Objected to your eyes that consorts were
 To Ilion with you, and serv'd destiny there?
 This night is passing long, unmeasur'd, none

⁴⁸³ *Vennustè et salsè dictum.*—CHAPMAN.

⁴⁹⁰ *Prollers*—prowlers, wanderers in quest of plunder.

⁴⁹² *Blanching*.—The word to *blanch* not infrequently occurs in the sense of to put a fair appearance on a thing, to slur over, deceive. See *Iliad*, Bk. xii. 223. Florio, in his "World of Wordes," 1598, says, under the word "*Biancheggiare*," "*metaphorically it is taken to raile at one secretly.*" The sense is obvious here.

Of all my household would to bed yet ; on,
Relate these wondrous things. Were I with you, 505
If you would tell me but your woes, as now,
Till the divine Aurora show'd her head,
I should in no night relish thought of bed."

"Most eminent king," said he, "times all must keep,
There's time to speak much, time as much to sleep. 510
But would you hear still, I will tell you still,
And utter more, more miserable ill
Of friends than yet, that scap'd the dismal wars,
And perish'd homewards, and in household jars
Wag'd by a wicked woman. The chaste Queen 515
No sooner made these lady ghosts unseen,
Here and there flitting, but mine eye-sight won
The soul of Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
Sad, and about him all his train of friends,
That in Ægisthus' house endur'd their ends 520
With his stern fortune. Having drunk the blood,
He knew me instantly, and forth a flood
Of springing tears gush'd ; out he thrust his hands,
With will t' embrace me, but their old commands
Flow'd not about him, nor their weakest part. 525
I wept to see, and moan'd him from my heart,
And ask'd : ' O Agamemnon ! King of men !
What sort of cruel death hath render'd slain
Thy royal person ? Neptune in thy fleet
Heav'n and his hellish billows making meet, 530
Rousing the winds ? Or have thy men by land
Done thee this ill, for using thy command,
Past their consents, in diminution
Of those full shares their worths by lot had won

Of sheep or oxen? Or of any town, 535
 In covetous strife, to make their rights thine own
 In men or women prisoners?' He replied :
 ' By none of these in any right I died,
 But by Ægisthus and my murd'rous wife
 (Bid to a banquet at his house) my life 540
 Hath thus been reft me, to my slaughter led
 Like to an ox pretended to be fed.
 So miserably fell I, and with me
 My friends lay massacred, as when you see
 At any rich man's nuptials, shot, or feast, 545
 About his kitchen white-tooth'd swine lie drest.
 The slaughters of a world of men thine eyes,
 Both private, and in prease of enemies,
 Have personally witness'd ; but this one
 Would all thy parts have broken into moan, 550
 To see how strew'd about our cups and cates,
 As tables set with feast, so we with fates,
 All gash'd and slain lay, all the floor embrued
 With blood and brain. But that which most I rued,
 Flew from the heavy voice that Priam's seed, 555
 Cassandra, breath'd, whom, she that wit doth feed
 With baneful crafts, false Clytemncstra, slew,
 Close sitting by me ; up my hands I threw
 From earth to heav'n, and tumbling on my sword
 Gave wretched life up ; when the most abhorr'd, 560
 By all her sex's shame, forsook the room,
 Nor deign'd, though then so near this heavy home,
 To shut my lips, or close my broken eyes.

⁵⁴⁵ *Shot*.—See Bk. i. 352. The Greek *επαροι* was a feast at which each guest brought his portion, or contributed his share in money.

Nothing so heap'd is with impieties,
As such a woman that would kill her spouse 563
That married her a maid. When to my house
I brought her, hoping of her love in heart,
To children, maids, and slaves. But she (in th' art
Of only mischief hearty) not alone
Cast on herself this foul aspersion, 567
But loving dames, hereafter, to their lords
Will bear, for good deeds, her bad thoughts and words.'

'Alas,' said I, 'that Jove should hate the lives
Of Atreus' seed so highly for their wives!
For Menelaus' wife a number fell, 575
For dang'rous absence thine sent thee to hell.'

'For this,' he answer'd, 'be not thou more kind
Than wise to thy wife. Never all thy mind
Let words express to her. Of all she knows,
Curbs for the worst still, in thyself repose. 580
But thou by thy wife's wiles shalt lose no blood,
Exceeding wise she is, and wise in good.

Icarius' daughter, chaste Penelope,
We left a young bride, when for battle we
Forsook the nuptial peace, and at her breast 585
Her first child sucking, who, by this hour, blest,
Sits in the number of surviving men.

And his bliss she hath, that she can contain,
And her bliss thou hast, that she is so wise.
For, by her wisdom, thy return'd eyes 590

Shall see thy son, and he shall greet his sire
With fitting welcomes; when in my retire,
My wife denies mine eyes my son's dear sight,
And, as from me, will take from him the light,
Before she adds one just delight to life, 595

Or her false wit one truth that fits a wife.
 For her sake therefore let my harms advise,
 That though thy wife be ne'er so chaste and wise,
 Yet come not home to her in open view,
 With any ship or any personal show, 600
 But take close shore disguis'd, nor let her know,
 For 'tis no world to trust a woman now.
 But what says Fame? Doth my son yet survive,
 In Orchomen, or Pylos? Or doth live
 In Sparta with his uncle? Yet I see 605
 Divine Orestes is not here with me.'

I answer'd, asking: 'Why doth Atreus' son
 Enquire of me, who yet arriv'd where none
 Could give to these news any certain wings?
 And 'tis absurd to tell uncertain things.' 610

Such sad speech past us; and as thus we stood,
 With kind tears rend'ring unkind fortunes good,
 Achilles' and Patroclus' soul appear'd,
 And his soul, of whom never ill was heard,
 The good Antilochus, and the soul of him 615
 That all the Greeks past both for force and limb,
 Excepting the unmatched Æacides,
 Illustrious Ajax. But the first of these
 That saw, acknowledg'd, and saluted me,
 Was Thetis' conqu'ring son, who (heavily 620
 His state here taking) said: 'Unworthy breath!
 What act yet mightier imagineth
 Thy vent'rous spirit? How dost thou descend,
 These under-regions, where the dead man's end
 Is to be look'd on, and his foolish shade?' 625

I answer'd him: 'I was induc'd t' invade,
 500 This advice he followed at his coming home.—CHAPMAN.

These under-parts, most excellent of Greece,
To visit wise Tiresias, for advice
Of virtue to direct my voyage home
To rugged Ithaca ; since I could come 630
To note in no place, where Achaia stood,
And so liv'd ever, tortur'd with the blood
In man's vain veins. Thou therefore, Thetis' son,
Hast equall'd all, that ever yet have won
The bliss the earth yields, or hereafter shall. 635
In life thy eminence was ador'd of all,
Ev'n with the Gods ; and now, ev'n dead, I see
Thy virtues propagate thy empery
To a renew'd life of command beneath ;
So great Achilles triumphs over death.' 640
This comfort of him this encounter found ;
' Urge not my death to me, nor rub that wound,
I rather wish to live in earth a swain,
Or serve a swain for hire, that scarce can gain
Bread to sustain him, than, that life once gone, 645
Of all the dead sway the imperial throne.
But say, and of my son some comfort yield,
If he goes on in first fights of the field,
Or lurks for safety in the obscure rear ?
Or of my father if thy royal ear 650
Hath been advertis'd, that the Phthian throne
He still commands, as greatest Myrmidon ?
Or that the Phthian and Thessalian rage
(Now feet and hands are in the hold of age)
Despise his empire ? Under those bright rays, 655
In which heav'n's fervour hurls about the days,
Must I no more shine his revenger now,
Such as of old the Ilion overthrow

Witness'd my anger, th' universal host
 Sending before me to this shady coast, 660
 In fight for Grecia. Could I now resort,
 (But for some small time) to my father's court,
 In spirit and pow'r as then, those men should find
 My hands inaccessible, and of fire my mind,
 That durst with all the numbers they are strong 665
 Unseat his honour, and suborn his wrong.'

This pitch still flew his spirit, though so low,
 And this I answer'd thus: 'I do not know
 Of blameless Peleus any least report,
 But of your son, in all the utmost sort, 670
 I can inform your care with truth, and thus:

From Scyros princely Neoptolemus
 By fleet I convey'd to the Greeks, where he
 Was chief, at both parts, when our gravity
 Retir'd to council, and our youth to fight. 675
 In council still so fiery was Conceit
 In his quick apprehension of a cause,
 That first he ever spake, nor pass'd the laws
 Of any grave stay, in his greatest haste.
 None would contend with him, that counsell'd last, 680
 Unless illustrious Nestor, he and I
 Would sometimes put a friendly contrary
 On his opinion. In our fights, the prease
 Of great or common, he would never cease,
 But far before fight ever. No man there, 685
 For force, he forc'd. He was slaughterer
 Of many a brave man in most dreadful fight.
 But one and other whom he reft of light,
 In Grecian succour, I can neither name,
 Nor give in number. The particular fame 690

Of one man's slaughter yet I must not pass ;
 Eurypylus Telephides he was,
 That fell beneath him, and with him the falls
 Of such huge men went, that they show'd like whales
 Rampir'd about him. Neoptolemus 695
 Set him so sharply, for the sumptuous
 Favours of mistresses he saw him wear ;
 For past all doubt his beauties had no peer
 Of all that mine eyes noted, next to one,
 And that was Memnon, Tithon's Sun-like son. 700
 Thus far, for fight in public, may a taste
 Give of his eminence. How far surpast
 His spirit in private, where he was not seen,
 Nor glory could be said to praise his spleen,
 This close note I excerpted. When we sat 705
 Hid in Epeus horse, no optimate
 Of all the Greeks there had the charge to ope
 And shut the stratagem but I. My scope
 To note then each man's spirit in a strait
 Of so much danger, much the better might 710
 Be hit by me, than others, as, provok'd,
 I shifted place still, when, in some I smok'd
 Both privy tremblings, and close vent of tears,
 In him yet not a soft conceit of theirs
 Could all my search see, either his wet eyes 715
 Ply'd still with wipings, or the goodly guise,
 His person all ways put forth, in least part,
 By any tremblings, show'd his touch'd-at heart.

694 This place (and a number more) is most miserably mistaken by all translators and commentators.—CHAPMAN.

706 The horse abovesaid.—CHAPMAN

712 *Smoked*.—See Bk. IV. 338.

But ever he was urging me to make
 Way to their sally, by his sign to shake 730
 His sword hid in his scabbard, or his lance
 Loaded with iron, at me. No good chance
 His thoughts to Troy intended. In th' event,
 High Troy depopulate, he made ascent
 To his fair ship, with prise and treasure store, 735
 Safe, and no touch away with him he bore
 Of far-off-hurl'd lance, or of close-fought sword,
 Whose wounds for favours war doth oft afford,
 Which he (though sought) miss'd in war's closest wage.
In close fights Mars doth never fight, but rage. 736

This made the soul of swift Achilles tread
 A march of glory through the herby mead,
 For joy to hear me so renown his son ;
 And vanish'd stalking. But with passion
 Stood th' other souls struck, and each told his bane.
 Only the spirit Telamonian 737
 Kept far off, angry for the victory
 I won from him at fleet ; though arbitry
 Of all a court of war pronounc'd it mine,
 And Pallas' self. Our prise were th' arms divine 740
 Of great Æacides, propos'd t' our fames
 By his bright Mother, at his funeral games.
 I wish to heav'n I ought not to have won ;
 Since for those arms so high a head so soon
 The base earth cover'd, Ajax, that of all 745
 The host of Greece had person capital,
 And acts as eminent, excepting his
 Whose arms those were, in whom was nought amiss.
 I tried the great soul with soft words, and said :

736 Ajax the son of Telamon.—CHAPMAN.

'Ajax! Great son of Telamon, array'd 750
In all our glories! What! not dead resign
Thy wrath for those curst arms? The Pow'rs divine
In them forg'd all our banes, in thine own one,
In thy grave fall our tower was overthrown.
We mourn, for ever maim'd, for thee as much 755
As for Achilles; nor thy wrong doth touch,
In sentence, any but Saturnius' doom;
In whose hate was the host of Greece become
A very horror; who express'd it well
In signing thy fate with this timeless hell. 760
Approach then, king of all the Grecian merit,
Repress thy great mind and thy flamy spirit,
And give the words I give thee worthy ear.'

All this no word drew from him, but less near
The stern soul kept; to other souls he fled, 765
And glid along the river of the dead.
Though anger mov'd him, yet he might have spoke,
Since I to him. But my desires were strook
With sight of other souls. And then I saw
Minos, that minister'd to Death a law, 770
And Jove's bright son was. He was set, and sway'd
A golden sceptre; and to him did plead
A sort of others, set about his throne,
In Pluto's wide-door'd house; when straight came on
Mighty Orion, who was hunting there 775
The herds of those beasts he had slaughter'd here
In desert hills on earth. A club he bore,
Entirely steel, whose virtues never wore.

Tityus I saw, to whom the glorious earth
Open'd her womb, and gave unhappy birth. 780

Upwards, and flat upon the pavement, lay
 His ample limbs, that spread in their display
 Nine acres' compass. On his bosom sat
 Two vultures, digging, through his caul of fat,
 Into his liver with their crook'd beaks ; 785
 And each by turns the concrete entrail breaks
 (As smiths their steel beat) set on either side.
 Nor doth he ever labour to divide
 His liver and their beaks, nor with his hand
 Offer them off, but suffers by command 790
 Of th' angry Thund'rer, off'ring to enforce
 His love Latona, in the close recourse
 She us'd to Pytho through the dancing land,
 Smooth Panopeus. I saw likewise stand,
 Up to the chin, amidst a liquid lake, 795
 Tormented Tantalus, yet could not slake
 His burning thirst. Oft as his scornful cup
 Th' old man would taste, so oft 'twas swallow'd up,
 And all the black earth to his feet descried,
 Divine pow'r (plaguing him) the lake still dried. 800
 About his head, on high trees, clust'ring, hung
 Pears, apples, granates, olives ever-young,
 Delicious figs, and many fruit-trees more
 Of other burden ; whose alluring store
 When th' old soul striv'd to pluck, the winds from sight,
 In gloomy vapours, made them vanish quite. 805
 There saw I Sisypheus in infinite moan,
 With both hands heaving up a massy stone,
 And on his tip-toes racking all his height,
 To wrest up to a mountain-top his freight ; 810
 When prest to rest it there, his nerves quite spent,
⁸¹¹ Prest—ready.

Down rush'd the deadly quarry, the event
 Of all his torture new to raise again ;
 To which straight set his never-rested pain.
 The sweat came gushing out from ev'ry pore, 415
 And on his head a standing mist he wore,
 Reeking from thence, as if a cloud of dust
 Were rais'd about it. Down with these was thrust
 The idol of the force of Hercules,
 But his firm self did no such fate oppress, 420
 He feasting lives amongst th' Immortal States,
 White ankled Hebe and himself made mates
 In heav'nly nuptials. Hebe, Jove's dear race,
 And Juno's whom the golden sandals grace.
 About him flew the clamours of the dead 425
 Like fowls, and still stoop'd cuffing at his head.
 He with his bow, like Night, stalk'd up and down,
 His shaft still nock'd, and hurling round his frown
 At those vex'd hov'ers, aiming at them still,
 And still, as shooting out, desire to still. 430
 A horrid bawdrick wore he thwart his breast,
 The thong all-gold, in which were forms imprest,
 Where art and miracle drew equal breaths,
 In bears, boars, lions, battles, combats, deaths.
 Who wrought that work did never such before, 435
 Nor so divinely will do ever more.
 Soon as he saw, he knew me, and gave speech :
 ' Son of Laertes, high in wisdom's reach,
 And yet unhappy wretch, for in this heart,
 Of all exploits achiev'd by thy desert, 440
 Thy worth but works out some sinister fate,
 As I in earth did. I was generate
 449 *The idol of the force of Hercules.—The shade of Hercules.*

By Jove himself, and yet past mean opprest
 By one my far inferior, whose proud hest
 Impos'd abhorréd labours on my hand. 845

Of all which one was, to descend this strand,
 And hale the dog from thence. He could not think
 An act that danger could make deeper sink.
 And yet this depth I drew, and fetch'd as high,
 As this was low, the dog. The Deity 850
 Of sleight and wisdom, as of downright pow'r,
 Both stoop'd, and rais'd, and made me conqueror.'

This said, he made descent again as low
 As Pluto's court; when I stood firm, for show
 Of more heroës of the times before, 855

And might perhaps have seen my wish of more,
 (As Theseus and Pirithous, deriv'd
 From roots of Deity) but before th' achiev'd
 Rare sight of these, the rank-soul'd multitude
 In infinite flocks rose, venting sounds so rude, 860
 That pale Fear took me, lest the Gorgon's head
 Rush'd in amongst them, thrust up, in my dread,
 By grim Persephoné. I therefore sent
 My men before to ship, and after went. 864

Where, boarded, set, and launch'd, the ocean wave
 Our oars and forewinds speedy passage gave.

860 Mercury.



THE TWELFTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

He shows from Hell his safe retreat
To th' isle *Ææa*, Circe's seat ;
And how he 'scap'd the Sirens' calls,
With th' erring rocks, and waters' falls,
That Scylla and Charybdis break ;
The Sun's stol'n herds ; and his sad wreck
Both of Ulysses' ship and men,
His own head 'scaping scarce the pain.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

MO. The rocks that err'd.
The Sirens' call.
The Sun's stol'n herd.
The soldiers' fall.



UR ship now past the straits of th' ocean
flood,
She plow'd the broad sea's billows, and
made good
The isle *Ææa*, where the palace stands
Of th' early riser with the rosy hands,
Active Aurora, where she loves to dance,
And where the Sun doth his prime beams advance.

When here arriv'd, we drew her up to land,
And trod ourselves the re-saluted sand,
Found on the shore fit resting for the night,
Slept, and expected the celestial light. 10

Soon as the white-and-red-mix'd-finger'd Dame
Had gilt the mountains with her saffron flame,
I sent my men to Circe's house before,
To fetch deceas'd Elpenor to the shore.

Straight swell'd the high banks with fell'd heaps of
trees, 15

And, full of tears, we did due exsequies
To our dead friend. Whose corse consum'd with fire,
And honour'd arms, whose sepulchre entire,
And over that a column rais'd, his oar,
Curiously carv'd, to his desire before, 20
Upon the top of all his tomb we fix'd.
Of all rites fit his funeral pile was mix'd.

Nor was our safe ascent from Hell conceal'd
From Circe's knowledge ; nor so soon reveal'd
But she was with us, with her bread and food, 25
And ruddy wine, brought by her sacred brood
Of woods and fountains. In the midst she stood,
And thus saluted us : ' Unhappy men,
That have, inform'd with all your senses, been
In Pluto's dismal mansion ! You shall die 30
Twice now, where others, that Mortality
In her fair arms holds, shall but once de cease.
But eat and drink out all conceit of these,
And this day dedicate to food and wine,
The following night to sleep. When next shall shine 35
The cheerful morning, you shall prove the seas.
Your way, and ev'ry act ye must address,

My knowledge of their order shall design,
 Lest with your own bad counsels ye incline
 Events as bad against ye, and sustain, 40
 By sea and shore, the woful ends that reign
 In wilful actions.' Thus did she advise
 And, for the time, our fortunes were so wise
 To follow wise directions. All that day
 We sat and feasted. When his lower way 45
 The Sun had enter'd, and the Even the high,
 My friends slept on their gables; she and I
 (Let by her fair hand to a place apart,
 By her well-sorted) did to sleep convert
 Our timid pow'rs; when all things Fate let fall 50
 In our affair she ask'd; I told her all.
 To which she answer'd: 'These things thus took end.
 And now to those that I inform attend,
 Which you rememb'ring, God himself shall be
 The bless'd author of your memory. 55

First to the Sirens ye shall come, that taint
 The minds of all men whom they can acquaint
 With their attractions. Whosoever shall,
 For want of knowledge mov'd, but hear the call
 Of any Siren, he will so despise 60
 Both wife and children, for their sorceries,
 That never home turns his affection's stream,
 Nor they take joy in him, nor he in them.
 The Sirens will so soften with their song
 (Shril, and in sensual appetite so strong) 65
 His loose affections, that he gives them head.
 And then observe: They sit amidst a mead,
 And round about it runs a hedge or wall
 Of dead men's bones, their wither'd skins and all

Hung all along upon it ; and these men 70
Were such as they had fawn'd into their fen,
And then their skins hung on their hedge of bones.
Sail by them therefore, thy companions
Beforehand causing to stop ev'ry ear
With sweet soft wax, so close that none may hear 75
A note of all their charmings. Yet may you,
If you affect it, open ear allow
To try their motion ; but presume not so
To trust your judgment, when your senses go
So loose about you, but give strait command 80
To all your men, to bind you foot and hand
Sure to the mast, that you may safe approve
How strong in instigation to their love
Their rapturing tunes are. If so much they move,
That, spite of all your reason, your will stands 85
To be enfranchis'd both of feet and hands,
Charge all your men before to slight your charge,
And rest so far from fearing to enlarge
That much more sure they bind you. When your
friends
Have outsail'd these, the danger that transcends 90
Rests not in any counsel to prevent,
Unless your own mind finds the tract and bent
Of that way that avoids it. I can say
That in your course there lies a twofold way,
The right of which your own, taught, present wit, 95
And grace divine, must prompt. In gen'ral yet,
Let this inform you : Near these Sirens' shore
Move two steep rocks, at whose feet lie and roar
The black sea's cruel billows ; the bless'd Gods
Call them the Rovers. Their abhorr'd abodes 100

No bird can pass ; no not the doves, whose fear
 Sire Jove so loves that they are said to bear
 Ambrosia to him, can their ravine 'scape,
 But one of them falls ever to the rape
 Of those sly rocks ; yet Jove another still 105
 Adds to the rest, that so may ever fill
 The sacred number. Never ship could shun
 The nimble peril wing'd there, but did run
 With all her bulk, and bodies of her men,
 To utter ruin. For the seas retain 110
 Not only their outrageous æsture there,
 But fierce assistants of particular fear,
 And supernatural mischief, they expire,
 And those are whirlwinds of devouring fire
 Whisking about still. Th' Argive ship alone, 115
 Which bore the care of all men, got her gone,

¹⁰¹ Ἠλέϊαι τρήρῳρες. *Columbæ timidæ*. What these doves were, and the whole mind of this place, the great Macedon asking Chiron Amphilolites, he answered : They were the Pleiades or seven Stars. One of which (besides his proper imperfection of being ἀμυδρὸς, i. e. *adeo exilis, vel subobscurus, ut viz appareat*) is utterly obscured or let by these rocks. Why then, or how, Jove still supplied the lost one, that the number might be full, Athenæus falls to it, and helps the other out, interpreting it to be affirmed of their perpetual septenary number, though there appeared but six. But how lame and loathsome these prozers show in their affected expositions of the poetical mind, this and an hundred others, spent in mere presumptuous guess at this inaccessible Poet, I hope will make plain enough to the most envious of any thing done, besides our own set censures, and most arrogant overweenings. In the 23 of the Iliads (being ψ) at the games celebrated at Patroclus' funerals, they tied to the top of a mast πέλειαυ τρήρῳρα, *timidam columbam*, to shoot at for a game, so that (by these great men's abovesaid expositions) they shot at the Pleiades.—CHAPMAN.

¹¹⁶ Νηὺς πᾶσι μέλουσα, &c. *Navis omnibus curæ: the ship that held the care of all men, or of all things: which our critics will needs restrain, omnibus heroibus, Poetis omnibus, vel Histo-*

Come from Areta. Yet perhaps ev'n she
 Had wrack'd at those rocks, if the Deity,
 That lies by Jove's side, had not lent her hand
 To their transmission; since the man, that mann'd 116
 In chief that voyage, she in chief did love.
 Of these two spiteful rocks, the one doth shove
 Against the height of heav'n her pointed brow.
 A black cloud binds it round, and never show
 Lends to the sharp point; not the clear blue sky 117
 Lets ever view it, not the summer's eye,
 Nor fervent autumn's. None that death could end
 Could ever scale it, or, if up, descend,
 Though twenty hands and feet he had for hold,
 A polish'd ice-like glibness doth enfold 118
 The rock so round, whose midst a gloomy cell
 Shrouds so far westward that it sees to hell.
 From this keep you as far, as from his bow
 An able young man can his shaft bestow.
 For here the whuling Scylla shrouds her face, 119

ricia, when the care of all men's preservation is assumed to be the freight of it; as if poets and historians comprehended all things, when I scarce know any that makes them any part of their care. But this likewise is garbage good enough for the monster. Nor will I tempt our spiced consciences with expressing the divine mind it includes. Being afraid to affirm any good of poor poesy, since no man gets any goods by it. And notwithstanding many of our bird-eyed starters at profanation are for nothing so afraid of it; as that lest their galled consciences (scarce believing the most real truth, in approbation of their lives) should be rubbed with the confirmation of it, even in these condemned vanities (as their impieties please to call them) which by much more learned and pious than themselves have ever been called the raptures of divine inspiration, by which, *Homo supra humanam naturam erigitur, et in Deum transit.*—Plat.—CHAPMAN.

¹¹⁶ Δεινὸν λελακυῖα, &c. *Graviter vociferans*; as all most untruly translate it. As they do in the next verse these

That breathes a voice at all parts no more base
 Than are a newly-kitten'd kitling's cries,
 Herself a monster yet of boundless size,
 Whose sight would nothing please a mortal's eyes,
 No nor the eyes of any God, if he 140
 (Whom nought should fright) fell foul on her, and she.
 Her full shape show'd. Twelve foul feet bear about
 Her ugly bulk. Six huge long necks look out
 Of her rank shoulders; ev'ry neck doth let
 A ghastly head out; ev'ry head three set, 145
 Thick thrust together, of abhorred teeth,
 And ev'ry tooth stuck with a sable death.

words σκύλακος νεογίλης *catuli leonin*, no lion being here dreamed of, nor any vociferation. Δεινὸν λελακυῖα signifying *indignam*, *disimilem*, or *horribilem vocem edens*: but in what kind *horribilem*? Not for the gravity or greatness of her voice, but for the unworthy or disproportionable small whuling of it; she being in the vast frame of her body, as the very words πέλωρ κακὸν signify, *monstrum ingens*; whose disproportion and deformity is too poetically (and therein elegantly) ordered for fat and flat prosers to comprehend. Nor could they make the Poet's words serve their comprehension; and therefore they add of their own, λάσκω, from whence λελακυῖα is derived, signifying *crepo*, or *stridulè clamo*. And σκύλακος νεογίλης is to be expounded, *catuli nuper* or *recens nati*, not *leonin*. But thus they botch and abuse the incomparable expressor, because they knew not how otherwise to be monstrous enough themselves to help out the monster. Imagining so huge a great body must needs have a voice as huge; and then would not our Homer have likened it to a lion's whelp's voice, but to the lion's own; and all had been much too little to make a voice answerable to her hugeness. And therefore found our inimitable master a new way to express her monstrous disproportion; performing it so, as there can be *nihil supra*. And I would fain learn of my learned detractor, that will needs have me only translate out of the Latin, what Latin translation tells me this? Or what Grecian hath ever found this and a hundred other such? Which may be some poor instance, or proof, of my Grecian faculty, as far as old Homer goes in his two simple Poems, but not a syllable further will my silly spirit presume.—GRAPMAN.

She lurks in midst of all her den, and streaks
 From out a ghastly whirlpool all her necks ;
 Where, gloting round her rock, to fish she falls ; 150
 And up rush dolphins, dogfish ; somewhiles whales,
 If got within her when her rapine feeds ;
 For ever-groaning Amphitrite breeds
 About her whirlpool an unmeasur'd store.
 No sea-man ever boasted touch of shore 155
 That there touch'd with his ship, but still she fed
 Of him and his ; a man for ev'ry head
 Spoiling his ship of. You shall then descry
 The other humbler rock, that moves so nigh
 Your dart may mete the distance. It receives 160
 A huge wild fig-tree, curl'd with ample leaves,
 Beneath whose shades divine Charybdis sits,
 Supping the black deeps. Thrice a day her pits
 She drinking all dry, and thrice a day again
 All up she belches, baneful to sustain. 165
 When she is drinking, dare not near her draught,
 For not the force of Neptune, if once caught,
 Can force your freedom. Therefore, in your strife
 To 'scape Charybdis, labour all for life
 To row near Scylla, for she will but have . 170
 For her six heads six men ; and better save
 The rest, than all make off'rings to the wave.'

This need she told me of my loss, when I
 Desir'd to know, if that Necessity,
 When I had 'scap'd Charybdis' outrages, . 175
 My pow'rs might not revenge, though not redress ?
 She answer'd : ' O unhappy ! art thou yet
 Enflam'd with war, and thirst to drink thy sweat ?

¹⁶⁸ *Streaks*—stretches. See Bk. ix. 416.

Not to the Gods give up both arms and will?
 She deathless is, and that immortal ill 180
 Grave, harsh, outrageous, not to be subdued,
 That men must suffer till they be renew'd.
 Nor lives there any virtue that can fly
 The vicious outrage of their cruelty.
 Shouldst thou put arms on, and approach the rock, 185
 I fear six more must expiate the shock.
 Six heads six men ask still. Hoise sail, and fly,
 And, in thy flight, aloud on Cratis cry
 (Great Scylla's mother, who expos'd to light,
 The bane of men) and she will do such right 190
 To thy observance, that she down will tread
 Her daughter's rage, nor let her show a head.

From thenceforth then, for ever past her care,
 Thou shalt ascend the isle triangular,
 Where many oxen of the Sun are fed, 195
 And fatted flocks. Of oxen fifty head
 In ev'ry herd feed, and their herds are seven;
 And of his fat flocks is their number even.
 Increase they yield not, for they never die.
 There ev'ry shepherdess a Deity. 200
 Fair Phaëthusa, and Lampetié,
 The lovely Nymphs are that their guardians be,
 Who to the daylight's lofty-going Flame
 Had gracious birthright from the heav'nly Dame,
 Still young Nææra; who (brought forth and bred) 205
 Far off dismiss'd them, to see duly fed
 Their father's herds and flocks in Sicily.
 These herds and flocks if to the Deity
 Ye leave, as sacred things, untouch'd, and on
 194 Sicily. 203 The Sun.

Go with all fit care of your home, alone, 210
 (Though through some suff'rance) you yet safe shall land
 In wishéd Ithaca. But if impious hand
 You lay on those herds to their hurts, I then
 Presage sure ruin to thy ship and men.
 If thou escap'st thyself, extending home 215
 Thy long'd-for landing, thou shalt loaded come
 With store of losses, most exceeding late,
 And not consorted with a savéd mate.'

This said, the golden-thron'd Aurora rose,
 She her way went, and I did mine dispose 220
 Up to my ship, weigh'd anchor, and away.
 When rev'rend Circe help'd us to convey
 Our vessel safe, by making well inclin'd
 A seaman's true companion, a forewind,
 With which she fill'd our sails; when, fitting all 225
 Our arms close by us, I did sadly fall
 To grave relation what concern'd in fate
 My friends to know, and told them that the state
 Of our affairs' success, which Circe had
 Presag'd to me alone, must yet be made 230
 To one nor only two known, but to all;
 That, since their lives and deaths were left to fall
 In their elections, they might life elect,
 And give what would preserve it fit effect.

I first inform'd them, that we were to fly 235
 The heav'nly-singing Sirens' harmony,
 And flow'r-adornéd meadow; and that I
 Had charge to hear their song, but fetter'd fast
 In bands, unfavour'd, to th' erected mast,
 From whence, if I should pray, or use command, 240
 To be enlarg'd, they should with much more band

Contain my strugglings. This I simply told
To each particular, nor would withhold
What most enjoin'd mine own affection's stay,
That theirs the rather might be taught t' obey. 245

In mean time flew our ships, and straight we fetch'd
The Siren's isle; a spleenless wind so stretch'd
Her wings to waft us, and so urg'd our keel.
But having reach'd this isle, we could not feel
The least gasp of it, it was stricken dead, 250
And all the sea in prostrate slumber spread,
The Sirens' devil charm'd all. Up then flew
My friends to work, struck sail, together drew,
And under hatches stow'd them, sat, and plied
The polish'd oars, and did in curls divide 255
The white-head waters. My part then came on:

A mighty waxen cake I set upon,
Chopp'd it in fragments with my sword, and wrought
With strong hand ev'ry piece, till all were soft
The great pow'r of the sun, in such a beam 260
As then flew burning from his diadem,
To liquefaction help'd us. Orderly
I stopp'd their ears; and they as fair did ply
My feet and hands with cords, and to the mast
With other halsers made me soundly fast. 265

Then took they seat, and forth our passage strook,
The foamy sea beneath their labour shook.

Row'd on, in reach of an erected voice,
The Sirens soon took note, without our noise,
Tun'd those sweet accents that made charms so strong,
And these learn'd numbers made the Sirens' song: 271

*' Come here, thou worthy of a world of praise,
That dost so high the Grecian glory raise,*

Ulysses ! stay thy ship, and that song hear
That none pass'd ever but it bent his ear, 275
But left him ravish'd, and instructed more
By us, than any ever heard before.
For we know all things whatsoever were
In wile Troy labour'd ; whatsoever there
The Grecians and the Trojans both sustain'd 280
By those high issues that the Gods ordain'd.
And whatsoever all the earth can show
T' inform a knowledge of desert, we know.'

This they gave accent in the sweetest strain
 That ever open'd an enamour'd vein. 285
 When my constrain'd heart needs would have mine ear
 Yet more delighted, force way forth, and hear.
 To which end I commanded with all sign
 Stern looks could make (for not a joint of mine
 Had pow'r to stir) my friends to rise, and give 290
 My limbs free way. They freely striv'd to drive
 Their ship still on. When, far from will to loose,
 Eurylochus and Perimedes rose
 To wrap me surer, and oppress'd me more
 With many a halser than had use before. 295
 When, rowing on without the reach of sound,
 My friends unstopp'd their ears, and me unbound,
 And that isle quite we quitted. • But again
 Fresh fears employ'd us. I beheld a main
 Of mighty billows, and a smoke ascend, 300
 A horrid murmur hearing. Ev'ry friend
 Astonish'd sat ; from ev'ry hand his oar
 Fell quite forsaken ; with the dismal roar
 Were all things there made echoes ; stone-still stood
 Our ship itself, because the ghastly flood 305

Took all men's motions from her in their own.
 I through the ship went, labouring up and down
 My friends' recover'd spirits. One by one
 I gave good words, and said : That well were known
 These ills to them before, I told them all, 310
 And that these could not prove more capital
 Than those the Cyclops block'd us up in, yet
 My virtue, wit, and heav'n-help'd counsels set
 Their freedoms open. I could not believe
 But they remember'd it, and wish'd them give 315
 My equal care and means now equal trust.
 The strength they had for stirring up they must
 Rouse and extend, to try if Jove had laid
 His pow'rs in theirs up, and would add his aid
 To 'scape ev'n that death. In particular then, 320
 I told our pilot, that past other men
 He most must bear firm spirits, since he sway'd
 The continent that all our spirits convey'd,
 In his whole guide of her. He saw there boil
 The fiery whirlpools that to all our spoil 325
 Inclos'd a rock, without which he must steer,
 Or all our ruins stood concluded there.

All heard me and obey'd, and little knew
 That, shunning that rock, six of them should rue
 The wrack another hid. For I conceal'd 330
 The heavy wounds, that never would be heal'd,
 To be by Scylla open'd ; for their fear
 Would then have robb'd all of all care to steer,
 Or stir an oar, and made them hide beneath,
 When they and all had died an idle death. 335
 But then ev'n I forgot to shun the harm

323 *Continent*—ship, that which contained us.

Circe forewarn'd ; who will'd I should not arm,
Nor show myself to Scylla, lest in vain
I ventur'd life. Yet could not I contain,
But arm'd at all parts, and two lances took, 340
Up to the foredeck went, and thence did look
That rocky Scylla would have first appear'd
And taken my life with the friends I fear'd.

From thence yet no place could afford her sight,
Though through the dark rock mine eye threw her light,
And ransack'd all ways. I then took a strait 346
That gave myself, and some few more, receipt
"Twixt Scylla and Charybdis ; whence we saw
How horridly Charybdis' throat did draw
The brackish sea up, which when all aboard 350
She spit again out, never caldron sod
With so much fervour, fed with all the store
That could enrage it ; all the rock did roar
With troubled waters ; round about the tops
Of all the steep crags flew the foamy drops. 355
But when her draught the sea and earth dissunder'd,
The troubled bottoms turn'd up, and she thunder'd,
Far under shore the swart sands naked lay.
Whose whole stern sight the startled blood did fray
From all our faces. And while we on her 360
Our eyes bestow'd thus to our ruin's fear,
Six friends had Scylla snatch'd out of our keel,
In whom most loss did force and virtue feel.
When looking to my ship, and lending eye
To see my friends' estates, their heels turn'd high, 365
And hands cast up, I might discern, and hear
Their calls to me for help, when now they were
To try me in their last extremities.

And as an angler med'cine for surprise
 Of little fish sits pouring from the rocks, 370
 From out the crook'd horn of a fold-bred ox,
 And then with his long angle hoists them high
 Up to the air, then slightly hurls them by,
 When helpless sprawling on the land they lie ;
 So eas'ly Scylla to her rock had rapt 375
 My woeful friends, and so unhelp'd entrapt
 Struggling they lay beneath her violent rape,
 Who in their tortures, desp'rate of escape,
 Shriek'd as she tore, and up their hands to me
 Still threw for sweet life. I did never see, 380
 In all my suff'rance ransacking the seas,
 A spectacle so full of miseries.

Thus having fled these rocks (these cruel dames
 Scylla, Charybdis) where the King of flames
 Hath off'rings burn'd to him, our ship put in 385
 The island that from all the earth doth win
 The epithet *Faultless*, where the broad-of-head
 And famous oxen for the Sun are fed,
 With many fat flocks of that high-gone God.
 Set in my ship, mine ear reach'd where we rode 390
 The bellowing of oxen, and the bleat
 Of fleecy sheep, that in my memory's seat
 Put up the forms that late had been imprest
 By dread Ææan Circe, and the best
 Of souls and prophets, the blind Theban seer, 395
 The wise Tiresias, who was grave decreer
 Of my return's whole means ; of which this one
 In chief he urg'd—that I should always shun
 The island of the man-delighting Sun.
 When, sad at heart for our late loss, I pray'd 400

My friends to hear fit counsel (though dismay'd
 With all ill fortunes) which was giv'n to me
 By Circe's and Tiresias' prophecy,—
 That I should fly the isle where was ador'd
 The Comfort of the world, for ills abhorr'd 405
 Were ambush'd for us there ; and therefore will'd
 They should put off and leave the isle. This kill'd
 Their tender spirits ; when Eurylochus
 A speech that vex'd me utter'd, answ'ring thus :
 'Cruel Ulysses ! Since thy nerves abound 410
 In strength, the more spent, and no toils confound
 Thy able limbs, as all beat out of steel,
 Thou ablest us too, as unapt to feel
 The teeth of Labour, and the spoil of Sleep,
 And therefore still wet waste us in the deep, 415
 Nor let us land to eat but madly now
 In night put forth, and leave firm land to strow
 The sea with errors. All the rabid flight
 Of winds that ruin ships are bred in night.
 Who is it that can keep off cruel Death, 420
 If suddenly should rush out th' angry breath
 Of Notus, or the eager-spirited West,
 That cuff ships dead, and do the Gods their best ?
 Serve black Night still with shore, meat, sleep, and ease,
 And offer to the Morning for the seas.' 425

This all the rest approv'd, and then knew I
 That past all doubt the Devil did apply
 His slaught'rous works. Nor would they be withheld ;
 I was but one, nor yielded but compell'd.

⁴⁰⁵ *The Comfort of the world*—the Sun. (Τερψιμβρότου ἡλίου.)

⁴¹³ *Ablest*—the word here seems used in the same sense as Shakespeare, *King Lear*, iv. 6. See Nares in v.

But all that might contain them I assay'd, 430
A sacred oath on all their pow'rs I laid,
That if with herds or any richest flocks
We chanc'd t' encounter, neither sheep nor ox
We once should touch, nor (for that constant ill
That follows folly) scorn advice and kill, 435
But quiet sit us down and take such food
As the immortal Circe had bestow'd.

They swore all this in all severest sort ;
And then we anchor'd in the winding port
Near a fresh river, where the long'd-for shore 440
They all flew out to, took in victuals store,
And, being full, thought of their friends, and wept
Their loss by Scylla, weeping till they slept.

In night's third part, when stars began to stoop,
The Cloud-assembler put a tempest up. 445
A boist'rous spirit he gave it, drave out all
His flocks of clouds, and let such darkness fall
That Earth and Seas, for fear, to hide were driv'n,
For with his clouds he thrust out Night from heav'n.

At morn we drew our ships into a cave, 450
In which the Nymphs that Phœbus' cattle drave
Fair dancing-rooms had, and their seats of state.
I urg'd my friends then, that, to shun their fate,
They would observe their oath, and take the food
Our ship afforded, nor attempt the blood 455
Of those fair herds and flocks, because they were
The dreadful God's that all could see and hear.

They stood observant, and in that good mind
Had we been gone ; but so adverse the wind
Stood to our passage, that we could not go. 460
For one whole month perpetually did blow

Impetuous Notus, not a breath's repair
 But his and Eurys' rul'd in all the air.
 As long yet as their ruddy wine and bread
 Stood out amongst them, so long not a head 465
 Of all those oxen fell in any strife
 Amongst those students for the gut and life ;
 But when their victuals fail'd they fell to prey,
 Necessity compell'd them then to stray
 In rape of fish and fowl ; whatever came 470
 In reach of hand or hook, the belly's flame
 Afflicted to it. I then fell to pray'r,
 And (making to a close retreat repair,
 Free from both friends and winds) I wash'd my hands,
 And all the Gods besought, that held commands 475
 In liberal heav'n, to yield some mean to stay
 Their desp'rate hunger, and set up the way
 Of our return restrain'd. The Gods, instead
 Of giving what I pray'd for—pow'r of deed—
 A deedless sleep did on my lids distill, 480
 For mean to work upon my friends their fill.
 For whiles I slept, there wak'd no mean to curb
 Their headstrong wants ; which he that did disturb
 My rule in chief at all times, and was chief
 To all the rest in counsel to their grief, 485
 Knew well, and of my present absence took
 His fit advantage, and their iron strook
 At highest heat. For, feeling their desire
 In his own entrails, to allay the fire
 That Famine blew in them, he thus gave way 490
 To that affection : ' Hear what I shall say,
 Though words will staunch no hunger, ev'ry death
 To us poor wretches that draw temporal breath

You know is hateful ; but, all know, to die
 The death of Famine is a misery 495
 Past all death loathsome. Let us, therefore, take
 The chief of this fair herd, and off'rings make
 To all the Deathless that in broad heav'n live,
 And in particular vow, if we arrive
 In natural Ithaca, to straight erect 500
 A temple to the Haughty-in-aspect,
 Rich and magnificent, and all within
 Deck it with relics many and divine.
 If yet he stands incens'd, since we have slain
 • His high-brow'd herd, and, therefore, will sustain 505
 Desire to wrack our ship, he is but one,
 And all the other Gods that we atone
 With our divine rites will their suffrage give
 To our design'd return, and let us live.
 If not, and all take part, I rather crave 510
 To serve with one soul death the yawning wave,
 Than in a desert island lie and starve,
 And with one pin'd life many deaths observe.'

All cried 'He counsels nobly,' and all speed
 Made to their resolute driving ; for the feed 515
 Of those coal-black, fair, broad-brow'd, sun-lov'd bees
 Had place close by our ships. They took the lives
 Of sence, most eminent ; about their fall
 Stood round, and to the States Celestial
 Made solemn vows ; but other rites their ship 520
 Could not afford them, they did, therefore, strip
 The curl'd-head oak of fresh young leaves, to make
 Supply of service for their barley-cake.
 And on the sacredly-enflam'd, for wine,

518 *Sence*.—*Qy.* *seven* the most eminent? No number is
 specified in the Greek.

Pour'd purest water, all the parts divine 525
 Spitting and roasting; all the rites beside
 Orderly using. Then did light divide
 My low and upper lids; when, my repair
 Made near my ship, I met the delicate air
 Their roast exhal'd; out instantly I cried, 530
 And said: 'O Jove, and all ye Deified,
 Ye have oppress'd me with a cruel sleep,
 While ye conferr'd on me a loss as deep
 As Death descends to. To themselves alone
 My rude men left ungovern'd, they have done 535
 A deed so impious, I stand well assur'd,
 That you will not forgive though ye procur'd.'

Then flew Lampetié with the ample robe
 Up to her father with the golden globe,
 Ambadress t' inform him that my men 540
 Had slain his oxen. Heart-incenséd then,
 He cried: 'Revenge me, Father, and the rest
 Both ever-living and for ever blest!
 Ulysses' impious men have drawn the blood
 Of those my oxen that it did me good 545
 To look on, walking all my starry round,
 And when I trod earth all with meadows crown'd,
 Without your full amends I'll leave heav'n quite,
 Dis and the dead adorning with my light.'

The Cloud-herd answer'd: 'Son! Thou shalt be ours,
 And light those mortals in that mine of flow'rs! 551
 My red-hot flash shall graze but on their ship,
 And eat it, burning, in the boiling deep.'

This by Calypso I was told, and she
 Inform'd it from the verger Mercury. 555

Come to our ship, I chid and told by name

Each man how impiously he was to blame.
 But chiding got no peace, and beeves were slain !
 When straight the Gods forewent their following pain
 With dire ostents. The hides the flesh had lost 560
 Crept all before them. As the flesh did roast,
 It bellow'd like the ox itself alive.

And yet my soldiers did their dead beeves drive
 Through all these prodigies in daily feasts.
 Six days they banqueted and slew fresh beasts ; 565
 And when the sev'nth day Jove reduc'd the wind
 That all the month rag'd, and so in did bind
 Our ship and us, was turn'd and calm'd, and we
 Launch'd, put up masts, sails hoiséd, and to sea.

The island left so far that land nowhere 570
 But only sea and sky had pow'r t' appear,
 Jove fix'd a cloud above our ship, so black
 That all the sea it darken'd. Yet from wrack
 She ran a good free time, till from the West
 Came Zephyr ruffling forth, and put his breast 575
 Out in a singing tempest, so most vast
 It burst the gables that made sure our mast.

Our masts came tumbling down, our cattle down
 Rush'd to the pump, and by our pilot's crown
 The main-mast pass'd his fall, pash'd all his skull, 580
 And all this wrack but one flaw made at full.
 Off from the stern the sternsman diving fell,
 And from his sinews flew his soul to hell.

Together all this time Jove's thunder chid,
 And through and through the ship his lightning glid,
 Till it embrac'd her round ; her bulk was fill'd 585
 With nasty sulphur, and her men were kill'd,
 Tumbled to sea, like sea-mews swum about,

And there the date of their return was out.

I toss'd from side to side still, till all-broke
 Her ribs were with the storm, and she did choke
 With let-in surges ; for the mast torn down
 Tore her up piecemeal, and for me to drown
 Left little undissolv'd. But to the mast
 There was a leather thong left, which I cast 505
 About it and the keel, and so sat tost
 With baneful weather, till the West had lost
 His stormy tyranny. And then arose
 The South, that bred me more abhorred woes ;
 For back again his blasts expell'd me quite 600
 On ravenous Charybdis. All that night
 I totter'd up and down, till Light and I
 At Scylla's rock encounter'd, and the night
 Dreadful Charybdis. As I drave on these,
 I saw Charybdis supping up the seas, 605
 And had gone up together, if the tree
 That bore the wild figs had not rescued me ;
 To which I leap'd, and left my keel, and high
 Chamb'ring upon it did as close imply
 My breast about it as a reremouse could ; 610
 Yet might my feet or no stub fasten hold
 To ease my hands, the roots were crept so low
 Beneath the earth, and so aloft did grow
 The far-spread arms that, though good height I gat,
 I could not reach them. To the main bole flat 615
 I, therefore, still must cling ; till up again j
 She belch'd my mast, and after that amain
 My keel came tumbling. So at length it chanc'd
 To me, as to a judge that long advanc'd

⁶⁰⁰ *Chambering*—The word is doubtless *clambering*.

To judge a sort of hot young fellows' jars, 620
 At length time frees him from their civil wars,
 When glad he riseth and to dinner goes ;
 So time, at length, releas'd with joys my woes,
 And from Charybdis' mouth appear'd my keel.
 To which, my hand now loos'd and now my heel, 625
 I altogether with a huge noise dropp'd,
 Just in her midst fell, where the mast was propp'd,
 And there row'd off with oars of my hands.
 God and man's Father would not from her sands
 Let Scylla see me, for I then had died 630
 That bitter death that my poor friends suppli'd.

Nine days at sea I hover'd ; the tenth night
 In th' isle Ogygia, where, about the bright
 And right renown'd Calypso, I was cast
 By pow'r of Deity ; where I lived embrac'd 635
 With love and feasts. But why should I relate
 Those kind occurrents ? I should iterate
 What I in part to your chaste queen and you
 So late imparted. And, for me to grow
 A talker-over of my tale again, 640
 Were past my free contentment to sustain."

⁶²⁴ *Overs*—oars. The old orthography would show that the word was often pronounced as a dissyllable.

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Σὺν Θερ.

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